

MARIUS BARBEAU

HAIDA MYTHS

Illustrated in

**ARGILLITE
CARVINGS**



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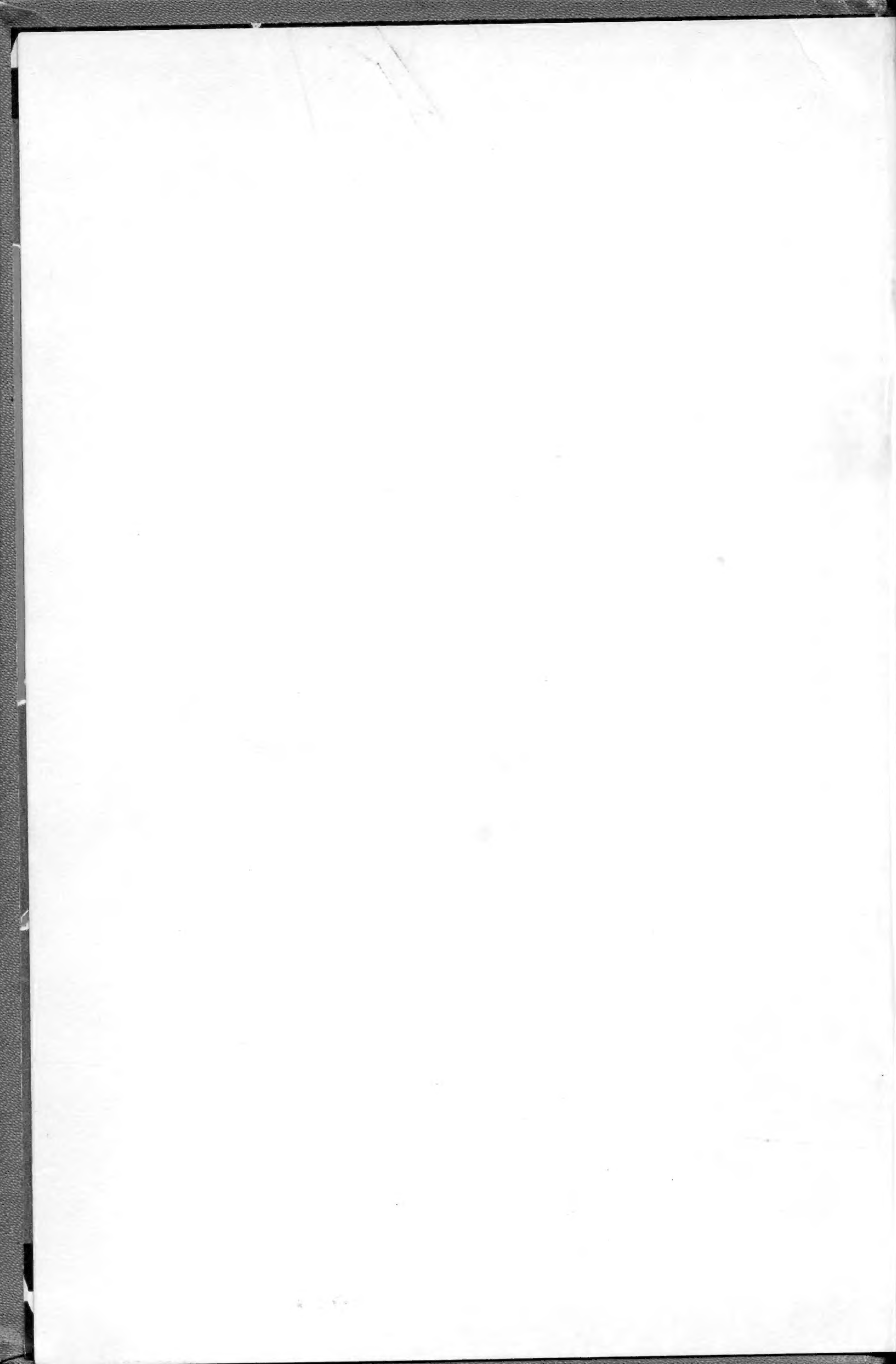
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Haida Myths

Illustrated in

ARGILLITE CARVINGS

BY

MARIUS BARBEAU

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P R E F A C E

This volume is the first in a series of three which is designed to illustrate Haida argillite carvings, as follows: *Haida Myths Illustrated*, *Haida Carvers in Argillite and Their Art*, and *Haida Scrimshanders*.

In the first, *Haida Myths*, the illustrations are mostly, but not exclusively, in argillite. A few wood carvings happened to bear so aptly on the same mythological themes that they could not fairly be left out.

Although the myths or tales all belong to the Haida, they are not their monopoly. They form only a minor branch on a huge mythological tree which belongs to most of humanity. This cultural growth at first germinated and developed in the Old World—Asia and Europe; then, during the last millenia, it spread by oral transmission in migratory tribes to the New World at large, and then to the Haida on the Queen Charlotte Islands in the North Pacific.

In the second volume of the same argillite series, *Haida Carvers in Argillite and Their Art*, the work and lives of about thirty individual carvers of argillite will be studied; they all belonged to a few generations in the nineteenth century and the first decades of the present one.

The third, *Haida Scrimshanders*, applies to the initial period of argillite art, after 1820. The term *scrimshaw* is borrowed from the American whalers and is used here because it is a derivative phase of the same æsthetic growth. Like the whalers' scrimshaw, Haida argillite and ivory carving—no less than wood sculpture—are largely a creative response to the same incentives: the need to dispel tedium in periods of enforced idleness and the satisfaction obtained through the disposal by gift or sale of the objects, mostly in miniature, produced at leisure in the pursuit of skill and beauty. The American whalers almost always gave away their scrimshaw work after they had reached the home port; whereas the Indians disposed of all of it, for a small consideration, to the traders and curio hunters who, the next season, happened to stop over at their islands or to call at various points for trading or refuelling along the northern Pacific Coast.

The earliest known date of argillite work among the Haida of the Queen Charlotte Islands is about 1820. The material itself—a dark slate of fine grain and without cleavage, which carved almost like hard wood—is said to have been discovered by white miners at the beginning of the same century, and its only quarry lies on a mountain just west of Skidegate. This village became the centre of the art during its initial phase, from 1820 to 1880. Later, Massett had its own share through the close family connections of some of its members with their southern neighbours.

What characterizes argillite or slate sculpture is that it was purely commercial, as it was fostered by the curio trade with white explorers, seamen, whalers, and fur traders. Its inception was brought about by the widespread upheaval of native handicrafts in the Pacific, from the South Seas to Bering Sea, and much of it was due to the New England whalers, who were then developing a folk art of their own under the puzzling name of *scrimshaw*. An observer has stated,¹ "The resemblances between the

¹ Peet, Stephen D. Commemorative columns. *In* *American Antiquarian*, XV: 278. 1893.

Polynesian and the Haida symbolism is too strong to resist the conviction that much of it was borrowed." In its gradual progress, about 1870, argillite work assumed an individual turn; it became "totemic," as it were, and specialized more and more in the fauna and mythology of the land, and occasionally took the form of miniature totem poles. These poles reproduced the contemporary animal and human figures that had made their appearance on actual totem or house posts, and they provided the sculptors with a medium for apprenticeship and further training.

The impact of the argillite trade on native inspiration must have been considerable. For the constant need of fresh materials to interpret in plastic form seems to have brought back to light a hoard of ancient tales which otherwise would have withered away through the growing affluence of the white man. This has been pointed out by James Deans, a keen observer of the Haida in the early 1870's, in the following passage:¹

If a Haida was able to have a column longer and broader than his neighbor, it entitled him to rank high among his people. At first the columns were short and the space to admit carvings limited; so with crests above, and one or two old stories, the broad side was covered. When they grew larger there was more space to fill up, as well as more new columns. This caused a demand for stories. Everything was taken hold of amongst their own and neighboring tribes—on the islands and mainland. Stories handed down through passing ages—stories almost forgotten by the old people were collected and carved. Thus they went on carving until every family had one or two, and every village was full from end to end, mostly in front, a few being behind and on the house tops . . . And as a natural outcome of it all, every column had showed a marked improvement on the one that had preceded it.

Important though argillite sculpture has been ever since as a repository of myths and tales—many of them known in classical antiquity—we may wonder why it has been overlooked by scholars and art writers, for, on this score, not a single article can be quoted. Yet most of the large museums of Europe and America possess interesting samples brought back home by explorers or sea traders. It is timely therefore that many samples of these materials should be utilized in this series.

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Dr. F. J. Alcock, chief curator of the National Museum of Canada, because of his unflagging interest in the production of this and other illustrated monographs on the art of the North Pacific Coast; the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, of New York, for whose help, in 1950, the author is indebted in the progress of his research on *scrimshaw* in the museums of New England, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Detroit; William Beynon, the author's Tsimsyan assistant in the field since 1915, who has either interpreted or recorded most of the narratives, unless they were from printed sources as quoted; Arthur Price, artist, who has drawn the cover and produced the map and end-papers, and, with the collaboration of A. E. Ingram, has mounted or retouched most of the 900 illustrations for the three volumes; Josephine Hambleton (Dunn) for her help at the office, during 1950, in preparing the materials and photographs and in attending to the correspondence; Mrs. Joy Tranter,

¹ Carved columns or totem posts of the Haidas. In *The American Antiquarian*, p. 283. 1891.

poet and writer, of Vancouver, who had gone over an early draft of part of the manuscript and suggested improvements; the Photographic Division of the National Museum of Canada, for the immense amount of work skilfully done in the course of many years; and to the many museums and private collectors who have enabled the author to take photographs of their specimens or furnished them from their own stock. Among these are the following:

Public Institutions

The National Museum of Canada, Ottawa; the American Museum of Natural History, New York City; the U. S. National Museum, Washington, D.C. (these three museums house the largest and most valuable collections of carvings in argillite); the British Museum, London; Le Musée de l'Homme, Paris; the Museum of the American Indian, New York City; the University Museum, Philadelphia; the Provincial Museum, Victoria, B.C.; the Peabody Museum, Harvard University; the Peabody Museum, Yale University; the Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.; the Brooklyn Museum; the Cranbrook Institute of Science, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan; the Detroit Art Institute, Detroit; the City Museum and Art Gallery, Vancouver, B.C.; the Museum of the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C.; the Museum of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.; the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, Ont.; the museum of the Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, Man.; the Municipal Museum, Prince Rupert, B.C., where the important Cunningham Collection is conserved; the McGill University Museums, Montreal, P.Q.; the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa; the Bourne Whaling Museum, New Bedford, Mass.; the Denver Art Museum, Denver, Color.; the Museum of the University of California, Berkeley, Calif.; the Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.; the Washington State Museum, Seattle, Wash.; the old Field Museum, Chicago, 1915; and others.

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INTRODUCTION

One day well over a hundred years ago, a Haida of the Queen Charlotte Islands, like many others of his nation, happened to be employed on a Boston whaler plying his waters. He was intrigued by a fellow-hunter of sea mammals who spent his leisure carving or engraving whales' teeth and walrus ivory tusks. With simple tools fashioned out of steel, the white sailor enjoyed producing figurines and varied objects which appealed to fancy and invited imitation. Among these were thunderbirds or American eagles, bearded men and nymphs, like those of figureheads and carved billets. Others reproduced stern pieces elaborated all over with scrolls and fiddle-heads. There were also, in this assortment, a lot of clever devices and models, like work-boxes and ditty-boxes, boxes studded with bone and shell inlays, checker-boards and cribbage-boards, jig-blocks and blocks of all types, dippers, jaggings-wheels, carved canes and handles, panels ingeniously ornamented with floral designs and geometric motifs, round plates, and oval dishes.

These productions of pastime aboard came to be known, after 1825, under the name of *scrimshaw*—a word of unknown origin but of widespread usage in the course of the following fifty years. They were not meant for sale or profit, but rather for gifts, souvenirs, and curios. And now, long after they have ceased to be made, we find them in all parts of the world, where the sea-otter pelts of the North Pacific were traded—especially at Canton, China—or wherever whale oil and spermaceti, for lubrication and candle-making, found a market.

The Haida whaleman and sea-otter hunter who had been taken aboard for a season or a year occasionally took the trip with his employers to Hawaii, Japan, Canton, and California. He had ample time and leisure to be lured into adopting the same pursuits and becoming acquainted with familiar devices, tools, and patterns. At Hawaii and on the coast of California he would, like his fellows, pick up abalone shells for use in inlays and get his share of ivory tusks, and bone or jawbone of the whale for carving. He quickly learned how to hammer and finish his own tools out of files and bits of steel from the blacksmith's shop. Scrimshaw, for the natives as for the New Englanders aboard, soon became the favourite pursuit for the same ends; the more so since a Haida was naturally endowed with skill and talent. He could even contribute not a little of his own backgrounds, as did the South Sea Islanders, in the advancement of the craft. For we read¹ that, in 1801, "the natives swimming . . . [brought] their arms fill[ed] of articles to dispose of." So we see that they were already making curios of their own for the sea trade.

So rapid was the progress of the Haida in this derivative art that we find it well established among them in the 1820's. In so far as we know, this is the date of the beginning of its argillite branch. Argillite or dark slate, utilized by the Haida, is their own exclusive contribution. It all came

¹ Extracts from a journal kept on board ship *Atahualpa*, bound on a voyage from Boston to the N. W. Coast and Sandwich Islands. Mon. Nov. 30, 1801 (Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, IX: 242. 1804.)

from the single quarry of Slatechuck mountain up Slatechuck Creek, on Graham Island, about eight miles west of Skidegate village. This soft mineral, it has been recorded, was discovered by white miners at the beginning of the nineteenth century. That is why none has been found in archæology or among the old and treasured heirlooms of the natives.

The earliest known records of argillite carving date back to 1821-22, 1824-30, and 1836-38, more than a hundred years ago. A fine carved pipe was collected in 1821-22 by J. Halkett, a director of the Hudson's Bay Company, and it is preserved in the museum of the same company at Winnipeg. Pipes, as a type, were imported objects on the North Pacific Coast, and they have remained exotic; the natives there never to this day became habitual smokers. Nor were these pipes meant for practical use, but only for mantelpiece curios. The decoration of the Halkett pipe is similar to that of the Nass River *hasærh* or bird rattle carved out of wood. The pattern is of the *sasaw* description. The same collection made in 1821-22, by John Halkett, the brother-in-law of Lord Selkirk, contains a whale bone club with abalone-shell inlays, a bird handle, and another handle with a dragon carving.¹

A small but significant collection of argillite carvings is that of John Scouler, obtained by this Scottish explorer in the course of a trip to the North Pacific Coast in 1824 and 1825. It was first deposited by him at the Musée du Jardin des Plantes, Paris, and is now preserved at the Musée de l'Homme.² In presenting this collection, E. T. Hamy, in 1900, has written as follows:³

In the days of Scouler, in certain objects wrought by the Haida, it was already fairly easy to detect foreign influences. For the learned Scottish explorer [Scouler] had brought back from his explorations a hollow dish of argillite decorated with flowers and fruit, after a European model. When, thirty-two years later (1857), Jules Remy visited the same region, he acquired there the carving presented here, which has little in common with the art of the ancient Haida but the materials and execution. [It was Hamy's unjustified assumption that the ancient Haida possessed an art distinctly their own, which is that represented by the totem poles of 1860-90.] Remy's carving, bearing the No. 13Q74 and offered by him to the Paris museum, is a pipe of blackish argillite, perfectly polished, 32 cm. long, 8 cm. high, and 2 cm. wide, and representing a canoe with four people inside—At the top, the cylindrical bowl is meant for tobacco. The canoe folk are dressed like European seamen [description given]. This Haida specimen, modernized through contacts with white people, is far from unique in its type. For I know a number of other similar examples. Seamen, for instance, are dressed like Europeans. In one instance at the Copenhagen Museum, one of them wears boots. In another pipe of the same collection, a similar seaman leans against the "rouf" of a queer steamer with paddle wheels (*à aubes*). His coat has a tail (*habit à queue*), his hair is long, but he is beardless. Steinhauer, who attributed these two pieces to Tlingit craftsmen because he did not know their source, believed that the characters illustrated there were Russians [which is presumably right]. These Haida, after they had seen paddle-wheel steamers like the *Beaver* anchored on the seacoast, and met sailors, passengers on board, had forsaken their familiar myths and begun to reproduce scenes or portraits after nature with a striking naïveté; these subjects were quite new to them. At the same date (April 12,

¹ In the collection of Miss Katherine Halkett of Stroud, Gloucestershire, England. Cf. *The Beaver*, Winnipeg, "Lord Selkirk." Sept., 1947. P. 31. Credit is to be given here to Clifford P. Wilson, editor of *The Beaver*.

² Hamy, E. T. *Sculptures Haïda*. Congrès International des Américanistes, Congrès de 1900 (Cf. John Scouler, ses Travaux et sa Collection, E. T. Hamy, Décad. Amér. 3e de. p. 9).

³ This is translated from the French and represents the knowledge of the time as to argillite carving.

1857), Dr. Harrison brought back to the museum of Boulogne-sur-Mer an argillite statuette with a head of ivory, queerly attired in the European way (Inv. gen. No. 13010) . . . Such objects now familiar illustrate amusing fantasies, and they were made for passing customers (*une clientèle de passage*).

Scouler himself, in speaking of the Haida,¹ has described them as being outstanding

for their ingenuity and mechanical dexterity in the construction of their canoes, houses, and different warlike or fishing implements. They fashion drinking-vessels, tobacco-pipes, etc., from a soft argillaceous stone, and these articles are remarkable for the symmetry of their form, and the exceedingly elaborate and intricate figures, which are carved upon them. With regard to carving and a faculty for imitation, the Queen Charlotte Islanders are equal to the most ingenious of the Polynesian tribes.

And Scouler goes on to explain why the Haida, who

considered themselves more civilized than the other tribes, whom they regard with feelings of contempt, have specialized in the curio trade. In former times [after 1785], when the sea-otter abounded, the Massettes, Skittegas, Cumshewas, and other tribes inhabiting the eastern shore of Queen Charlotte's Island, were among the most wealthy on the coast. Since the sea-otter has been destroyed, the Haidas have become poor and have been reduced to other plans in order to procure blankets. They fabricate most of the curiosities found on the coast. But their staple article is the potato [an imported plant] which they sell in great quantities to the mainland tribes—They also manufacture and export canoes, and are themselves very venturous on the deep. They visit the mainland.

One of the oldest argillite specimens of the same decade as Scouler's is dated 1830 and belongs to the collections of the Peabody Museum at Salem, Massachusetts (No. E. 3494). It is a small pipe, about four inches long, with the bowl in the middle, and is decorated with three or four figures, with a rope linking a bear to a man, the bear's tongue protruding in the familiar South-Sea fashion.

By far the most important and extensive contribution to the knowledge of argillite carvings for an early date—1836-38—is that of the collection made by Lieutenant Charles Wilkes of the U.S. Navy, which is preserved at the U.S. National Museum at Washington. These materials will be fully utilized in the present monographs (particularly in the third volume). They abound in pipes, panels, detached human figures (some of them like figure-heads), cartoons, birds in the form of decoys, and varied scrimshaw articles.

Let us note in passing a significant remark on argillite work contained in the catalogue of the H. R. Bishop Collection at the American Museum of Natural History, New York (1869-94):

Almost all slate carvings are made for sale, and therefore many of them are not genuine designs, though characteristic, and specimens of native art. Particularly those made in our days do not always represent traditions as the original wood carvings do.

As soon as the Haida realized that curios were in demand among the white seamen, in the early part of the nineteenth century, they eagerly applied themselves to the production in large numbers of these trade articles.

¹ Scouler, John. The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London, II: 218-223. 1841.

Their preferred themes, in such carvings, were of the type already current among the whalers and sea traders, for they needed no explanation and appealed at sight as very clever. Whenever they could, the native craftsmen procured walrus tusks, whales' teeth, jawbone of the whale, and abalone shells from the tropical seas and made good use of them in inlays and for embellishment. But, as the demand for these materials exceeded the supply, the Haida were forced to rely upon their own argillite, which was at hand and lent itself to the technique of wood-carving with the tools they already possessed.

Call Haida carving in argillite what you will, *scrimshaw* is the right caption. The name matters little in a study like this, which consists of three illustrated parts. It follows in the wake, as it were, of a similar presentation of Totem Poles in the anthropological series of the National Museum of Canada.¹

The first and present volume, under the title of HAIDA MYTHS ILLUSTRATED IN ARGILLITE CARVINGS, embodies traditional narratives. These myths were told by the Haida or their neighbours and illustrated by their own carvers and story-tellers. The second volume, HAIDA CARVERS IN ARGILLITE AND THEIR ART, will bring out the craftsmen and their work individually; one and all they belonged to the last few generations in the past century, and most of them are still remembered. And the third volume, HAIDA SCRIMSHANDERS, will go deeper into the sources, origins, and early stages in the development of the art; its very name indicates the trends of the trade and the period.

In the present volume HAIDA MYTHS ILLUSTRATED, the selected narratives and their plastic expression are self-revealing. They are—

Volcano or *Frog Woman*, a mythical ancestress who, in the eyes of present generations on the North Pacific Coast, symbolizes Asia as a cradle of the race and the source of ancestral culture;

Bear Mother, the story of a young woman of the mainland who, for her disrespect to the spirit Grizzly Bear of the mountains, was made a captive and, changed to a Bear herself, was taken to wife by a young Grizzly and bore him twins. As these were semi-supernatural, they assumed human form at will, and became the totems of an Indian clan;

Yehl, *the Raven*, and *the Thunderbird*, two divine birds of the pristine world and the Sky, from the beginning were, respectively, the creator and the ruler of earth and heaven;

Tlenamaw or *the Dragon*, like the Hydra of China and the old continents, controlled the waters and fertility of the earth; or else at one time brought universal destruction to the New World;

Nanasimgat, *the native Orpheus*, whose love for his bride was so great that, after her untimely death, he sought her shade in the nether world and nearly succeeded in restoring her to life;

Wasco, *the Sea Wolf*, *Qagwaai* or *Stone-Ribs*, *Su'san* or *Strong Man* are the native American replicas of Hercules destroying monsters, of Atlas

¹ *Totem Poles*, I and II, 1950-51, preceded, in 1929, by *Totem Poles of the Gitksan*, Upper Skeena River, British Columbia; these, by the same author as the present volumes.

holding the earth on his shoulders, and of Samson killing the Philistines, or of St. George slaying the dragon;

A young prince was, like *Jonah*, swallowed by a monster of the sea and then thrown up and restored to existence on his native shore;

And, last here, a despised wanderer was carried, like *Ganymede*, on the Eagle's back and brought to his tribe now aware of his occult powers.

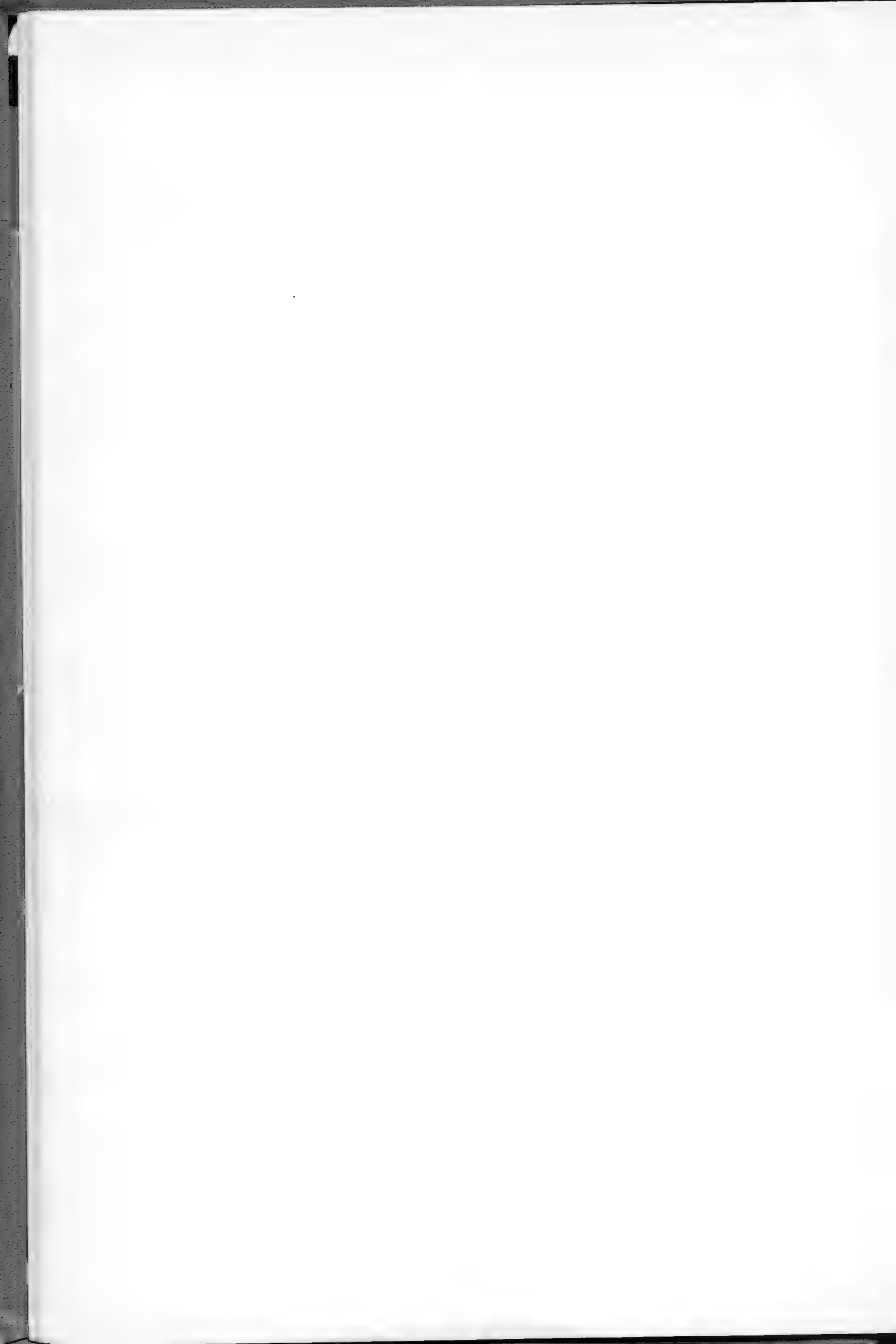
Miniature-like and perhaps deceptive at first sight as may be argillite work, it is none the less monumental in content and implications. And so it was, too, in output. These monographs alone present nearly one thousand examples culled from the museums and private collections of North America and Europe. The æsthetic quality of argillite carving does not fall short of the universal, and its range lies within the scope of a great plastic art at large. Resting upon realism as it does—for its basic repertory consists of familiar animals and human beings—it stylizes and transfigures its themes into a framework eminently suited to the materials incorporating them. Moreover, it embodies for all to behold a rich mythology which belongs to humanity as a whole¹.

An Edward Edensaw, of Massett, relating during three whole nights to his Haida followers the wonders of creation at the hands of the divine Yehl or the White Raven, or a Chief Mountain of the Nass River telling the *adaorh* of his ancestress Volcano Woman, both belong to the same legendary breed as Homer chanting the *Odyssey* to the strumming of a lyra. Charles Edensaw, the nephew of Edward, who was wont to carve out of argillite the picture of mankind bursting out of a clam at the beginning, just as Venus out of a sea shell, is comparable to the Egyptian, Cretan, and Greek sculptors whose subject was mythology and whose medium was marble; their archives were the pyramids and the Parthenon. Through them all, native America and the Mediterranean countries were listening to the voice of an ageless past—the same for both—and they were striving to immortalize it with imperishable form.

¹ "Partout où nous recherchons des phénomènes culturels identiques en Chine de la haute époque et en Amérique précolombienne, il ne saurait être question d'influences directes [ou relativement récentes], mais bien de peuples du Nord qui ont essaimé de part et d'autre" (*Objets rituels, Croyances, et Dieux de la Chine antique et de l'Amérique*, par Carl Hentze. P. 89). In other words, the myths have travelled into prehistoric America with the ancestors of the present-day people who still conserve them. This does not preclude the diffusion of myths among neighbouring tribes somewhat in advance of the actual migrations, as happened in tales quoted here that have passed orally from the Tlingit and the Tsimshyan to the Haida.

HAIDA MYTHS

Illustrated in
ARGILLITE CARVINGS



VOLCANO WOMAN

Six canoeloads of people sailed out of the bitter seas, once long ago. They were on their way towards sunrise. Although they called themselves Fugitives, they were really seekers of a warmer clime and a promised land—the fabled Leesems or Temlaham. In their exile from the Mongolian world they carried a treasure inherited from remote ancestors. This heirloom reminded them of a Garden of Eden; it had grown the more precious because it was spiritual and formed part of their very souls.

Famished and weary from a long perilous trek, they at last spied a wild wooded coast in the calm waters ahead. It looked unlike anything they had ever known, and it happened to be Kodiak Island in Alaska, at the eastern end of the Aleutian Archipelago, just south of Bering Sea. There they set foot ashore and pitched their first camp. Soon they met a savage folk of the Grizzly-Bear tribe, made friends with them, and found life to their liking. In time their camp swelled into a village under the leadership of Salmon-Eater (Gitrhawn).

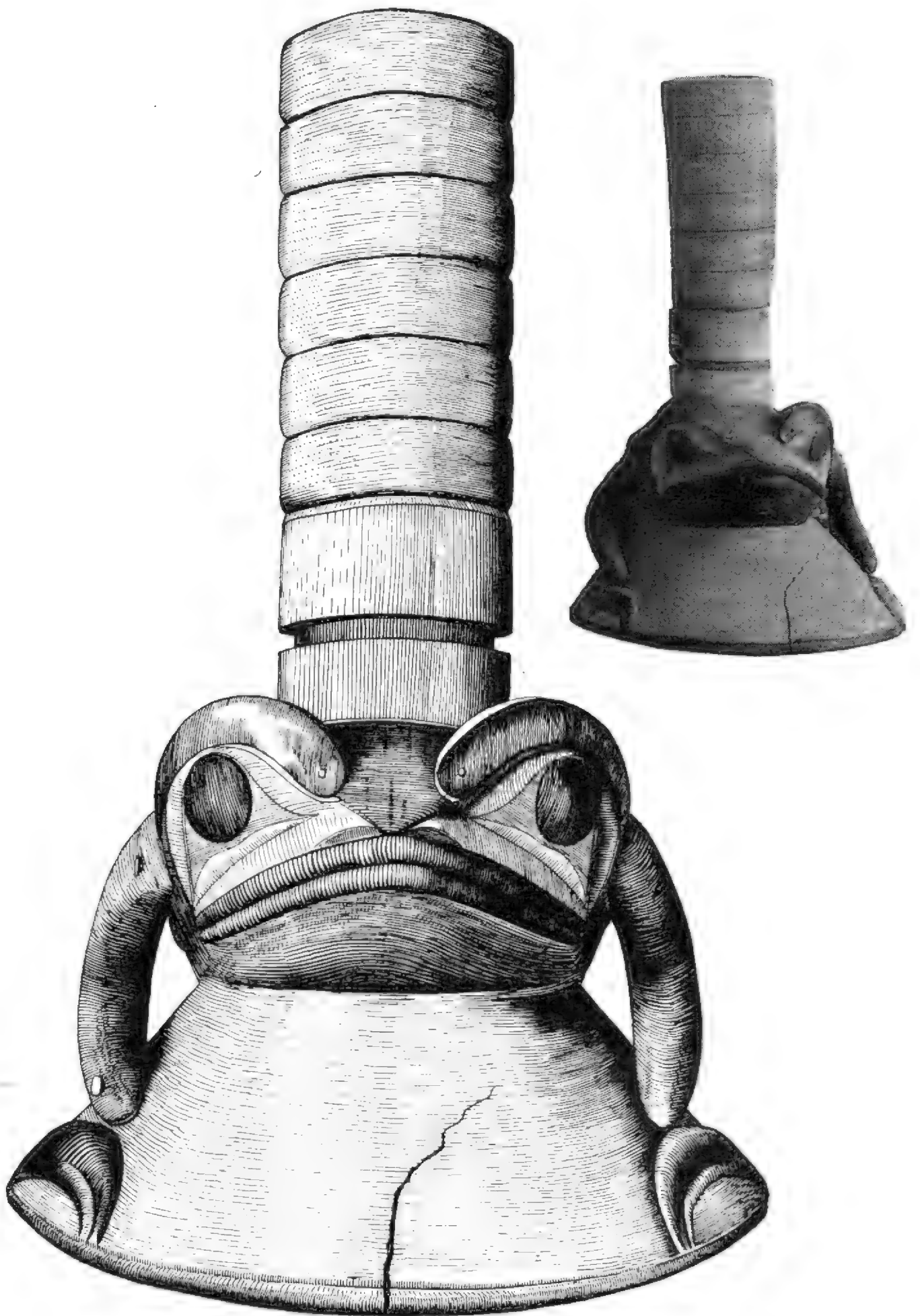
As a token of the days gone by, Salmon-Eater would wear a cap of Cormorant made of the skin of the Spectacled Cormorant of Bering Island, where he had stopped over while still close to Kamchatka. This helmet sat on his proud head like a crown, yet at first it had served merely against the rain whenever it poured. It became sacred after it had passed on to his unruly Alaskan descendants, and its disputed possession had brought about strife and disaster.

Now let this story of the Cormorant helmet unfold itself according to the traditions of the people of the North Pacific Coast! Embodied as it is in scattered tales long familiar, it is incoherent and chameleon-like. It has adapted itself to native existence according to time and place, in a rugged country broken by deep fiords, crested with mountain peaks and glaciers, and swept from east to west and north to south by storms and the Japanese current. This fluid and windblown highway has for ages carried debris and wreckage from the South Seas and the east coast of Asia; irresistibly it has conveyed the skin canoes and the dugouts of wandering fisherfolk ever seeking a subsistence at new and better coastal stations and hunting-grounds along their way to fabled Leesems.

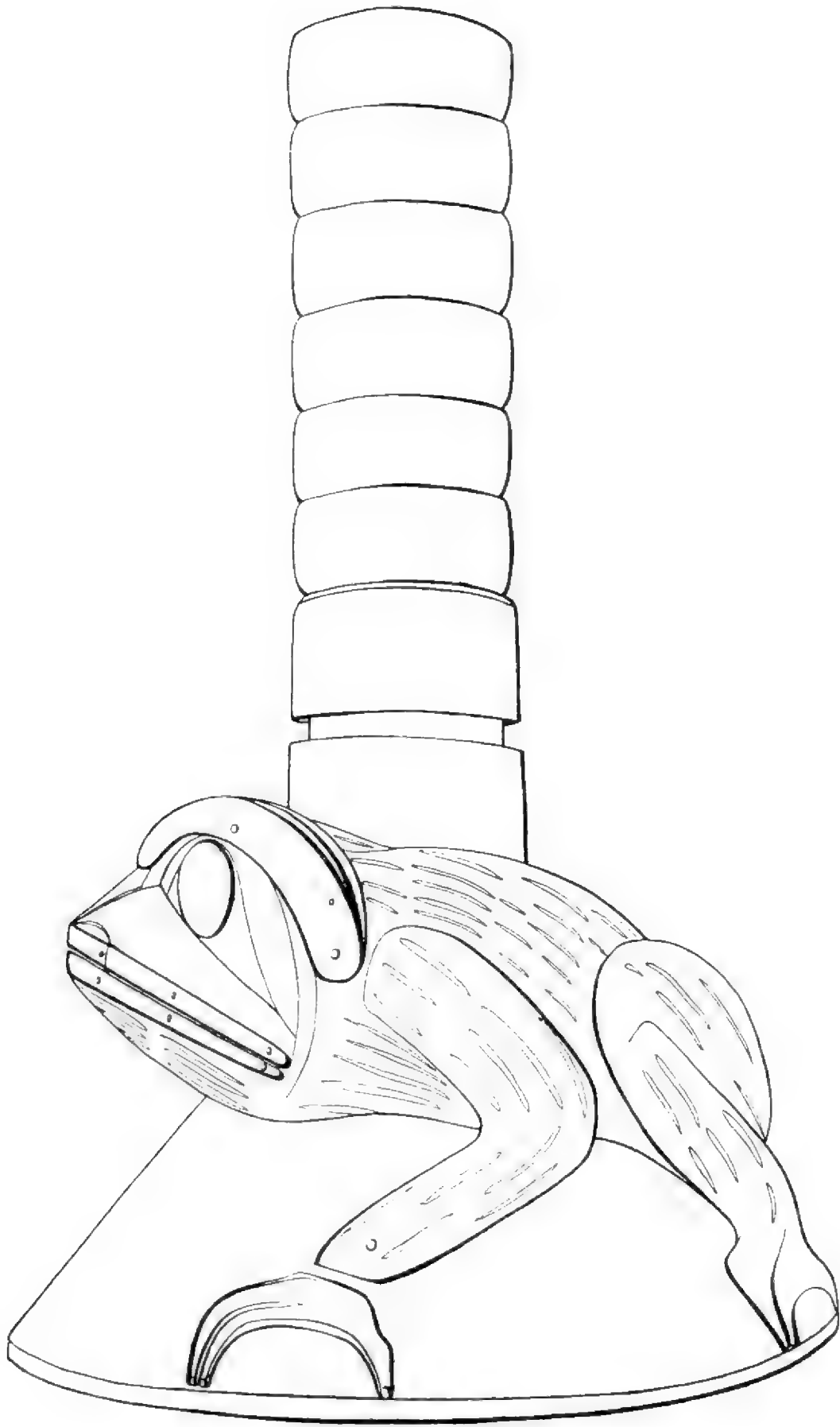
To the present day the Cormorant helmet has remained the most sacred heirloom of the Gitrhawn or Salmon-Eater clan, the last of its kind to have emerged "from the Foam" or the ocean. This migrant clan has already occupied for generations the front rank among at least three sea-faring nations of the North Pacific Coast—the Tlingit of southern Alaska, the Tsimshyan of the mainland south of Portland Canal, and the Haida of the Queen Charlotte and Prince of Wales islands.

One of the several forms of this helmet of the past few generations, illustrated here (Plates 1, 2)¹, consists of a wood carving in the style of Mongolian hats, round and conical with a broad rim, and surmounted by

¹ Wood, bone, and ivory carvings have been used here occasionally, better to explain the themes otherwise embodied in argillite pieces.



1. A dancing head-dress of wood representing the mythical Frog or Volcano Woman.



2. Profile of No. 1.

flat disks, a few of wood and others of woven basketry. Its prototype goes back to China and Japan, for no other reason than it originated there with the Salmon-Eater breed, not so long ago. Along with this headgear followed many perennial features of an advanced culture that shot precarious roots here and there along the way into the New World.

The Frog decorating the Salmon-Eater helmet, with its copper eyes and eyebrows, is a symbol of the ancestral past; it belongs to central Asia and was primarily an amulet or a charm. Unknown as an animal to the nomadic tribes of the frozen tundras, the frog journeyed only in the form of small carvings, in the medicine bags of shamans, across Mongolia and Manchuria northwards. Jochelson, the Russian ethnographer exiled in the 1890's, found it in Siberia among the Yukaghir as a sacred object or as a theme in the mythology and in the decorative designs of the Gilyak and the Chukchee of the area close to Bering Sea. The ancestors of Salmon-Eater, who had been sea-coast rovers of the China seas, may have acquired similar charms nearer to their starting point, on balmy sea-coasts. For he could not have invented the Frog wholecloth on the Aleutians, nor on the North Pacific Coast, nor on the Queen Charlotte Islands, because it is nonexistent there.

The prevalence of the Frog in the art and mythology of the Haida and Northwest Coast nations is due solely to a die-hard Mongolian tradition, which has known of no break in its transmission from the Old World. Aware of a puzzle there—finding no frog in nature, and possessing so many carved ones—the Haida have tried to furnish an explanation, in a story recorded by James Deans, in the 1870's (1):

Long ago there were many frogs in those islands. Now there are none; they have all left. [And here] is the story of their departure. Long ago, a frog was jumping about among the wild flowers in the woods. Eventually . . . he met a large bear coming along. Seeing this diminutive object, the bear looked at it and said, "You ugly little brute, what are you doing on my path?" . . . The frog was terribly frightened. It went home, telling every living thing he met what a terrible monster he had encountered, how it had taken him in its mouth, as if to devour him. "Now," said the frog, "we must get him out of the way or we shall all be killed." So they called together a council of all the frogs. At the council, it was decided that the best thing to do was for the frogs to leave the country, one and all of them. Nowadays frogs are neither seen nor heard on these islands.

The tradition chiefly responsible for the constant recurrence of the sacred Frog on the Northwest Coast is that of Salmon-Eater and Volcano Woman, best preserved as an *adaorh* among the Tsimshyan of the Nass River. Here is a summary of this narrative transmitted orally through the generations, and known to us under several recorded variants (2):

After the Salmon-Eater tribe had learned the language of the New land and relinquished its own, the people mingled more freely together. The nephew of Ka'it, the head-chief of the Grizzly-Bear clan, aspired to marry Salmon-Eater's niece, Dzelarhons, the first princess in the land, and sent messengers with a proposal for her. No sooner had the chiefs agreed about the marriage than Ka'it prepared for the event.

As she was of high standing, messengers went for her with twin canoes. She proudly sat on the boards laid across the top of the canoes and was

brought by sea to the home of her suitor's uncle. There the messengers placed her near the bridegroom and gave her fresh food. Everyone admired Dzelarhons' beauty and the splendor of the raiment she had brought with her: a wide robe of sea otter, a fine robe of young sea otter, a chief's all-over parka, and a robe of smooth leather decorated with valuable tsik shells from the sea. As the attire of a woman of distinction, in those early days, consisted of breeches only and four robes to be worn over them, her breeches were made of soft leather with a golden tan.

Female attendants combed her hair, which was fine and glossy, and spread out a couch for her near that of the bridegroom, the prince of the Grizzly-Bear tribe, who would be there all night to keep her company.

In the house of the bridegroom, at night, she was bidden to sit down and hold up a pitchwood torch. The torch was lit over her head, as she held it up, while her husband retired to his couch. When all others but Dzelarhons had gone, he went to sleep without seeming to be aware of her presence. There she sat motionless overnight, and the pitchwood torch slowly burned down to the level of her hand. To shield her hand from the slowly burning fire she had to cover it with her robe, which, this night, was the one adorned with tsik shells. She kept pulling her robe up and rolling part of it around her exposed hand to protect it, until the upper end of the robe was scorched like the torch. Then she took off her robe altogether, and lay on it the rest of the night, with the ashes of the burned torch beside her.

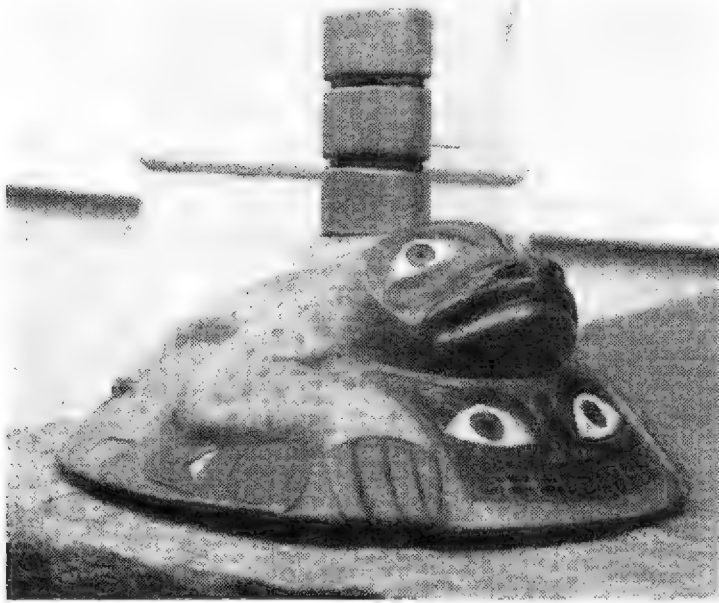
When Ka'it sent for her in the morning, she put on her second dress and went to her father-in-law's house for a meal, while her husband slept far into the day.

"Why do you, fool, so abuse your bride?" the chief asked his nephew. "Her uncle, Salmon-Eater, cannot be insulted with impunity. I predict more tribulations for us than we can foresee, because of your rashness."

The nephew ignored all warnings until, after the fourth night, Dzelarhons' last robe was burned, and Ka'it had another hastily made for her in the simple style of his own Grizzly-Bear clan. This homely robe she refused to wear, and she preferred staying naked in the proud nobility of her birth.

When, on the fourth morning, Salmon-Eater and his attendants came over with trays of food for the marriage feast according to the *lugyin* rule, they beheld the noble Dzelarhons still holding up the remnants of the dead torch near the sleeping bridegroom. Incensed by her humiliation, they returned to their village and prepared for revenge. During their absence, Dzelarhons disappeared by enchantment.

The war broke out with fury between the two tribes—the first, which had come out of the ocean, and the second, the Grizzly-Bear tribe. After torrents of blood had been shed on both sides, the survivors scattered into the forest, and the Salmon-Eater clan began to search the woods for their princess. Far away they found a tall granite statue in her image, standing over a creek at the head of an inland lake, her legs planted one on each side of the stream. Of this stream she was the source.



3. Wooden helmet showing Frog or Frog-Woman.

Struck with awe in her presence, they prayed to her as they would to the spirit of the lake, which was alive with trout. Salmon-Eater's eldest nephew, Kawm, donned his uncle's Cormorant Cap, as was the privilege of a nephew in line for his succession. But the aged uncle warned him, "This cap should no longer be worn, for it may not be to your grandmother's pleasure. A new danger, I feel, is now in store for us."

In the course of blistering trials, spirit frogs with copper eyes and mouths leaped out of the campfire, and Salmon-Eater's nephews were about to

board their canoe in flight when a flash of lightning stopped them short. Dzelarhons, now changed into a supernatural woman, walked out of the mountains that were ablaze. In her underlip glowed a wide labret, and in her hand she held a staff with a carved frog for a handle. Salmon-Eater's niece, who had become an impersonation of the fire and the frog, cried out, "Because of your rashness you shall die."

So it came to pass. The only survivor was Las, a nephew of Salmon-Eater, who dodged the sight of the fiery statue, as he was hiding at the bottom of the canoe. In his flight he went back to his people at the edge of the sea and spread the tale of destruction in the path of the Volcano Woman of the inland lake.

While the Na'a tribe was asleep one night, a huge fireball descended upon their village and reduced it to ashes. The people perished, all but a princess, who, like the other maidens of her rank, stayed in her puberty seclusion on a hill, hidden in a hut made of copper shields. Her only food in a prolonged fast was dried halibut and a little whale blubber, and her only beverage was spring water sipped through the hollow leg bone of a crane. After the destruction of the village, she walked down the heights and over the ruins to find only stone axes, adzes, and stone pots in the warm ashes. Heartbroken, she gathered them and heaped them up in a pile. A short distance below the village, she saw that the seven canoes of her uncles were still intact and covered up with green boughs. There she sat and cried her heart out.

She was still sitting there when an old woman approached the ruined village and intoned a dirge, "*Yeanawhaw*—our war canoe travels over the ocean."

As she sang, her head remained covered down to the eyes with a wide-brimmed hat of split spruce roots. On top of her hat sat a copper frog, and the hat was trimmed all round with small frogs. In her hand the woman held a staff carved with human faces; the handle of the staff was of

copper. The dirge was the Frog mourning song, which is still preserved among the many descendants of Salmon-Eater down the Alaskan coast to the Skeena River: "Our war canoe travels over the ocean."

As the princess still sat entranced near the canoes, she gazed out to sea. There, a long way off, she beheld a sail made of matting, an *ahlarom-skane*. A canoe approached, and six hunters—one of whom was an old man and another a slave—landed in the cove, where they were dismayed to find only brownish ashes. The village they had known existed no longer. Before re-embarking, they discovered the princess. They wanted to take her along with them, away from this scene of desolation. But she refused to leave her uncle's canoes behind. Yielding to her wishes, they dragged them out to tide-water and towed them along. In one of these canoes the princess sat by herself wearing the Cormorant Cap, which she had saved. All along the way she sang the dirge of the Frog Woman: "Dzelarhons is the volcano spirit to whom my people owe their fate."

She was married to Kyemneak, the chief of the tribe that had rescued her. She bore him a son, who upheld the leading name of her uncle, Salmon-Eater; then a daughter, named Skya'an; and eight other children, who safeguarded the posterity of Salmon-Eater.

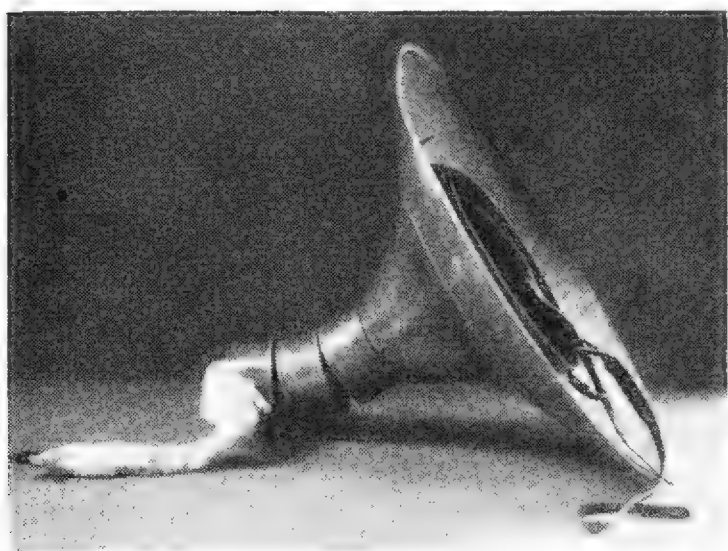
Dzelarhons was none but the legendary Mountain Woman or Volcano and Copper Woman or Frog Woman, very well known under various names on the seacoast and all over the Far North. She was the Mountain Spirit of the Kiksetti tribe of the Tlingit of Alaska (Cf. the Author's *Totem Poles*, I, 69)(3):

A man climbed a very high mountain which no other had ever ascended before. While on the top of the mountain he went into a trance and had a vision. The Frog came to him and told him that Frogs and Man were brothers and that Man should have reverence for the Frogs. When he came to his senses and returned to his tribe, he said, "Let us build a totem in honor of our brother the Frog!" They chose a large log and, after a big feast, the carvers began to work on a totem on which they made the Frog the emblem of their tribe. The figure beneath the Frog is the old Raven . . . the creator of man.

On the Nass River just south of the Alaskan border, Volcano Woman is called 'Neegyamks and became known as Flying-Frog and Person-of-Lizards to the river folk, at the time of the actual volcano eruption there (Cf. *Totem Poles*, I, 73, 74):

Person-of-Lizards may not be as old as the Frog. It is linked up with the Flying-Frog and is supposed to have appeared at Antegwalæ at the same time as the Frog. It refers to the volcano eruption on the Nass 150 or 200 years ago. The village at the canyon, after the eruption, was named Gitwinksihik (Lizard Tribe). The reason for the name was that, before the eruption, there was a lake in this neighbourhood, known for its stench. It was full of lizards, frogs, and fierce animals. The lava from the volcano rolled over the flat country, obliterated the lake, and changed the course of the river, pushing it several miles to the north.

'Neegyamks was the daughter of Negwa'on, on the Nass. Before the volcano eruption, she was courted by several young chiefs, but without success. One night, while she slept in the maidens' compartment at the rear of the house, she disappeared; and the frogs were heard, as every day, croaking in the lake above



4. Helmet of brass in Mongolian style, representing Copper-Woman.

the village of Antegwalæ, where Negwa'on and his family lived. Her relatives thought that one of her suitors had kidnapped her. For two years they could not find her.

The people, one day, beheld two Frogs in Negwa'on's doorway; one of them carried the other on its back. They were apparently trying to speak, one saying, "Tsewit," and the other "Qakerh." These were later to be their names. And they led the people on to the lake. Negwa'on invited the neighbouring tribes, Gitlarhdamks and Gitwink-sihlk, to come and help in draining the lake. When the lake was

drained, the people beheld a huge number of small frogs taking to flight; then the Flying-Frogs flew by. A Gitwinkul man, Sedawqt—of the family of Wutarhayæts—caught a Flying-Frog that had wings and looked like a moth.

When the lake was nearly dry, a house-front painting was seen floating; and the young woman, 'Neegyamks, sat upon it. One of her brothers speared the house-front and captured it. The people then saw that 'Neegyamks had frogs all over her body—on her knees, the back of her hands, her breasts, her eyebrows. Many small frogs were painted on the house-front. Since then the Frogs have been the special crest of this clan.

'Neegyamks said, after she had been rescued from the lake, "I am not fit to come among the people again. You had better kill me. Put me away, but keep my children."

After they complied with her requests, they saw a huge cane, the Pole-whereon-climb-Frogs (*randeptæhl-kana'o*) rising from the lake bottom. At its base was a human-like being; a number of small frogs climbed along the shaft; and a large Frog sat at the top. They decided to use the same figures on their own pole. Between the ribs of the large Frog, the Frog-Chief, the heads of people were to be seen. They killed this Frog, and adopted it as their principal crest.

After 'Neegyamks had died they heard from the lake bottom a song, which they have since retained as a dirge.

This summary will explain the mythical origin of the several Frog crests of Lælt and his clan: the Hanging-Frogs, Ribs-of-the-Frog, Person-of-the-Lake, Frogs-of-the-Doorway (or Frogs-jammed-up), Real-Frog-Chief, and Pole-whereon-climb-Frogs.

The cause of the volcano eruption, in the belief of the Nass River folk, was—according to the accepted pattern in the ancient *adaorh*—an impiety towards an animal and is explained in the narrative of Large-Salmon (Weehawn) (Cf. *Totem Poles*, I, 77):

Tsawltsap was the name of the river, before the volcano eruption. The valley of the river and the village were situated to the north of the Nass River in the neighbourhood of the present canyon; the Nass then had its course farther

south, curving down from Gitlarhdamks to the foothills. The original river *Si'aks* (new-waters), running north and south for a distance, was called Kyim-widzeq and formed the bed of the Nass. The New-River was so called because it appeared only after the volcanic eruption. Up against the mountain side there was a village named Place-of-Alders (*larh-kselwiyh*), where the tribe was named People-of-Above (*gitsærh*). They are all extinct now.

The cause of the volcano eruption was the ill-treatment of a little hump-back salmon by a young man of the family of Wigyidemrshskyæk (Large-Person-Eagle). He had thrust a sharp sliver of granite rock into its back and had thrown it into the river, where it had tried to swim away with this spur.

That night, after the people had partaken of food, rumbling and shaking began, and they ran away from their houses into the bush. The flames were coming from the hills in the vicinity of the present New-River. Many fugitives went in the direction of the Lake-of-Lizards, which was then on a high plateau.

A young woman of good extraction living at the rear of a house, apart from the others, during her puberty seclusion, was left behind, forgotten in the panic.

The whole village was destroyed and burned by the lava, which poured down in huge, swift currents. Long after the eruption when the lava beds seemed to have cooled off, the people went to explore. To discover whether the going was safe, they cast dogs before them, but these sank into the molten rock. It was still too soon to go farther. Even when, long after the flames had subsided, they again tried to approach, but the heat had not sufficiently abated. So they were held back in their desire to see what had happened to the girl in seclusion, whose loss they regretted.

Later they reached the place where the village had been, and the former site of the chief's house where the girl had been left. The front and rear still stood, but the sides had collapsed. There they beheld her sitting in the house, with a head covering reaching down to her shoulders. She was quite recognizable, with all the same features; only now she was a small pillar of lava rock. [In 1927, the author saw and took a photograph of this rock, standing two or three miles from the canyon along the trail across a tip of the barren lava field. The guide pointed to a spot nearby where a salmon trap had also been changed to reddish lava.]

The lack of respect towards the Cormorant helmet and for an animal which brought about the volcano eruption on the Nass is more fully explained in Haida narrative (Cf. *Totem Poles*, I, 70, 71):

In springtime, five young men, among them a Prince, paddled away in a canoe from the Haida town of Skidegate and went a short distance to a stream where they intended to fish trout. Once they had reached the spot, they looked for a shaded place where the fish would be plentiful. They saw that the trout abounded and began to fish. The Prince, while fishing, kept on losing his Cormorant Hat (*gaidem-haots*) in the water over and over again. Much angered, he took the hat and beat it on the water.

After they had caught some trout, they roasted them over a fire and placed the roasted fish on skunk cabbage leaves. A frog appeared and jumped upon the trout. The Prince, who was sulking, at once caught the frog and threw it into the fire. He reached out for another fish to eat, but another frog spoiled his



5. The head of the Bear (left); ivory dish showing the Frog (right).



6. Small argillite Frog from the top of a pole.

meal. He cast this frog into the fire also. This happened twice more, until four frogs had interfered and been destroyed.

Then a voice descended from far up into the hills, a woman's voice. Among the five fishermen one was wiser than the others. He said, "This is an ill omen for us. We had better leave at once. Let us go!" And they paddled away from there in haste.

A woman appeared at a distance on the shore, wearing a large labret in her lower lip, holding in her hand a cane surmounted by the Frog, and continually crying, "O my child, O my child! What has happened to my child?" As the people in the canoe would give no answer and kept going away from the

scene, she cried out to them, "After you have travelled some distance, one of you shall die. After another short distance is covered, another one shall drop dead."

So it happened, and this went on as predicted until only two in the boat were left alive. These survivors never relented, and they were about to reach the village when the voice of the woman broke the silence one more, causing the collapse of the fourth fisherman. "You who survive," she clamoured a last time, "shall no sooner have told your people what happened than you too shall die."

After the last man had perished like the four others, fire broke out at all parts of this village, completely razing it. A young woman who was away from the village at the time and fasting after having reached the age of puberty, was saved, as also was her mother. The fire passed them by. Another woman escaped—only three had survived.

Every day the survivors mourned the fate of their people. While the young woman was crying with her elders, a man appeared before her, and said, "Why do you weep?"

"I weep for the loss of my people."

The man asked, "What do you wish me to do for you?"

"We fear we may die here like our folk. We want to be taken away from here."

This stranger, who was the Eagle, took two of the women and placed them under his wings. The mother was left behind. The Eagle flew with his load until he came in sight of a village, where he landed. Eventually one of the woman the Eagle had brought there was married. The other, the young woman, was taken away by the Eagle to Nass River, where she was left at the mouth of Knemas River. As the folk established there in a village could not get oolaken grease and found themselves too far away from the others, they decided to move up the river and join up with another tribe. This happened at a place called Gunwawq near Angyadæ.

It was here that the new tribe, which the young woman had joined, built a totem pole, the pole we still know, showing the Eagle at the top with persons under his wings, and sitting on a nest. These persons were the survivors of the fire that had destroyed their village.

Further details of this episode are given in another narrative from the Queen Charlotte Islands. The few extracts quoted here are significant in so far as they develop the dirge or funeral song aspect of the Dzelarhons tradition. Such dirges are Buddhistic and follow closely a Chinese pattern (5). (Cf. *Totem Poles*, 1:65-68):

One day, a young Raven prince called upon three of his friends to spear salmon with him up a stream nearby. Having arrived at their destination, and as they were engaged in making camp, a huge frog came up to them. Over the protests of the others, one of the young men took it up and threw it into the fire, where it was destroyed. They soon forgot the incident and retired to sleep. During the night they heard a voice of a woman, wailing and crying out, "Oh! My child! Give me back my child!" This continued on all night.

Next day the young men went farther up the river, where they caught much salmon, but they continually heard the woman's voice crying, "Oh! Give me back my child, my only child! What have you done to my child?"

When they had caught all the salmon they wanted, they made ready to return to their village on the coast, but the voice, threatening now, kept following them: "Give me back my child, my only child! If you don't, your village shall be destroyed."

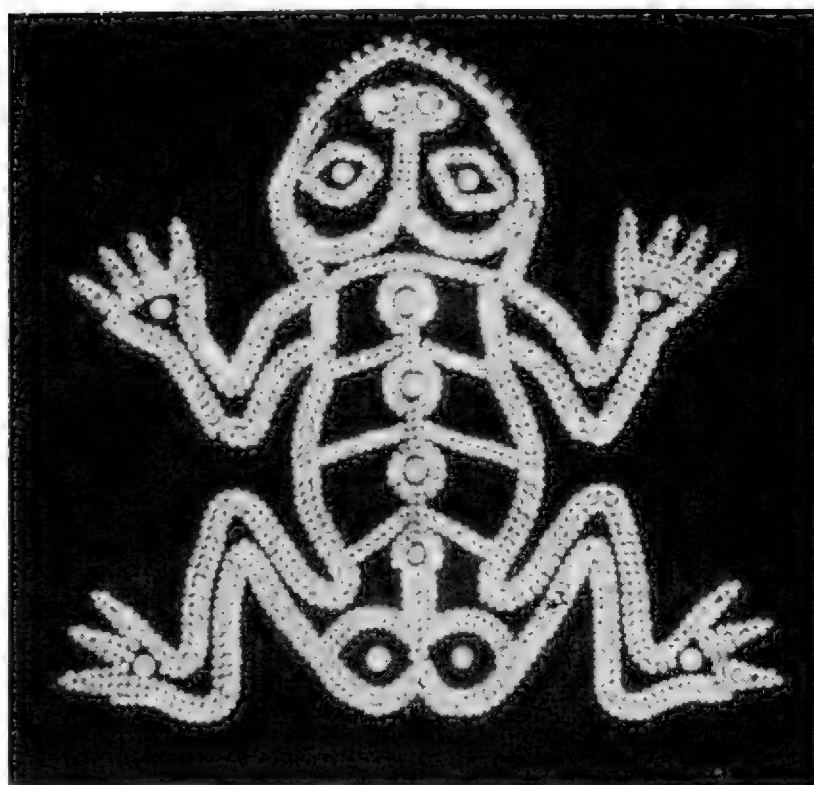
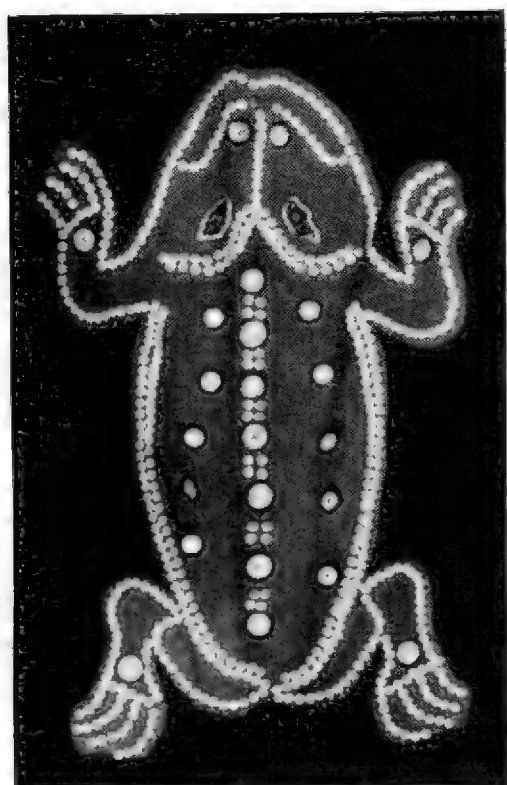
No one at the village paid any heed to what this wailing woman had predicted. Everyone went on with his ordinary work, though the voice persisted. Everyone except an old woman and her only daughter. The woman felt that some terrible disaster was to befall the village. She warned her uncle, "You should heed the warnings of the wailing woman and escape while you can. Something fearful is about to happen to this village because of a thoughtless action of your young prince and his companions. If you care to survive, make ready."

But no one heeded the warnings of the old woman, and she set about her own preparations. She dug a large underground chamber at the rear of their house, and to this shelter she would fly with her daughter every day when they heard the crying woman. The others ridiculed her, but she answered, "Should anything happen, my child and I will be saved. Danger is near, and you should all get ready." Nobody paid any attention to her, while the voice was still wailing behind the village.

Then a few elderly people began to worry. "We should know what this wailing woman means," they said. "Perhaps our young people have broken a taboo." Even this did not worry the tribe; they kept right on with their revelry.



7. Large dish of the Frog in high relief, and the Raven engraved in the background.



8. The Frog with trade buttons sewn on woollen blankets of the Tlingit.

9.

As they were feasting one night, they heard distant rumblings. They still ignored this omen, and the warnings of the old woman who was now living in the cave which she had dug for herself and her daughter, and where she had stored much food against the time of disaster.

The early rumblings from the hills were soon followed by the appearance of smoke. The rumblings grew louder. Finally smoke and fire swept down from the mountain peaks with many great thunder-claps and in a great engulfing torrent. Now the terrified people tried to escape, but the flames had already consumed all the canoes. Every avenue of retreat was cut off, and all perished.

Only the woman who had gone into the hole with her daughter survived. Many days passed. The noise and confusion quieted down. As she was almost without water, she cautiously uncovered the entrance to her retreat. When she went into the open, she saw that the entire village had been wiped out. Not a sign remained of the once mighty village with all its people. She did not understand what had happened until that night, when the voice of the crying woman came to her: "I knew that your uncles would avenge you, my son! Had I only been given your body back all would have been well. As you were destroyed by fire, so your uncles have destroyed your slayers by fire."

When the woman saw no sign of life, not even a sign of the village, she returned to the hiding place of her daughter. Days later she came out again, hoping to find that some had escaped the fire. She went from place to place, calling out, "Has anyone survived the wrath of the great supernatural being?" But there never was any answer.

She was very desolate. With her daughter she started to travel afoot, trying to find places where other people lived, but she could find nobody. "Has anybody escaped?" she kept calling out. Nobody had.

The two women were now nearly dead. When they came upon a village that was only partly destroyed, they were encouraged and even found a small canoe hidden in the brush. Together they took the canoe and, with their few belongings, paddled up into a small stream.

When they made camp that night, they heard the voice of a woman crying out: "Your uncles have now been appeased. All the haughty, thoughtless ones have perished. Your uncles sleep; they are appeased."

Next day, while they were paddling up the same stream which the prince and his companions had followed, the woman, looking into the water, saw a huge frog. It seemed half human and was wearing a *lanenræt* (layer hat). As the Frog swam away, the woman heard a wailing, "Oh, my child! Oh, my child! Your uncles are now at peace, now that they have destroyed the haughty and proud ones." Thus she learned that the destruction of their people was an act of retaliation.

The woman and her daughter continued in a direction which, they thought, led to an inhabited place. After a long time, and almost dead from starvation, they saw in the distance smoke rising from what must be a village. They knew that they were saved.

As it happened, the spot where they were resting was the recent burial-place of the only daughter of a Haida chief. Every day the chief and his wife would come to mourn over the grave. It was on one of these occasions that they came upon the young woman, when her mother was away hunting food. The girl was sitting alone on a driftlog, near the spot where the chief's daughter was buried.

At first the chief and his wife started to weep in their grief, not noticing the young woman at the burial spot. When they saw her, they cried out, "Is it you, my loved child? Have you taken pity on us and come back to us? Come, my child! Your mother, who is now almost dead from grief, will live again." The chief and his wife greatly rejoiced, never doubting that this was their daughter. The resemblance was very close. They led the girl to their canoe, taking her as their own restored daughter.

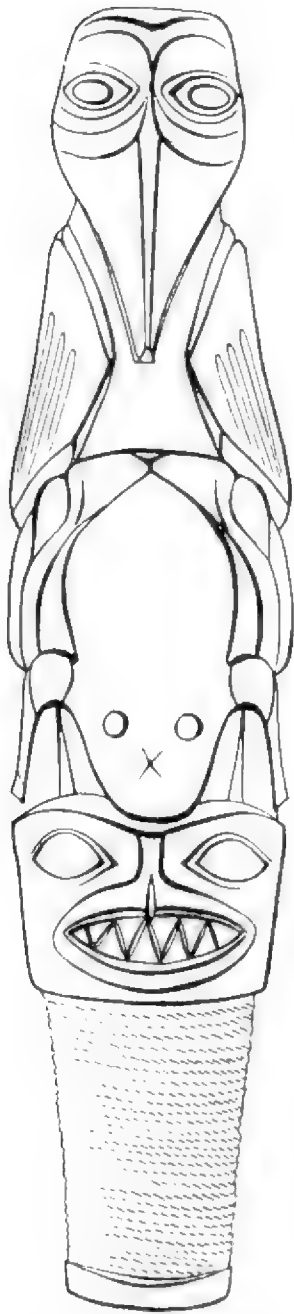
When they landed at the village, the chief immediately beat his wooden invitation drum, summoning all his people to his house. When all were in, he said: "Let us mourn no more for my daughter! She has returned from her sleep; she is here. To-day we will feast. Happiness now returns to my village."

What became of the girl's mother who had fled from the fire-stricken country has been forgotten. This much the young woman knew: her mother had originally come from the distant land towards the east.

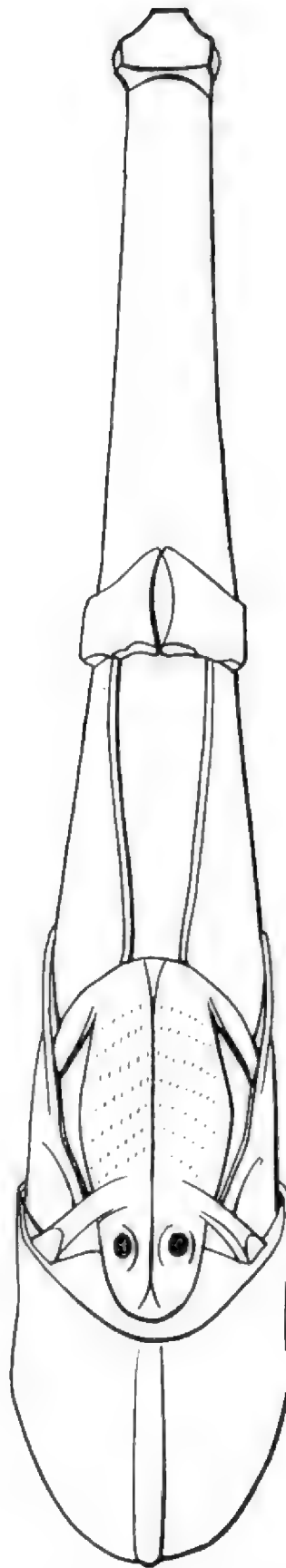
A still more vivid light is cast upon Frog or Volcano Woman, in the semi-independent traditions of the Dénés of the Far North. For a glance into these, we must have recourse to Emile Petitot, a French Oblate missionary of the late 1860's, whose narratives on the Slavies of Great Slave Lake are enlightening. (Here translated from the French) (6).

The Loucheux (Squinters) or Dindjié, the Hare and Dog-Ribs, the Kenai Danè of Alaska, share the same traditions. All these tribes are agreed about the visits to their people, after their arrival in America, of a foreign woman who brought to them the knowledge of metals. But she vanished as she had come, on the western shores of this continent.

Having lost her bearings [while she was still in Siberia], this woman chose to travel towards sunrise. Fleeing from the Innoit [Eskimo] who had molested her, she stole an umiak [a skin canoe], and embarked upon a shallow sea, dotted with islands quite close to one another. As she journeyed from one island to another, she sought her subsistence as she went . . . In the end, the Fugitive landed on an eastern shore, which was America. But she knew nothing of this land, so new to her. The White Wolf (*Pèlè*) came to her rescue and, swimming in front of her umiak, led her to the mouth of a huge river [the Yukon]. Then she understood that the White Wolf was her guardian spirit . . .



10. The Raven, the Frog, and a Mongolian face carved on a halibut hook.



11. Club with Frog design.

For many moons, the Fugitive wandered on the shores of the Arctic Sea, trying to find a land bridge to go back to her country towards sunset. Meanwhile she encountered a herd of caribou, and hafting an iron needle she possessed into a shaft, she hunted and killed "the meat", dried it and smoked it for a supply. Once more guided by the Wolf, she forded an arm of the shallow sea, and this time reached the mainland of Alaska. On an island nearby, she beheld a high mountain belching flames. She thought that a tribe must be encamped at the summit, and sitting around camp-fires. So she climbed the smoking mountain, but found there only molten red metal casting light and flames afar.

Resuming her flight, she would build cairns of big stones from place to place, which marked the path she intended to follow when on her way back. By and by she encountered Déné tribes, whom she recognized as her compatriots, from the same country now remote. She told them that she had discovered a red metal near a seashore. It was called *tsa-'ntsane*, beaver dung, or *sa-tson*, bear excrements; both of these droppings being reddish. Then she departed westward with the Dénés, to seek the red metal [copper], which was much sought after in this country. They considered her "the woman come from the sky". Several times, they travelled with her back and forth, but at one time they lacked respect for her, and tried to enforce their will upon her. So she refused to accompany them back to their tundras, and sat by herself mournfully, close to the metal which she would no longer abandon. In vain did her followers plead with her. She had lost faith in them and would not associate with them any longer. They went away from her in the end.

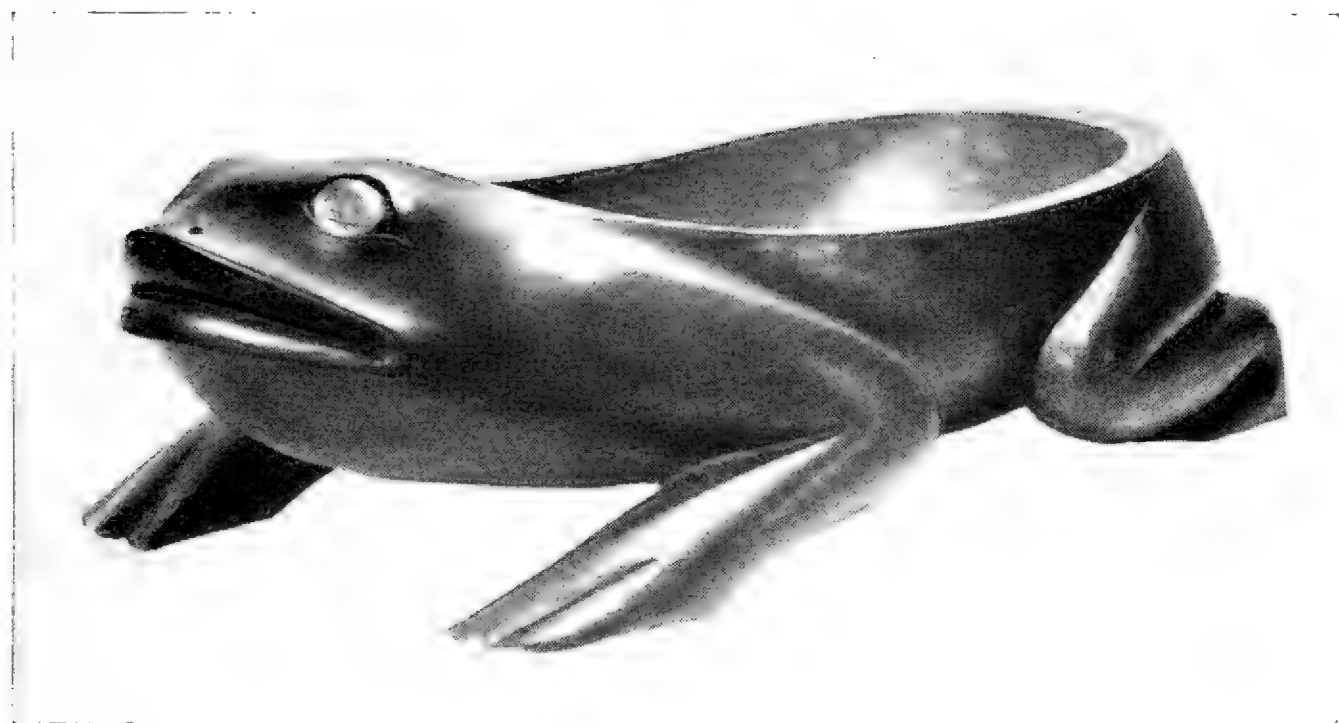
When they returned later for more metal, at the foot of the flaming mountain [a volcano], they found that Metal Woman had fallen into the crater, which was up to her waist. It was too late for her to change her mind and follow them, but, as she was still fond of a few of them, she yielded to them some of her red metal . . . And they wandered away.

Again they reappeared at the volcano, but this time it was of little use. As she had sunk into the lava up to her neck, all that was left for them to pick up consisted of a few nuggets scattered all about. This was enough to bring them back there once more. The last time they reached there, she had vanished, and they failed to detect any red scraps along the river which, by now, was called Copper River (*Tsan-tsan-des*). Nonetheless the people whom she had befriended still bear the name of Copper tribe.

The volcano where the Woman disappeared, according to the legend reported by Father Petitot, is no other than the Edgecumbe, near the island of Sitka and the Copper River in Alaska. The Indians there consider her as "the Woman who holds up the world."

To the Haida, farther down the same coast, Copper or Volcano Woman is the same as their own Dzelarhons, and they claim, according to J. R. Swanton (4:92), that once she was brought over from the mainland to their island and became the patroness of the arts and crafts among them:

The Story of the Eagle side [clan or moiety] refers back to Djilaqons as that of the Raven side to Foam-Woman. Djilaqons, however, was a quite different person. Whereas Foam-Woman appears only once in Haida story, long enough to give birth to the Raven families, Djilaqons is a conspicuous and ever-recurring figure in their mythology. She was brought from the mainland by He-Whose-Voice-is-Obeyed, either, as one account has it, from Tlalgimi, or, according to another, from Nass River, and placed in the west arm of Cumshewa Inlet, where a stream called Kaoqons flows down, of which she became Creek-Woman. As had been related, she was present when Rhagi arose out of the flood.



12. Frog dish with abalone eyes, carved out of wood by a Haida.



13. Frog dish carved out of wood by a Tsimshian.

All the Eagles upon this island came in succession out of the womb of Djilaqons. In process of descent they became differentiated [into the various families]. Swiftly-Sliding-Woman, a child of Djilaqons, sat up and wove a blanket. She put two coppers on it. A yellow-cedar blanket was the kind she wove. It was she who taught the people how to do this. She bore a child called Greatest-Mountain. She also bore children in Tlkadan. The children who came from her were called Those-Born-at-Saki and Those-Born-in-the-Ninstints-Country. She, however, became a mountain.

Dzelarhons, according to a Kanhade head-chief of the Tsimshian (Cf. *Totem Poles*, I, 68), was a mythical being whose very name, in Haida, means Frog. She was also called Weeping-Woman, because of the dirges or traditional laments attributed to her after the destruction of the village by the volcano. Some of the Haida carvings, in wood or in argillite, show small

frogs under her eyelids or long teardrops running down her desolate face; these drops broadening into small frogs. The same Weeping-Woman (*ksemwiyaitk*) on the upper Nass River was represented with a large labret of distinction in her lower lip, with the tears painted white and streaming from her eyes on her black cheeks.

Volcano Woman, under her various names and garbs, has become the outstanding symbol of a rich past for the North Pacific Coast and the sub-Arctic territories. Like the Asiatic goddess with many breasts, she stands for the ancestral link between China and Siberia, and the native tribes of the far Northwest. She has been their cultural provider. The nomadic tribes under her ægis, in the past centuries, have moved far away from their Mongolian cradle, and spearheaded, some of them across the northern Rockies almost as far as Hudson Bay, and others southward along the Pacific Coast, without ever venturing far from the salt waters.

NARRATIVES

The Tsimshyan "adaorh" of Salmon-Eater or Gitrhawn (Related by Robert Ridley, Tsimshyan, of Ketchikan, Alaska, in 1950, and recorded by William Beynon. Ridley belongs to the Gispahlots tribe and to the Eagle phratry. His native name is Nees'awælp).

When the Gwenhoot (Fugitives) of the Eagle clan long ago had to flee from the north, under the leadership of Neeswa'mak, they were followed by another group of Eagle clansmen. The anger of the Wolf clansmen (Larhkibu) and of the Ravens forced them to escape in a northerly direction. There they managed to remain in hiding until they could safely go back and travel in the direction of the southern rainy wind (Nakahaiwæs). They intended to establish themselves in security with those that had preceded them. Their leader was Salmon-Eater (Gitrhawn).

After they had travelled for many days, they came to the mouth of a large river [Nass]. It was then the season when all the people gathered there to fish oolachens. While there, they found many of their former Eagle (Larhskeek) relatives who had arrived earlier. They were a wealthy people and clever in warfare. Because of this, many of the Salmon-Eater clan decided to stay on the Nass River and establish a village at Larh'angedæ (near what is now Greenville). A part of the clan went farther south to the Skeena River and made a village at Gitsemkælem, very close to the Gitsalas group, but they did not enjoy the same trading privileges as the other Eagle groups who had arrived earlier. Some of those who went to the Skeena River intermarried with the Gitksan [farther up the river]. At the village of Kispayaks they established themselves as the household of Harai. They became very numerous at Gitsemkælem, and it was there that they soon became a large group.

Here they all lived peacefully together, and the chief Gitrhawn announced that his successor would be one of his young nephews who was bright and handsome. As was then the custom, a nephew, upon the death of his

uncle, would inherit not only his uncle's position and property, but also his household and wives. Among the uncle's wives was a beautiful young woman who was the favourite wife of the chief. It so happened that this young woman and the chief's nephew, who was to be his successor, fell very much in love with each other. Every time that they had an opportunity, whenever Gitrhawn went away to his other territories, the young woman and the nephew would stay with each other.

After a while, the chief began to suspect his wife of infidelity, so he set a trap to catch her and her lover. He made two large boards on which he spread gum and pitch, and then placed it where he and his favourite wife slept. When this was done, without other warning, he said, "I am going up into the hills and will be away many days. Prepare my provisions." To accompany him he chose only a few of his other nephews.

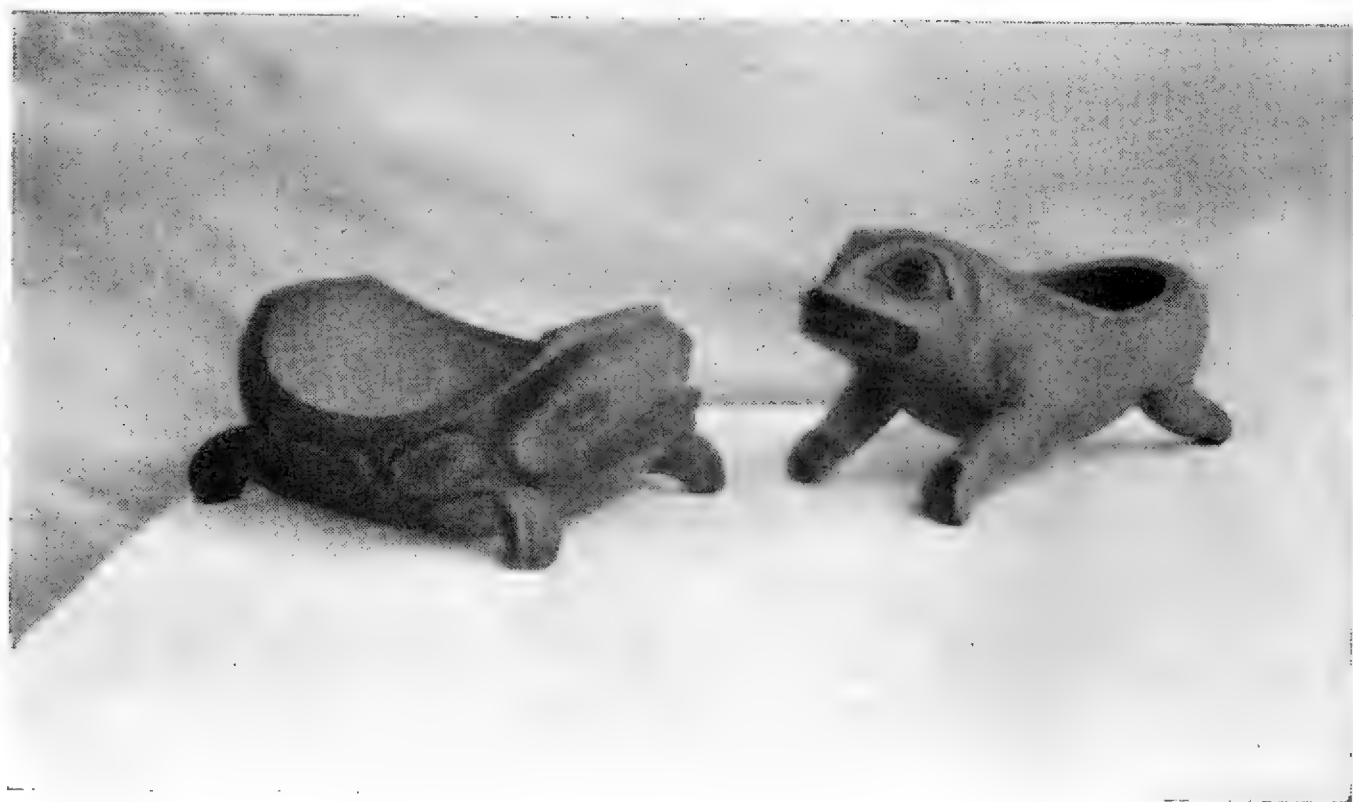
They went out together at midday but did not travel far. The chief made camp and waited until night time. Then he went back home to catch the lovers who thought they were safe.

The lovers, as soon as the chief had gone away, did not heed the warning which their elders had given them, but without fear they met and cohabited. At night they retired to the usual sleeping place of Gitrhawn, and they lay down on the boards which had been covered with gum and pitch. Here they were stuck fast when the chief made his appearance.

Upon discovering his unfaithful wife and his own trusted nephew together, he grew indignant, but, the young man being his own nephew, he feared angering the members of his own household if he killed him outright. So he clothed him, as he was still lying on the board, with his ceremonial hat with layers and put over him a dancing garment and leggings to his feet. He bound him to the pitched board and placed him in a canoe and set him adrift down the river.

The young man at the bottom of the canoe felt by its movement that he was drifting down the river in the swift current, and he hoped that he would be picked up along the shore at one of the villages down the river. After a time he knew by the movement of the canoe that he had reached the open seas, and his hopes to survive were gone. He was sure now that he would soon perish. After drifting about for many days, he grew very weak and often went into long sleeps. One day when he awoke, the canoe was no longer moving. Everything about him was very quiet, and the sun was so strong that it had melted much of the pitch and gum from the board. Only his bonds held him, and he felt somewhat cheered at the thought that he might fall into friendly hands.

At that time a great Haida chief happened to be at his village of Weehu, the Great Sandspit. As he stood outside his house, he saw in the distance what appeared to be a canoe beached on the spit by the falling tide. He sent his slaves, saying, "Go and see what has been left on the sand bar." The chief and his family followed behind the slaves who had run ahead. As they reached the canoe, behold, they found a young man who was lashed to a large board in the bottom of the canoe. They called out, "A young man is in the canoe."



14. Two small wooden dishes representing the Frog.

The chief examined the ceremonial garment worn by the apparently sleeping young man, and said, "This is my nephew. I thought he had died. But he has now returned to me. Fetch him to my house, that he may rest and be fed."

A nephew who was to have succeeded this Haida chief had died by drowning, and his resemblance to the nephew of Gitrhawn, just rescued, was very striking. The Haida chief took him to be his own nephew. Since the canoe was a strange one, he believed that it had been provided by supernatural powers.

There was great rejoicing in the Haida chief's house, now that his favourite nephew had been returned to him. Eventually this young man, whose name was Læ'i, became a leader among the chief's nephews, who greatly respected him. One day, with three companions, he set out to fish salmon in one of the nearby streams. When they came to a stream, the young fishermen saw emerging from the waters an albatross in the form of a head-dress. The leader of the young men took it and made it his exclusive property. Then he revealed to his Haida uncle who he really was. On the Skeena, he would have succeeded to Gitrhawn. So he now took this name as his own among the Haida. He was to be the successor of the Haida chief.

The young prince and his companions one day went out fishing, and, upon finding a camping place on a river, they made a large fire and began to roast trout. A frog kept getting in their way and leaping into their food. Time after time it came back, and the young men would throw it back into the bushes. Still it would not stay away, and finally the patience

of the young men wore out, and in anger one of them took the little frog and cast it into the fire where it was consumed.

The young fishermen, as soon as they had finished eating, made preparations to sleep by a huge fire they had built. They lay down, and then they heard a voice weeping, the voice of a woman very far away, crying, "Oh! My child! What has happened to my child?" Many times this was repeated, while the voice kept coming closer to the camp. "Oh! My child, what has happened to my child? Give me back his garments. Oh! My child, what has happened to my child?" The young men were at a loss to know what it meant or what really they had done. The voice of the weeping woman now came very close, to the bushes near camp. It kept repeating the same call, "Oh! My child, what has happened to my child? Give me the body of my child, if only that much, and I will be satisfied."

Although the voice was very near, the young men could see nobody. And all through the night, they were in great fear. Just before daybreak, while the voice still kept calling, they made ready to leave and return to their village. They hurried down to their canoe. As they were boarding it, the voice ceased weeping and then spoke, "Because you have killed my child and have burned his body, I will retaliate upon you. Before you reach the first point on the way to your village, the man in the bow of the canoe shall drop back dead in his seat. When you reach the next point of land, the man sitting behind him shall fall over dead, and when you reach the farthest point of land, the one sitting in front of the prince shall fall over dead. The prince, on landing at the village after telling what has happened, shall also fall dead."

The young men, now believing they were safe, laughed at this warning and started to paddle down the river on the way to the village. But it dawned upon them that they had done wrong in burning the little frog. It was the offspring of a supernatural being. So they were in great fear. So eager were they to escape that they did not give much thought to the warning of what would happen on their way to the village.

When they reached the first point, the bowman in the canoe fell backwards. He was dead. When they went by the next point, the second man collapsed. When they passed the next, the third man fell back dead.

The prince, who was now the lone survivor, began to call out as soon as he could see the village in the distance: "A terrible misfortune has befallen us. We have been the victims of a spirit. After we had fixed our camp at the river where we wanted to fish trout, we began to prepare our food over the fire. A frog jumped among us, and after we had thrown it into the woods many times, it kept coming back. One of my friends lost his temper because the animal had jumped on his food. So he cast it into the fire and it was burnt. During the night a weeping woman approached our camp and wept for her child lamenting, 'Oh! My child! What has happened to my child?' This lamentation lasted until we left at daybreak. Then the voice from the woods said, 'Because you have killed my child, you shall all die. Upon reaching the first point on your journey, the bowman in the canoe shall fall dead. When you pass the second point, the next man shall fall

over dead as he sits in the canoe. At the point nearest your village, the next man shall fall over dead.' And when I have finished just now telling you what happened, then I shall fall dead." And the young prince fell over dead on the beach.

There was great grief in the village, and the next day the people heard distant rumblings in the hills. Every day the same noise came nearer and nearer. All of the people gathered into the chief's house, and when they saw a huge mass of smoke approaching from the mountain tops and almost surrounding the village, then they were terrified. The fire burst out of the mountains and all the people perished. Nothing but ashes and lava was left of the large number of people and their great village.

It was the custom that when a girl reached the age of puberty, she was isolated in a hut built for her. There she was attended by a paternal aunt. At this time, a niece of the chief, Gitrhawn's adopted sister, was in seclusion and was attended by her paternal grandmother. They stayed in a cavern behind the village up in the mountain. So they escaped the volcano eruption and were the only survivors.

When the fire was burnt out and everything had cooled off, the old woman and her niece came out of the tabooed house. The old matron walked about the ruins of the village and could find nothing of any value, neither food nor anything else. There were no survivors, only she and the young girl.

The old woman wept, and then she turned to the young woman and said, "You must try to get away from this place. It has been destroyed by supernatural powers, and no good will ever rise from it. Never forget that you must try to return to your brothers' people. They have come from a distant country and a great river. They are very numerous and are led by powerful chiefs. Try and get to the other end of this island, where you may meet with a folk who will care for you, for they are the only survivors of your own clan. As for me, I am old and now too weak to travel with you. Go along and cross the mountains, and beyond you may see another village. If your relatives have survived, they will welcome you, shelter you, and look after you. Take with you the garment belonging to your brother and the Cormorant Hat. Whoever sees these will recognize you and help you."

The old woman who had looked through the ruins of the village found the underground cache of the Haida chief and realized that the cache had not been destroyed by the volcano, for a little of the food was left there, as well as the valuable crests of Salmon-Eater. It was from here that she had taken the garments and head-dress. She urged her protégé to remember that her people had come from a distant land across the vast sea, thus trying to induce her to try and return there. She gave the young woman what little food they had, also the garments and head-dress, and led her to a trail. then she pointed to the very distant peaks, saying, "Over the other side of the mountains you will find help. Go now while you are strong. As for me my time is past."

The young woman set out, and, following her advisor's directions, she found the trail. For many days she travelled in great hardship. Many times she came near giving up her flight. She thought of returning to her



15. A wooden spoon showing the Frog and Dzelarhons with a conical hat.

grandmother, but she was afraid, because she believed that by now she would have died. So she kept on and on. When at last she had crossed the mountains, she found a good trail and followed it. After a time she saw a burial ground with many burial boxes about. She stopped and sat there by the water's edge.

It so happened that a great Haida chief's only daughter had died and had been laid to rest at the place where the young girl now was sitting. And every day the chief and his wife would come there to mourn, staying there the whole day. Just before dark they would go back to their village. So now, as they were coming to the burial ground, behold, they saw the young fugitive sitting on the beach, near the grave of their daughter.

As soon as the parents saw the young woman, they both cried out, "My daughter! My daughter! You have returned to us. You have heeded our sorrow and taken pity on us. And you have returned to us. Come, my daughter! You have not changed really, only you are wearing strange garments. These you must have received from the great supernatural one. Come, we shall go back home at once and give a great feast."

The old chief and his wife were very happy, for they believed that this was their daughter. She, in pity for them, had returned from among the

dead. There was great feasting as the young woman wore the robes of Salmon-Eater, also the Cormorant Hat, which had belonged to her brother.

Soon after, the young woman married and had two sons. These grew fast. Her husband took them with him and taught them the ways of a hunter on land and on sea. They became very clever in everything they did. They, especially the elder, were regarded as leaders among the boys of their age. In all the competitions, the older one easily overcame his competitors. These became jealous; and as they knew that their mother had been found by the great Haida chief, one of them said, "I hate to see people of unknown origin hold themselves as equal to us. They have no origin, no uncle nor grandfather, and they would look down upon us."

The two brothers who had thought they were of high standing went at once to their mother and said, "Mother! They have just told us that we are of unknown origin, that we have no relatives of our own. What shall we believe?"

For a long while the mother remained silent. Then she said, "Yes, what they say is true. Your uncles, grandfathers, and grandmothers perished when the great mountains burst into flame. I was the only one that survived. But far away, beyond the seas, you have many grandfathers and uncles. We must try now to go there, so that your father's people may no longer taunt you in that you have no relatives of your own. I will ask your father to help us."

So that night she spoke in secrecy to her husband, who loved her much, and told him, "Your children have been humiliated by your people, and I wish you would help them to proceed to their own country, there to meet their uncles and grandfathers. Please build them a large canoe and put in it much wealth, so that they may be able to show their rank, when it is needed. It is not fair that they should be subjected to taunts and insults from those who are not of their rank. So I have come to you for aid."

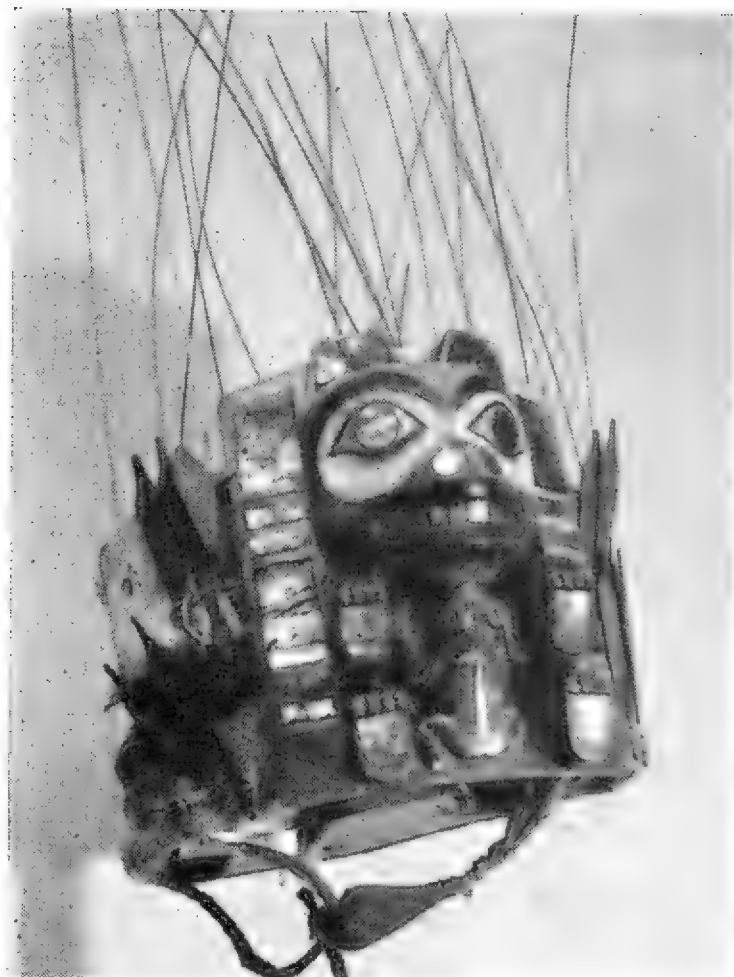
The young chief, having heard his wife's plea, replied, "My plan was to have my sons rise to the rank of head chiefs of this village. But now that they have been subjected to insults, it is well that I do as you wish. I will build a large canoe and put much food and wealth in it. Many slaves in it will paddle it for them. In the canoe, I will place the Tsimsyan who has joined us by marriage, and he will guide you to your village."

Unknown to the others, the prince took his wife and their two sons and his many slaves to a distant fishing camp. There he built a large canoe. Meanwhile his slaves prepared food, and they hunted sea-otters and seals to make robes. When all was ready, he called his sons and said, "Upon arriving at your uncle's village, give him slaves and robes of sea-otter and fur seals, and tell him that the slaves are my gifts to him. Then he will let you assume your rightful position among your own people, and your mother will be with you." So, without him, they set out with their Tsimsyan guide.

For some days, they sailed and entered the mouth of a large river, which the Tsimsyan recognized as Klusems. There they turned south and looked for the Skeena River. They ascended it until they reached Git-



16. Plaque for a crown of carved wood with a human surrounded by Frogs.



17. Plaque for crown representing Bear with Frog.

semkælem. There they stepped ashore and went to the chief's house. The woman made herself known, saying, "Do you remember the young prince who was set adrift in a canoe? Well, he reached a Haida village and was adopted there, and I became his sister. When all of the people were destroyed by the bursting fire from the mountains, I was the only one that survived. I was adopted by other people of a distant Haida village. From there we were directed here by our old grandmother. She told us about Salmon-Eater. We have taken with us my brother's robe and his Cormorant head-dress. These we give to you. My children's father has sent you these slaves, and my sons are about to give you much fur."

As she finished relating her experiences, the chief accepted the robe as being the

property of his late uncle, and took in the woman and her sons. He commanded, "Send my slaves down to pack up all the belongings of my sister and my nephews. Fetch them to the rear where I sit, and let their place be there. Bring in the slaves that my brother-in-law has sent me."

When everything was brought in, very soon the great chief called in all the other Tsimsyan tribal chiefs and presented his new nephews and his Haida sister. That is why it is said that Salmon-Eater (Gitrhawn) is of Haida origin.

The Narrative of Salmon-Eater, recorded by William Beynon from Robert Stewart of Kincolith, Nass River, aged 70 (in 1949), whose Niskæ name is Trhalahætk, chief of an Eagle clan in the Gitrhawn group. Stewart was assisted by Emma Wright, of Gitlarhdams, upper Nass, whose Niskæ name is Hlerh, of an Eagle clan (For the other narratives on Salmon-Eater, Cf. *Totem Poles*, I, 15-57).

The Gitrhawn Eagles originated at Larhsail [Alaska] from the Gusærhs group, and they went away from there for the following reason. Larhsail belonged to a small territory, and the salmon stream flowing through the centre of the village could not support the many people living on each side. At that time, the Wolf, the Raven, and the Eagle clans were living here side by side, and the Eagle group had dwindled in number, as many of its clansmen had escaped to other places because of attacks by the other two factions.

Now a further group of Eagles arrived from Naha(Loring) bringing with them as their main crest the Gnawing Beaver, which had originated in the upper reaches of the Stikine River. [Another myth explains the origin of this crest.] When they came to Naha, they found that they now belonged to a small group that was in constant strife with the others because of the control of fishing stations at the mouth of the Naha River. The best sites had been taken by the opposite groups of the Raven and the Wolf, and very little remained for the Eagles. So Salmon-Eater and his group decided to move farther south, towards the rain winds [Haiwæs: southeast]. This band journeyed to the Skeena River, and there found the Gitsemrælem tribe at the river of the same name, a tributary of the Skeena. Here they established themselves. Soon they grew into a strong group and gradually extended their territory towards the Nass River beyond Gitsemrælem. Finally they reached the Nass and met with the Niskæ at various times.

Once the Wudstæ [a southern tribe] made an overland raid by way of Kitamat and came upon the Gitsemrælem village at a season when all the men had gone away and only a few women and the children remained behind. Some of them were taken as captives by the raiders over the trail to Kitamat and from there to the Wudstæ¹ village at Wækælisle.

It was while the captives were here that Haida warriors came on a raid of their own. Among the captives taken from the Wudstæ was a woman of the Salmon-Eater household who had been taken from the Gitsemrælem village. When the captives arrived at the Haida village, this woman was recognized as being of very high rank because of the perforations in her ears and in her chin for a labret. So she was taken in by the Haida chief to be his wife. They had a daughter and a son. Eventually the boy grew into a young man and was clever and outstanding; his father acclaimed him as a prince.

One day the young man and his companions went up a creek to fish trout, which abounded there. Accompanying the prince were three companions who always followed him from the time when they were children. They had grown up together as friends. Now they expected to be gone several days and had taken a supply of provisions and fishing tackle.

Leaving the village very early in the morning, they arrived at the river where they intended to fish. They were getting ready to land and make camp, when the young prince, looking into the clear water, saw a large Cormorant head-dress. He took and placed it on his head, saying, "This is to be mine. No other may wear one like it." Then they landed, and after they had built a fire, they prepared food. As they sat down to eat, a frog leaped upon the food of the young prince. In anger and annoyance, he said, "What does this frog mean by jumping into my food?" And he cast the frog back into the bushes. Just as he was about to eat, the little frog again leaped into his food. "What does this frog mean? It looks as if it wanted my food. If it comes again, I will burn it." So saying he once more threw the frog into the bushes and sat to eat. Just as he reached out for the roasted salmon, the little frog jumped up on the salmon. The prince,

¹ Wudstæ, a village at the mouth of a creek with many streams in its delta.



18. Plaque of a crown with Thunderbird and Frog.

exasperated, took the little frog and flung it into the fire, saying, "You shall not annoy me any more. This is what you deserve."

When the young fishermen had finished eating, they made ready to sleep and retired to their sleeping quarters. During the night, they heard in the distance, away up into the hills, the voice of a weeping woman. It was very distinct. She seemed to be slowly coming closer to the camp. Soon they could clearly hear the voice of the crying woman, "My child! Oh, where is my child? Give me back my child!"

The young men were now becoming alarmed, and they knew that the prince had done wrong in throwing the frog into the fire.

The voice of the woman kept on crying, "Oh! My child, what has happened to my child? Only give me back my child's garments." Then, going to another side of the camp, she cried again, "Oh! My only child, what has happened to my only child?"

The voice kept coming all through the night, and the four young men now were so greatly alarmed that, while it was dusk in the early morning, they hastened down to their canoe to return at once to their village.

Just as they set out, they heard the voice of the Woman in the bushes calling out, "The brave ones who have killed my son are now escaping. But as soon as they come to the first point ahead, the bowman of the canoe shall drop dead. When they reach the next point, the one sitting behind him shall drop dead. As soon as they come to the next point, the one sitting in front of the steersman shall fall over dead. When the canoe lands at the village, and as soon as the last survivor, the prince himself, has finished telling the story, then he shall fall dead, and a disaster shall burst upon the entire village. All shall die, because the young fishermen have made fun of you, my son. Oh! My son, my only son, what have they done to my only son?" With that the Woman's voice kept fading away as she went back into the hills.

The young men were in a panic, and the prince said, "Come, let us get away from here before danger overtakes us. Let us warn the village before disaster breaks out." So they set off in haste. But when they reached the first point, the young bowman fell backwards, dead. The others paddled faster, and upon turning the next point, the canoeman sitting next to the bowman fell backwards, dead. Only the young prince and another remained.

The prince said to his companion, "We must make the village, to warn the people and tell them what has happened. Let us land!"

They paddled with all their strength, and the village was now only a short distance away. As they landed on the beach below the village, the last companion of the prince fell back, dead. Only the prince survived.

The people rushed down and, seeing the dead bodies, inquired, "What has happened? What caused the death of those who went with you?"

The young prince was too terrified at first to answer. For a long while he sat silently in his father's house, as he knew that as soon as he would finish telling what had happened, he too would die. Yet he must warn the people of the great danger they were about to face. So finally he spoke: "Something terrible has happened. As soon as I have told you about it, I too will fall dead. When we left to fish trout and arrived at our camping place, I saw

in the water a hat in the shape of a cormorant. This I fished up and took for my own property. Now I pass this on to my mother. When he had made camp, a frog jumped into my food, and I threw it out into the bushes. Again I sat down to my food, and just as I was about to eat, the frog again jumped into my food. Once more I threw it into the bushes. Again I sat down to eat, and as I reached for my food the frog jumped into it. This angered me and I threw it into the fire. When we retired to our couches, we heard the voice of a crying woman away up into the hills. As it came closer the mournful voice of a woman lamented, 'Oh! My child! What has happened to my child?' This she kept repeating through the night until we were much alarmed, and we planned on immediate flight. Before it was daylight, we went to our canoe, when again the woman's voice called, 'Oh! My child! Only return to me his head-dress! What have you done to my child?' We did not know that it was the mother of the Frog whom I had thrown on the fire, until we were about to paddle away. The voice of Frog-Woman again called out, 'What have you done to my child? Just as you arrive at the first point, the paddler sitting in the bow will fall over dead. When you come to the next point, the paddler next to the bowman will drop over dead. When you land, the man sitting next to the steersman will fall over dead. And when you, the prince, shall have told your people what has happened, give them a warning that a great disaster is about to befall them. Then you too shall fall over dead.' " When the prince had finished speaking, he fell back dead.

The people now were terrified. Some took to their canoes, to escape and flee. That night, the people heard the voice of the Weeping-Woman in the hills back of the village. "Oh! My child, what has happened to my child?" Next day they heard a distant rumbling as that of thunder. It came from a long way off and slowly increased in volume, until the people began to see smoke from all the mountain tops surrounding the village, then fire. This came down the mountain sides like swift water. And soon the people running about in panic were overcome and destroyed.

While this was taking place, it so happened that a woman's daughter was about to become a woman, that is, she was to have her first period. This girl, a sister of the prince who had just died, was taken by her mother into one of the rock huts built at the rear of the houses, where the maidens were placed in seclusion. In the meantime, the village was burned down and the people had perished. Only these two, mother and daughter, survived.

They walked in the ruins of the village. As they were the only survivors, they wept. The matron knew that at the other end of the island there was another village, and perhaps it had escaped the fire. So they set out to look for it. For many days, they travelled. Finally, one day, they stood in the high hills and saw in the distance the Haida village they were seeking. After they had come down to the shore, they found themselves on the side opposite the village and unable to cross.

A young chief at the moment was setting out to hunt and while paddling along the shore, saw the old woman and her daughter. He went to them and asked, "What are you doing here?"

The old woman first sang a dirge and then replied, "Dear man, we are almost dead. We are the only survivors of the great village towards the rain



19. Volcano Woman, on totem pole, shedding long tears.

wind (southeast). After the village was destroyed, only we two escaped. Pity us! We are weak from hunger." Then she fell down and felt very ill.

The young hunter took them both in his canoe and returned to his village. As he neared it, he began calling out, "Something strange has happened! I have found a princess and her mother on the far shore." Great excitement spread through the village, and the young man, whose uncle was the chief of the village, took the two women into his uncle's house, saying, "There I have found my wife. She will stay with me here, together with her mother."

The old mother repeated the story of the disaster, and then she steadily grew weaker and weaker. Now she called her daughter, "My dear child, I am going to die. This is not your homeland. In your uncle's country, which is great, you have many relations. Your uncle's name is Gitrhawn. Should you have children, you must endeavour to return to your uncle's and place your children in their proper home. Because here they will be ridiculed and made fun of. That is why you must endeavour to go back. The direction for you to follow is that of the rising sun. You will have to travel many days to reach it, but you will find the way." And the old woman died.

Soon afterwards, the young woman became a mother. A son was born to her, and then another. She had four sons and one daughter. Ere long her children became full grown. Very clever and ahead of all others in everything, they always considered themselves as Haida, for their mother had not revealed to them their origin.

One day, the young men of the village were competing in throwing a boulder. When all of the others had had their turn, then the eldest of the four brothers took the heavy boulder and out-threw all the others. This aroused jealousy among the Haida, and one of the young princes said, "Why do you young upstarts who have no standing and are without uncles, why do you dare compete with us who have high standing. Your ancestors are unknown."

The young men, most humiliated, at once went to their mother and said, "We have been told that we are intruders and our origin is unknown, also that we have no uncles."

For a long while the mother said nothing. Finally she spoke out, saying, "Yes, it is true, you do not belong here. But your uncles are great chiefs in a distant country. If only they had known we were here, they would have come for us. Let us make secret preparations and go home!"

She went to her husband and said, "Your sons have been shamed and there is only one thing for them to do, that is, to return to their own country. You must help them, in secret. For if it were known that they are to go to their own country, your people, fearing a reprisal, would kill them. Please help them!"

The Haida father of the young men said, "I will help them return to their own country. A slave in my household, from among the Tsimshian, will get into the canoe and will guide you back to your own country." This slave was from the Gitandaw tribe and had been captured by the Haida while he was a *lekahgyet*, next to the chiefs in rank.



20. Flying-Frogs.

21. All-Frogs.

22. Volcano Woman.

They set about to prepare much food and to gather the goods they needed to present to the head of the Gitrhawn clan. When everything was ready, Gitrhawn, his brothers and sister, with his father and mother, and the Tsimshyan captive set out together on what appeared to be an ordinary hunting trip. They made it known that they would be gone for a long while. They went to their cached canoe, a large one, already full of their food and belongings. They boarded it and, under the direction of Gistæku (Eagle, Gitandaw), the Tsimshyan captive of the Haida, set sail for the mainland.

For many days they sailed, and finally they came to the mouth of the Nass River. After they had travelled up the river, they made themselves known and formed a group on the Nass at Gytiks, not far above the tide-waters. They became known as the Eagle clan of Haida origin and remained independent of the Fugitive (Gwenhoot) group of Gitiks and of Sagauwan. In their feasts each group could be the guests of the others, as if they were of another clan, and they received gifts from one another. When one of the Salmon-Eater clan died, only this group would contribute towards the festivities, and the other Eagles would be guests.

The young men now settled here, and their sister married. They had many children, and thus their clan increased in numbers. As their mother was ageing, she wanted to go back to the original village of her mother at Gitsemrælem. That is why some of her sons and many of her grandchildren ascended the Nass River, and at the canyon where the trail crosses the divide they travelled to Gitsemrælem. After their training in Haida warfare, they were clever warriors. It so happened that when they arrived at Gitsemrælem Lake, the Salmon-Eater group was engaged in fighting. They joined it and fought the Kitamat warriors who had come on a raid from the seacoast. Together they defeated the salt-water raiders. And they were glad to be reunited with their kindred.

It was from this house, as we are told elsewhere, that a young prince was kidnapped by the Salmon and later brought back.

The Salmon-Eater people were now established at Kitamat, at Bella Bella, at Skidegate, on the Nass, and last of all at Gitsemrælem, where they had first started. The middle class man (*lekahkigyet*) of this tribe was one of the Fugitives who had come to this country with Nees'wamak and Skagwait. And their only claim to relationship was that they had guided Salmon-Eater away from the Haida.

Origin of the Eagle Crest of the Salmon-Eater Clan, in a traditional narrative by Robert Stewart, of Kincolith, Nass River, whose names are Git-iks, Tralarhætk (Eagle, of the Gwenhut clan). Recorded by William Beynon, in 1947-48.

When the Eagle clan fled from Larhse'le [in southern Alaska], after their war with the Wolf [Larhkibu] group, they had already used the Eagle as their main crest. They had two Eagles carved out of stones, and these were—a large one belonging to the chief and a smaller one belonging to the people. These stone Eagles were the symbol of their power and their name. While en route from Larhse'le in their flight, they had used these Eagles for anchors. But once, being caught unawares, they had not time to haul them in and had to cut the anchor rope off, and thus the anchors had

been lost. After that, they were only referred to and were replaced by wooden carvings of Eagles. These were used exclusively by this group of Eagles (Larhskeek) who came from Larhse'le. At the time, there were also other groups of Eagles. These belonged to the Skeena River and were known as the Salmon-Eater (Gitrhawn) group, and had come from the Haida. They are still connected with the Haida — this link is recognized to this day. But they were not entitled to use the Eagle as a crest, because it was the property of another group of Larhskeek, known as the Gwenhut (Fugitives).

The Skeena River Salmon-Eater group had a large village near the canyon (Gitsalas) of the Skeena. The chief's house, Gitrhawn's, stood in the middle of the village, and his tribesmen were a great many. The chief had now chosen as his successor a nephew who was very handsome, and he was a member of his household.

Salmon-Eater, the chief, was a great hunter, and he was always on his hunting grounds. Whenever he went away, his nephew, who was to be his successor, would go and sleep with his uncle's wife, and he cohabited with her all the time. This had been true for a long while. Salmon-Eater, unable to get any more game, began to suspect unfaithfulness on the part of his wife. So he pretended that now he was to go away to a more distant hunting ground, and he would be away a much longer time. He had already been informed of the affair, but he wanted to make sure, before he planned the punishment to be meted out.

After the preparations for a distant journey, he set off. His wife and his nephew, thinking that he was to be absent for a long while, at once resumed co-habiting. While they were asleep, Salmon-Eater returned, and, finding them together he killed his wife and bound up his nephew. Then he took a large flat board, and having prepared a quantity of pitch, he covered the top of the board with it. He put this board on the sleeping couch, and on it he bound his nephew. Then he placed him in a canoe and set him in the water to drift down stream to his death. Nobody thought he would pass through the canyon alive, and many people were angry at Salmon-Eater. Considerable excitement prevailed, and many were for killing Salmon-Eater in retaliation. But after receiving gifts in compensation, everybody was appeased, and the incident was considered forgotten.

Now to go back to the canoe which had been set adrift with the young man. He passed through the canyon safely but was unable to move, so strong was the pitch that held him to the wide board on which he was tied. He felt the canoe drifting along, and every once in a while it bumped the rocks on the shores. Having lost all track of time, he did not know how long he had been drifting and soon realized that the canoe was out on an open sea, for he felt the swells of the water rising and falling. This lasted for many days.

Finally one morning when he awoke, he did not feel any movement, and the sun was shining down on him. It got very hot, and the heat of the sun melted the thick pitch which held him on the hollow board. Thus he was able to free himself. He sat up and saw that he was stranded on a small island, on which stood a large tree. Very weak, he could hardly move, but he was able to crawl up to the foot of the tree and sit down. In the meantime a storm broke out and the canoe was destroyed. He was now ready to give



23. Starfish and All-Frogs



24. Frog-Raven.

up and die. So he went to sleep after having made a small shelter for himself as a protection against the wind.

While he was asleep, something came and touched him in the back, saying, "My uncle invites you." He looked around, but could see nobody. So he thought that he had been dreaming. Again, in a doze, he felt something nudge him and heard a voice saying, "My uncle invites you." He looked around but could see nothing. He now drew his cloak over himself and punched a hole to look through, and waited. Soon he saw a little mouse creeping out of a hole and coming to him. The mouse punched him in the back, saying, "My uncle invites you." Then the mouse ran back into the little hole and disappeared. The young man followed in the direction of the hole into which he had seen the mouse disappear. Here he beheld the opening of a trail. He followed it, and soon found himself in front of a huge house. There he heard laughter and talking and stood outside for a while, not knowing what to do.

A voice from inside called out, "Come in, my son-in-law! Why do you stand there? Come, sit by your wife, and greet the guests whom I have called together to meet you. Fetch my son-in-law in!" Someone came out and led him into the house.

When he walked in, he saw a big fire burning and many strange costumed persons sitting about the fire. Some of the chiefs looked very fierce. Others seemed mild and pleasant. Not a few wore grizzly-bear robes with fins protruding from their heads. Others had garments covered with shellfish. Still others had on strange bird-like robes. The young man saw, sitting at the rear of the house, the great chief who wore a great Eagle Garment and, as a head-dress, an Eagle's head. Beside him sat his wife, who also wore Eagle garments. At his feet, on a mat, was a young woman who also wore an Eagle cloak.

The slave led the young man to where the chief sat; and when he arrived, the chief said to him, "We have been waiting for you for a long while. Come, my son-in-law, sit in your place!" Then he sat beside the chief's daughter, who now became his wife.

After food was given out, the chief spoke to his guests. "You have all seen my son-in-law, and from now on you all shall know him. Whenever you meet him, you must help him. He is my nephew and has come a long way to visit me." There was a loud murmur of approval among the guests. Then they departed. They went out with a great roar through the smoke hole, the doorway. When all had gone, the great chief spoke to his slaves, "Make a place for my son-in-law to rest, so that he may sleep with his wife." When the slaves had fixed a sleeping place, the young man and his wife retired, and the chief was very happy.

The young woman was very much in love with her young husband, but she feared that her father would be treacherous while pretending to be friendly with this young stranger. So she said to her husband, "Come, take me outside, before we go to sleep." When they were some distance from the house, she said, "Be careful with my father. You must not trust him, because he intends to kill you in the same way that he has killed others who have married me. He is a great *hallait*, as well as being the chief of the Eagles.

For you must know that you have come to the great Eagle's Nest. To-night, when we go to bed, do not be too eager to cohabit with me, but take this long round stone. (The *vagina dentata* theme developed here) . . . " So when the two came into the house, the young man very eagerly retired with his wife. After they had retired, the chief got up and sat by the fire and pretended to be asleep, but he was watching the sleeping place of his daughter and her new husband. When these retired, the young man embraced his wife (the same theme further developed). This he did three times, and then his wife whispered to him, "I can no longer harm you, for you have overcome my powers to destroy you."

Next morning the young man awoke and beheld his father-in-law, who had a big fire going and was calling upon his daughter, "Why do you people sleep so late? Come, get up! I wish to see my son-in-law."

The young man arose and came at once to where his father-in-law stood. The chief was very much surprised to see him alive. When the young man went out of the house, the chief turned to his daughter and asked, "What has happened? Have you lost your power?"

The daughter replied, "Alas! my husband is a *hallait* also. It is I who very nearly perished, for he finally has overcome me."

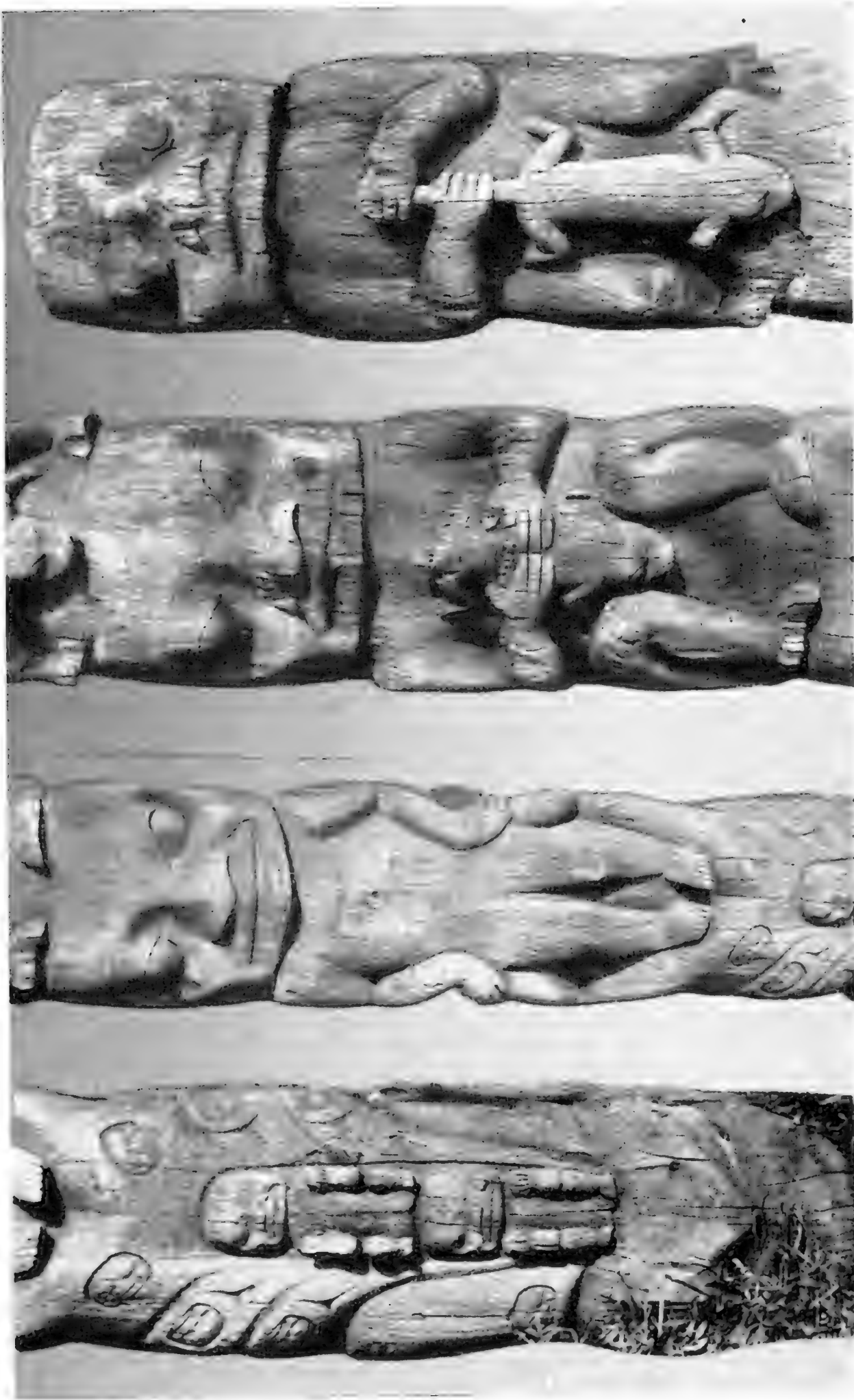
"Do not fear," said the chief, "I shall defeat him."

"Why do you wish to kill him? I want him, for he belongs to me. Besides, he has great *hallait* powers."

The next day, the wife of the young man gave him an Eagle garment and advised him always to have it with him. When he wore it, he would have the powers of an Eagle to fly and go long distances in quest of food. She further told him, "When you go away hunting food, I will mount to the top of the tree under which you once sat, and I will watch you. There I will be transformed into an Eagle. Should you be in danger at any time, you just think of me, and I will come to your aid."

Every morning, the young men of the household would go out early, and when they returned they brought in many kinds of fish, such as halibut and salmon, and also seals and sea-lions. Like them, the young man would arise and go out. He would put on his Eagle Garment and perch himself on the only tree on this island which was far out to sea. On this perch he watched out, and his wife joined him. He would see a flock of Eagles struggling with something far away, and flying to their help, with his supernatural powers, he would bring their prey in—sometimes a large seal, and sometimes a sea-lion.

One day while thus sitting, he saw a large flock of Eagles battling with something away out. From a great distance he could hear their shrieking. Then he flew out and, behold! the Eagles were struggling with a whale, and were trying to tow it to the island. The whale was gradually getting weaker but was still able to resist the Eagles' attack. The Eagles had made themselves into a chain by grasping one another and attempting to tow the whale, but they were only able to hold on to the whale. It was then that the young man came to their assistance. With his supernatural power,



25. Frog-Woman on totem pole. Person-of-Lizards and Flying-Frogs.

they were able all together to bring the whale in to the shore, just below the great Eagle chief's house. This feat made the young man very popular, and the chief, his father-in-law, grew even more anxious to destroy him. But he wanted first to overcome his supernatural powers. So he prepared many traps for him, but the young man, with the help of his wife, was able to escape each of them.

One morning, the young man, seated on the tree perch, alone, saw what appeared as a very beautiful object floating on the sea. It seemed to be a clam wide open and with a beautiful, coloured shell, inside. It was apparently sound asleep and drifting about. Without any further thought and not awaiting the coming of his Eagle wife, he flew down to grasp this Giant Clam, for it looked harmless. He flew down and grasped it, but, behold, the Giant Clam (*Kahl'awn*) was a bait for him. As soon as he tried to grasp the monster, it closed its jaws on his feet and started to sink under the water. So quickly was it done that the young man had forgotten to turn his thoughts to his wife, and while he struggled with all his strength, he was unable to resist. The Clam had him helpless in its grasp. While he struggled, he was gradually growing weaker until he was taken completely under.

When the young woman, his wife, came out, she saw that her husband was gone, and she gazed about as far as she could. Seeing no sign of him, she waited day after day. She would not eat or speak to anyone, for she knew that her father had finally overcome her husband and that he was now dead.

Her mother and the household tried to cheer her and make her eat, but she would not speak or eat. Each morning she came out and perched on the big tree, and at night she would retire alone to her couch. She was getting weaker and weaker when the great chief, her father, who loved her very much, came to her, "Come, my child, you must eat!"

It was then that she spoke to him, "You have done away with my husband. This you have done to all my suitors, and you do not wish me to have my peace of mind. So I shall not eat." She turned away and went to her resting place.

The whole household now was very much alarmed. Finally the chief's wife said to her husband, "Why do you not pity your child. Restore her husband to her. You have no pity for anyone. She will soon die."

So the great chief came down from his sitting place and went to a secret corner of his house. Then he took off a covering from the floor and looked down into the sea. Taking a dip-net, he reached down into the ocean, and there he began to bring up the bones of his son-in-law. When he had taken them all up, he placed them together until they were all there. Then he put on his Eagle chief's Garment and jumped over the bones. This he did every day for three days. The bones then began to move, and soon flesh covered them, and at the end of the third day the body took life. It was the young man alive who had been the husband of his daughter.

The young man arose and went to his wife who was mourning him. "Why do you weep?" he asked, "I have been away looking for new places, but I could not find any to be satisfied with. So I come back to you."

The young woman, very happy, again became herself. Her husband resumed hunting as formerly, and all was for the best. But soon after, he began to think of his own people and wondered how far off his own country was situated. Day after day he grew quieter and quieter, and his wife was puzzled to know why. One day, he did not get up from his sleeping couch, and his wife asked him, "What ails you that you do not want to eat or get up?"

For a long while he did not answer. Then he said, "I am lonesome to see my own people, my uncle and his family." His wife was saddened, but said nothing more. Next day, the same thing happened, and for many days he remained on his couch, refusing food and keeping to himself.

Finally, the great Eagle chief, his father-in-law, inquired of his daughter, "What is the matter with my son-in-law? Why does he refuse to eat?"

The young man's wife replied, "He is lonesome for his people. He wants to see them again."

For a long while the chief said nothing, then he spoke, "That is not difficult. Tell him to be cheered, I will send him there soon."

The young woman was very happy, and at once they prepared to return to the mainland, which, according to the chief, was not far away.

Some days later, the chief called his son-in-law, and said, "Come here, my son-in-law! To-morrow, you may leave for your uncle's country. Take these bundles of food with you. Your wife will go with you to strengthen and cheer you up. Take also with you these three pebbles; and when you feel tired from flying, drop one of them into the water, and there you will rest. It is in the direction of the rising sun that you must travel. There you will find your uncle's village."

Next day, the young man and his wife set out, wearing their Eagle Garments and taking with them the small bundles and the three pebbles. They flew off in the direction of the rising sun, until dusk. As there was no land visible, the young man, being tired, dropped a small pebble into the water, and at once an island appeared under them. Here they landed and rested. Early next morning, they resumed their journey, and set off. When it was night, they dropped another pebble, and it became an island, where they rested. The following day, they kept on travelling, and at the end of that day they dropped their last pebble, and it became an island. There they rested, and early next day they set off again and came to the mouth of a large river. The young man recognized the mountain tops, and followed the course of the river. He told his wife, "We are close to my uncle's village. When we get there, we will fly over it and sit for a while on my uncle's house, near the smoke hole, and then we shall take off our Eagle garments."

They had not flown long before a large village appeared, and the young man said to his wife, "My uncle's house is the large one in the centre of the village. We will rest on this house first and see the people and listen to what they say."

So they came to the house and rested near the *ele* (smoke hole). There they saw many people. When these people noticed the two Eagles sitting



26. Frog on Tlingit house post, and a young woman.

by the smoke hole of the chief's house, they knew that something strange was happening. So there was considerable excitement, and the chief, who was now very old, came out and looked at the Eagles. He admired their very beautiful plumage, for these were not ordinary Eagles; and he said, "Do not disturb them, for they may be strange Eagles who have come for a purpose."

When it was near night, the two Eagles flew away and landed on the ground near the village. The young man and his wife then took off their Eagle garments and became human beings. Gathering the many small bundles they had taken with them, they walked towards the uncle's house, and, putting their bundles outside, they went in. From the first, the people recognized the young man as the uncle's nephew, and they were afraid because they thought he was a ghost.

The uncle, who was Salmon-Eater, called his servant and said, "Bring my nephew and his wife here, and seat them so that I may see them. My nephew is alive, and I shall have a successor."

When the young man with his wife came to the rear, he said, "It is I whom you punished and wanted to die; but I am still alive, and I have brought here for you many things and much food. Send your servants to carry in my belongings and the belongings of my wife." This the servants did; and when they went out behold, there was a huge quantity of all sea foods: whale blubber, sea-lion and seal flesh, and every kind of sea food. It took the servants a long while to take all these foods in. When all of it was stored away, the young man said to his uncle, "These many things for you are from my father-in-law. The two Eagles that you saw sitting on the house are to be

yours as a crest. This you will show to your guests, and the foods I have given you, you will also use in your feast." The young man and his wife then wore their Eagle Garments, and the people were entranced. This happened when the Eagle crest was first adopted by Salmon-Eater.

The young man and his wife lived here, and every day he would take his Eagle Garment and go away into the woods. There he would put it on, and his wife always went with him and watched from another tree. In that way he obtained much game and provided his people with plenty of food. He became famous and wealthy. Every day he went to the water hole also and drew water for his wife to use. She would take the water-bucket from him and dip into it a beautiful plume she kept in her hair. After doing this she would drink of it.

It so happened that many young women who admired this young man tried to win his favour, but he disregarded them all except one, a very beautiful young princess who had been courted by many of the young chiefs. She had refused them all after she had seen the young prince, nephew of Salmon-Eater. She was drawn to him. He, in turn, had seen her and endeavoured to meet her alone, but she was always attended by her chief women who followed her wherever she went.

One day, the young man, taking another trail to the water hole, came upon her and said, "Come, my dear, I want you." She did not resist his advances.

When they parted, she returned to her home, and the young man drew water in his bucket and took it to his wife. As usual, she took the plume from her head and dipped it into the water. It at once turned muddy and slimy.



27. Weeping-Woman on argillite pole. →

The wife now started to weep and said to her husband, "Why did you bring me here to shame me? Go and stay with the woman who is to your pleasure." Without another word, she went to her sleeping place, took her Eagle Garment, and walked out. Her husband followed her, after having taken his own Eagle Garment. His eagle wife was already flying away. So he followed her, but she cried out, "Go back to the one who gives you pleasure! Do not follow me or you shall meet with disaster." He would not heed her, and without turning to look at him, she again cried out to him, "Go back, return to your lover, the one who gives you pleasure." In spite of this he was endeavouring to catch up with her. When he came close to her, she turned, stared at her husband, and said, "Why do you follow me? Return to her, the one who satisfies you." As she said this, looking at him, he fell into the water and went down.

The young woman returned home to her father and mother. But she mourned, and every day she would go out and sit on the tree and at night return alone to her sleeping place. She refused to take any food and kept away from everybody. As she was getting weaker and weaker, the great chief's wife spoke to her husband, saying, "Why don't you get the remains of our son-in-law here and restore them to life. Our daughter otherwise is to die."

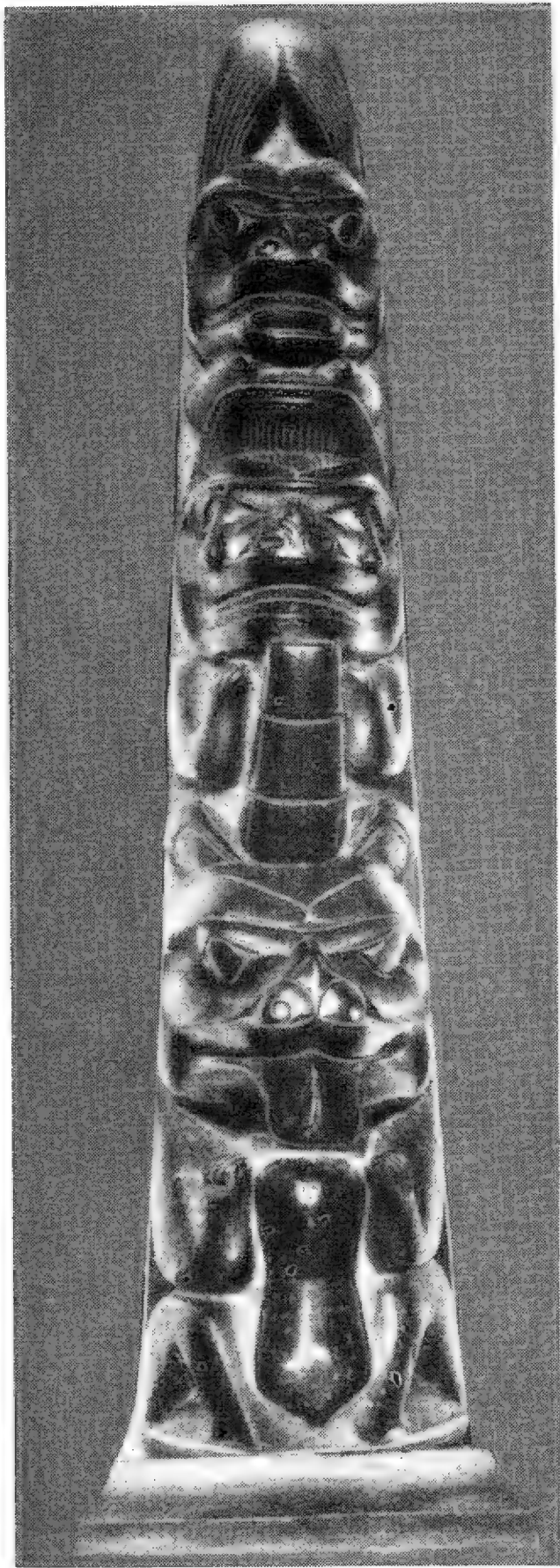
The Eagle chief went to the corner of his big house and uncovering the hole over the sea, he looked down for a long while. Then he took his large dip-net and reached out for the bones of his son-in-law. These he placed together, and when he had all the bones in the proper place, he jumped over them. This he repeated every day for a long while, until the bones began to move. The young man was gradually restored to life, and his father-in-law said, "Go and see your wife. She is very ill." He went to the couch of his wife and sat by her. As soon as she saw him, she was well again. So they began to go about as they had done before.

This is the way in which the Salmon-Eater group acquired the Eagle as a crest.

Origin of the Gnawing-Beaver of Salmon-Eater (Gitrhawn).
Informants: Robert Stewart (*Tralarhætk*), of Kincolith, and Emma Wright (*Hlæk*), of Gitlarhdamks, Nass River. Narrative recorded by William Beynon, 1949.

There was a great hunter among the people living at Larhwiyip (On-the-Prairie), at the Stikine River. He would go away by himself and always return with large quantities of furs and food. Very wealthy, he had remained single, although his folk begged him to take a wife. As a true hunter, he observed all the fasts of cleanliness and kept himself away from women. That's why he was very successful. Among the hunters he was unequalled. He was not only wealthy but very famous.

Ever on the alert, he looked for new territories; and once when he returned he said, "I am now going to take a wife. After that I will move to a more distant land where I have been told wild animals are more plentiful." So he went to a village in the neighbourhood, and there he learned of a young woman who, like himself, was clever and observant of the rules; her



28. Weeping-Woman with Shark Woman and Beaver.

reputation had spread to the other villages. He took her as his wife. When the time came for them to go on their hunting trips, they both observed the fasts of purification, and the hunter got even more furs and food than he had before.

Sometime later, he told his wife, "Let us go to a new country where we shall have to stay away a long while from the people."

After many days of travelling they came to a strange land. Then the hunter built a hut. There they lived until he built a house. When he had finished it, he returned to his wife, and they were happy. They would play with each other every night.

When he had completed the hunting house, he said to his wife, "Now I will go to my new grounds and will be away one night. Just before the second night, I will return." So the hunter went and made snares in his new trap-line. When these were all set, he came back just before sunset on the second day as he had said. His wife was very happy, and again they played together all through the night, and this for several days. Then the young man said, "I will go back to my new territory, and I will return after the second day, just before sunset." Visiting his snares, he found them full of all kinds of game. He loaded his canoe and came back. Very happy, he met his wife, and they both worked, preparing the furs and the meat. When this was done, he again set out to his territory saying, "This time, I will stay longer on my territory, for I intend to go in a new direction. I will be away three sleeps." When, after three days, he came back he rejoiced on meeting with his wife.

The young woman, when alone, began to amuse herself, and went

down to the little stream flowing by the lodge. She would bathe and swim about in a small pool and would spend all her time there. This she did while her husband was away. As soon as he came back from his hunting, she would play with him. The hunter said to her, "Now you have become used



29. Frogs creeping out of eyes of Bear (left).

to being alone, so I will be away a long time, as I intend to go to a more distant land." By then the hunter had enlarged his hunting house, and it was full of furs and food.

After he had gone, the young woman again took to her swimming. Soon she found the little pool too small for her. So she planned to make it larger. To do this she built a dam which enlarged the pool. Then she went on increasing the size of the pool. This was done by means of more branches and mud piled up in the stream. Soon the pool became a small lake. It was deep enough for her to swim in it at ease. From now on she spent nearly all her time in this new lake and felt quite happy. When her husband returned, she showed him the new lake which she had made,

and he was pleased. Before going away once more, he said, "I will be gone a long while, because I know that you are not afraid of being alone."

Her husband being away, the young woman decided to build a little house in the centre of her lake. Soon she completed a house of mud and branches, and when it was finished, she swam about it. After swimming she would return to her lodge and would rest and sleep. Finally at night, she would go up into the hunting house on land, and as soon as she had wakened in the morning, she would go back to the lake and swim round. When tired she would take a rest on the lodge in the centre of the lake. Eventually she stayed in the lodge all night; and when her husband came back, she could hardly stay with him at the house. Now she was pregnant and kept more and more to herself. She even preferred to remain in the lodge in the lake when he returned from his hunting trips. To while away the time, she enlarged the lake by building the dam higher, and she made another dam for this down the stream, until she had now a number of small lakes all connected to the large one in which she had made her abode.

The hunter again went away to his hunting grounds and planned that, when he returned, they would go back to his village. He now had enough furs and food to make him a very wealthy man. This last time he stayed away a long while, during which his wife, nearing the day when she would give birth to a child, stayed in the water all the time and lived altogether in the lodge. By now it was partly submerged, and its entrance was under the water.

When the hunter returned from his hunting and came to his house, he could not find his wife. So he looked all over for her and went into the woods and hunted, day after day, searching without finding any trace of her. He was at a loss what to do, as he feared to go back without knowing what had happened to her. This might arouse the wrath of her family, and they might want to kill him. So he went back sadly to his hunting house and decided to go on searching for her.

It was now just about dusk, and he remembered that his wife had spent much of her time in the water. "Perhaps she may have travelled on down stream," he thought. So next day, he walked down to the lake, which his wife had dammed, and went around it but saw nothing of her.

After many days of searching, the young hunter retraced his steps, and when he came to the large lake, he sat down and began to sing a dirge. Now he knew that something had happened to his wife; she had been taken by a supernatural power. While singing or crying his dirge, a figure emerged from the lake. It was a strange animal. In its mouth was a stick which it was gnawing. Along each side were two smaller animals, also gnawing sticks. He did not know what manner of animals these were; the largest wore a hat shaped as a gnawed stick.

Then the figure spoke, "Do not be so sad! It is I, your wife, and your two children. We have returned to our own home in the water. Now that you have seen me, you will use me as a crest and I will be



30. Flying-Frog on Mongolian hat—wood carving.

known as the Woman-Beaver (*ksem-tsawl*). The crest shall be called Remnants-of-chewing-stick. The children are the first Beaver, and you will refer to them in your dirge as the Offspring-of-Woman-Beaver."

When she had finished speaking, she disappeared into the waters, and the hunter saw her no more. He at once packed up all his goods, and when his canoe was filled, he went on down the river to his village.

For a long while he did not speak. Then he told his people what had happened and said, "I will take this as my own personal crest. This shall be known as Remnants-of-Chewing-Stick, and it shall forever remain the property of the Salmon-Eater household." For this young hunter was a member of the Salmon-Eater clan. Such is the origin of the Beaver crest and of the Remnants-of-Chewing-Stick.

The Giant Octopus and the Eagle Clan, by the Tsimshian informant Edmund Patalas of Hartley Bay. Recorded by William Beynon in 1947-48.

Kwakiyans was a great Haida chief. Every day there was gambling in his house among his tribesmen. He had a young nephew who did nothing else every day but make bows and arrows and go down to the beach, there to shoot birds.

One day a large loon landed on the water just below where he sat. He took his newest bow and arrow and shot this loon and skinned it. With the skin he made himself a feathered cloak and put it on. Now he became a large loon, flew around, dived into the water, and emerged at some distance. Each time he dived, he emerged at the stern of a canoe near by. There he would call out loud, "Ahaw, ahaw, ahaw!" startling the canoe folk very much until they would upset. This is why it is said that when the people hear the call of the loon in their close proximity, they regard it as an ill omen and a sign of misfortune.

The boy was now quite satisfied with his new garment, for he knew that he could go great distances away and always be able to return. He would travel for days at a time and come back after many new adventures.

When he returned one day, he came into his uncle's house and was busy finishing some new arrows and stretching new gut strings for his bow. As the inmates of the house were gambling, they took no notice of him.



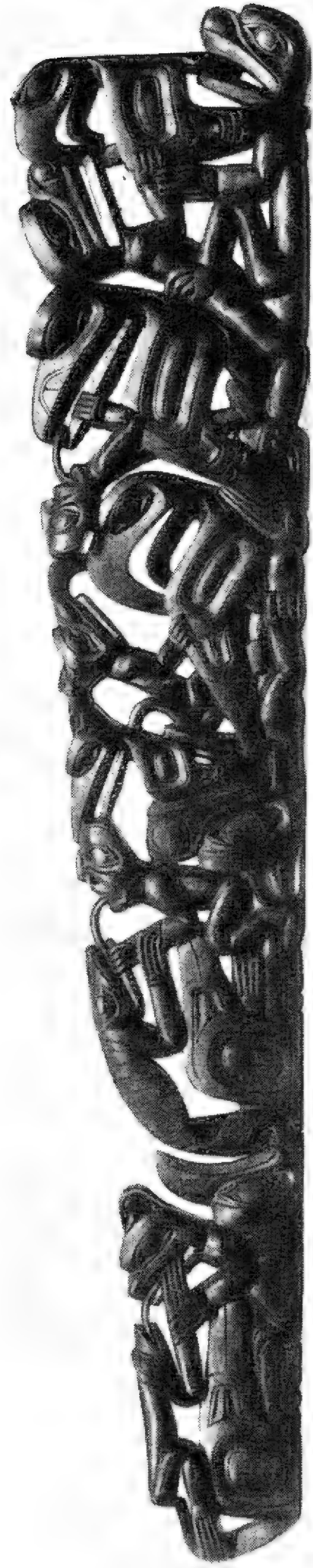
31. Flying-Frog helmet of upper Skeena River.

The aged wife of the chief, who had been sleeping at her sleeping place, took off her robe and sat by the fire, warming her back. She was still half asleep. When her back was warmed, she turned about to warm her front, dozing at the same time.

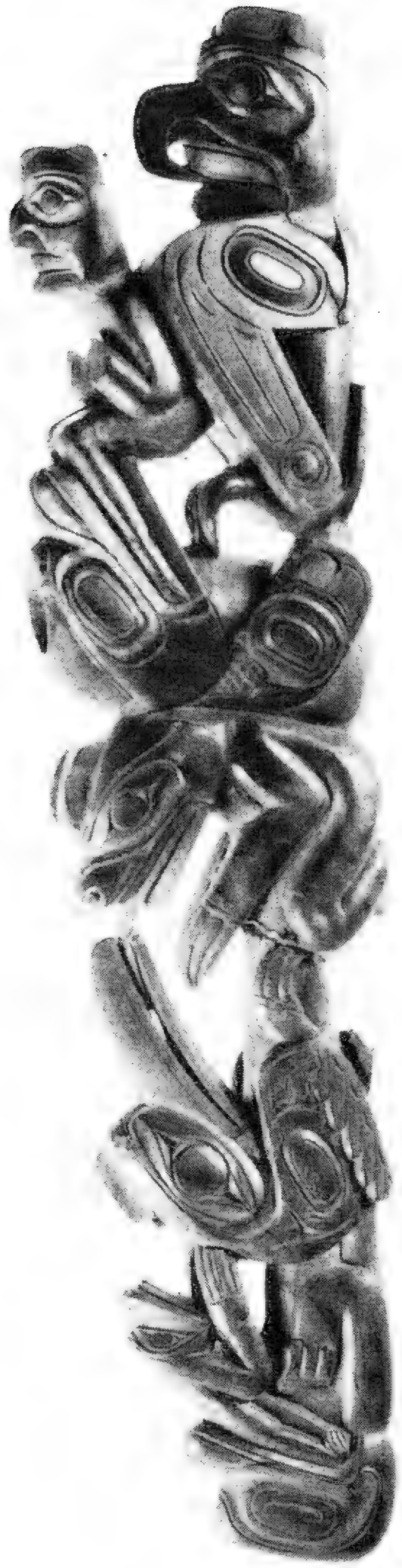
The young man who was fixing his bows and arrows, paid no attention to his aunt. He took the scrapings of his bow and cuttings of the gut string and threw them on to the fire, causing it to flare up and burn very brightly. The old woman was so startled that she fell back, and her legs were in the air, thus exposing her privates.

The young man, looking on, said, "My aunt's privates are the same colour as the part between the wings of a loon."

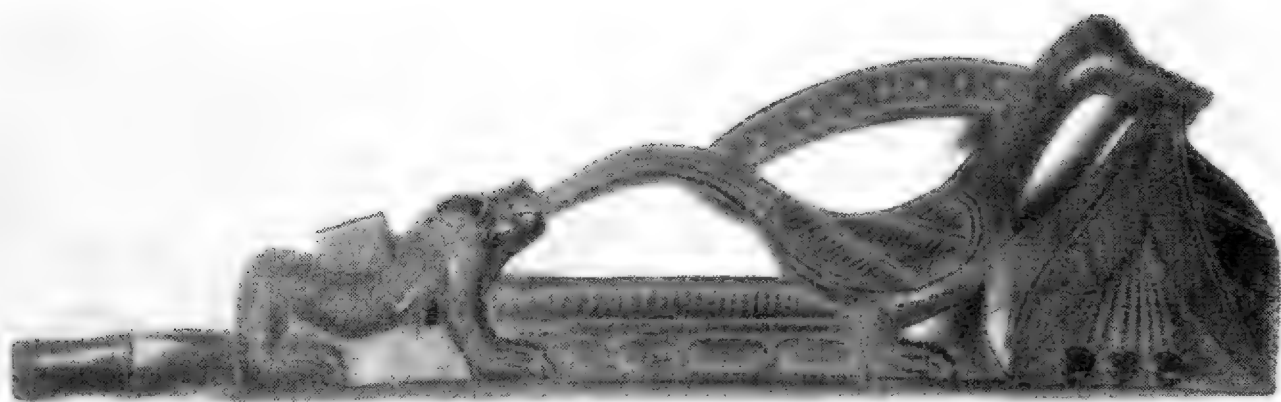
The old woman, hearing this remark, was embarrassed and went back to her sleeping place muttering angry words at her husband's nephew. The



32. Frog thrusting tongue into Bear's mouth.



33. Frog issuing from Bear's mouth.



34. Frog in argillite on pipe stem holding bird's tail in its mouth.

chief was very angry because his nephew had made fun of his aunt's body, and he decided to punish him.

Next day, he called his slave and said, "Get my hunting canoe ready, we will go for sea-otter to-morrow. My nephew will come with me, and one more canoe will accompany me. Put a good strong bottom board, the top of which will be covered with gum, and place this board where my nephew is to sit."

The following day the chief aroused his nephew early and said, "Come, we will go away out to sea to hunt the sea-otter. Hasten, for the day will soon be gone without our getting anything." The young man took his bow and arrows and his loon cloak under his arm and went down to the canoe. "Sit in the bow, for you will be doing the shooting," said the chief to his nephew.

It was his plan to make his nephew sit on the resined bottom board, where he would be stuck. Then he would desert him and let him drift away, as his punishment for having caused embarrassment to the chief as well as for ridiculing the body of the chief's wife. This was unpardonable.

So now they were out to sea, and the young man was sitting on the gummed bottom board, unable to move, and it seemed that he was stuck firmly to the board. The chief then called to the other canoe, saying, "Come, I will go back with you, and we will leave this thoughtless one by himself here. He has ridiculed his aunt's body and made all the others laugh at her."

With that command the chief returned and left his nephew to his fate. The young man struggled a while, but the more he struggled the firmer the gum held him to the bottom board. So he waited until the sun came up. Then he exposed small portions at a time of the bottom board to the sun's rays. Finally the gum melted more and more all day, and he got the sun's rays to melt the whole board. Then he freed himself. As soon as he was able to move, he put on his loon cloak, and flew to the shore. He reached the village before his uncle and was already sitting by the fire when he arrived. The chief was astounded to find him there.

Next day, the chief made preparations for another hunt. This time he said to the slave man, "Put on much gum and make it so that it will be impossible for him to escape."

The slave got a heavier plank, hollowed it out, and filled it with gum so that it would be impossible for the young man to move once he sat on the board. When it was ready, the chief called his nephew, saying, "We are going after seals and must start out before day-break to arrive at the rookery before the seals waken."

They set out; and when they were a long distance out to sea, it was just breaking daylight. Then the chief called out to the other canoe. "We will now leave the thoughtless one here, that he may consider before making fun of his aunt's privates."

So the young man was left drifting about. Again he waited until the sun arose, and then he turned his body a little at a time exposing it to the sun's hot rays. Once more he was able to work himself free. After he had recovered his strength, he put on his loon garment and flew to the shore. On his way, he saw his uncle and his tribesmen in their canoe, as they were still a long way from shore, and dived into the water and emerged almost alongside of the canoe, emitting his loon call of "Ahaw, ahaw, ahaw!" This he did four times, and then he flew away. He landed at the village and took off his loon garment. Then he went into the house of his uncle, where they were startled to see him; and nobody spoke to him.

Towards night, his uncle and his crew landed. When he came in, he failed to see the young nephew by the fire and in a loud voice said, "Well, I would like to see that thoughtless slave's son escape. He had no respect for his own aunt or myself."

Coming close to the fire, he was startled and further embarrassed when he saw his nephew sitting there. Very angry, he said, "Have you no shame, you son of a slave?"

The young man then arose without saying anything and went to his sleeping place. He was now humiliated by his uncle, and the people now taunted him saying, "See the one that has looked at his aunt's privates!"

Next day, he rose and went out of the house, taking only his loon cloak and his best bow and arrows. He walked up into the woods and was now going to wander away, but where he did not know. He was very sad. He kept on, a long time, walking into the hills. Then he came to a big village where many houses stood and many people were walking about. He had never seen a village like this before.

After resting a while, he went and stood in front of the largest house. Looking in he saw a very beautiful woman sitting at the rear beside a great large man who wore an eagle's garment. As he looked in, a loud voice from inside the house called, "Come in, my brother! I have been expecting you a long while. Come, sit near me, if you are the one that stuck to the bottom board in the canoe. That was your punishment for laughing at your aunt." The young man, quite embarrassed, went away. But he had seen the woman who was so very beautiful and grew determined to get her. Later he would think of his own revenge for the way in which this chief had addressed him.

He walked about, and soon a messenger came and addressed him by the name of his uncle, "Kwakiyans, my master invites you to his house, where he awaits you."

So now the young man entered and the great chief said, "Come, my son-in-law, sit beside my daughter, that I may see you!"

The young man was led to where the young woman sat, and he sat alongside the young woman, whom the chief was now giving him as his wife.

That night, his wife said to him, "Many men have been my husbands, but my father has killed them all. Whatever he asks you to do, do not do it, as that would be the way he wants to kill you."

"All right," the young man said. "I too have supernatural powers. We will see who is the greater man, he or I."

This chief was a great *narhnorh*, and he knew that his son-in-law was also a great *hallait*. But he meant to overcome him. One morning the chief called out to all of the household, "I want to have some octopus to eat. There is a good one in the rocks below. Come, my son-in-law, you know how to get that kind of food."

The princess spoke to her husband, saying, "Do not go, it is one of his schemes to kill you. Pay no attention to him." But the young man knew that this was a challenge, and he must respond. His wife begged him to pay no heed to her father. But he jumped up and went to where the other members of the house were. Taking a hook with which he was going to combat the Giant Octopus (*Rhpi hatsalt*), he went down the beach where some others already had attempted to dislodge the monster but had been overcome. The young man stepped down to the crevice in the rock where the Giant Octopus was and dragged at it with his hook.

For a long while a great struggle took place between them. The Octopus very nearly overcame the young man, but finally the young man brought it up and left it in front of his father-in-law.

His wife, very happy, said, "Let that be all you do for my father. He still wants to kill you. He has done so with everyone that wanted to marry





36. The Frog and the Eagle on an argillite flute.

me. I have never helped any one of them before, but I love you. That is why I want to save you from him."

The young man answered, "Do not worry, I too have *hallait* powers, and I will be saved."

The great chief was angry when he saw that his son-in-law had overcome the Giant Octopus. "You think you will be greater than I," he said, talking to himself and referring to his son-in-law, whom he knew was a *hallait*.

Some days after, the people came running into the house, saying, "There are many whales away offshore. The young hunters want to go for them, but there are none who know how to spear a whale."

Again the chief called out as if talking to himself, but so that the others in the house could hear him, especially his son-in-law. "There are no capable men in my house, and we must starve, letting good food go past our door." This he repeated several times.

The young woman said to her husband, "Do not heed him, that is only his plan to kill you."

But the young man knew that he was being challenged. So he stood up and left the place where he was sleeping with his wife. "I will go out and get a whale," he said.

Many young men followed him. He took his own spear and his loon cloak and then went into the bow of the canoe so as to spear the whale. They went out to the place where the whales were, and the young hunter saw the whale he wanted, and he speared it. The whale dived, but he held on to the rope which he had tied to his spear. When it became tight, he held on until the whale dragged him overboard from the canoe. He dived away down into the sea and kept holding the rope. The others now thought he was dead, and mourning his death they returned to shore.

When they arrived there, the spokesman said, "A great catastrophe has happened. We have lost the prince, your son-in-law, O great Chief!"

"You must have been careless; now I will have no one to care for me," he said, pretending to mourn. His daughter really was in great grief, for she loved her husband. She drew away to her sleeping place, to keep away from everybody.

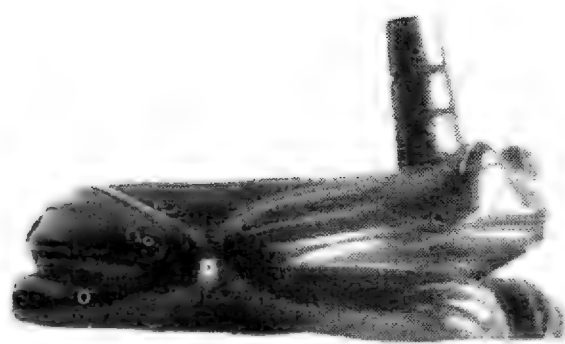
After the young man had speared the whale, he emitted his loon call, "Ahaw, ahaw, ahaw!" This was to summon help from all the loons. Meanwhile, he kept hanging on to the long rope attached to the spear, and he was taken away down into the water. But he was not afraid, for he knew that the whale would have to rise for air. Now he had been able to slip on his loon cloak, he could stay under water as long as the whale. Soon the loons came from all over the country. As the whale would come to the surface for air, the loons attacked it, making it dive before it could breathe. After a while, the whale weakened and was coming to the surface oftener. As it did so, the loons would pick at it and worry it, making it dive again. It was now becoming weaker, and the young man, still wearing his loon cloak, pushed his spear deeper into the whale. This in the end killed the



37. The Frog of wood, with bead eyes.



38. The Frog of argillite.



39. The Frog, a small dish in argillite.

now weakened monster. Then all the loons started to tow the whale to the Haida village.

Just before night, they landed with the carcass of the whale, and the young man took off his loon cloak to assume his own form. Then he went into his father-in-law's house and found everybody mourning his death. He went to where his father-in-law sat and said, "Why do you weep? I have brought you the whale you wanted; it is on the beach below the house. Send your slaves down to cut it up."

He went to where his wife was, and she was happy to see him again. The Chief had the whale cut up, and all in the village were served with large quantities of whale. The chief had again been overcome, and it was becoming clear that his powers were not equal to those of the son-in-law.

The princess, now in fear, said to her husband, "Do not do anything more that my father wants you to do, for he is determined to kill you." The young man remained silent.

Next day, the chief saw a huge Horse Clam (*lawn*) rising out of the sea. As this was considered a luxury, the chief came in and said to his household, "I want that Horse Clam. Go out and fetch it in!"

The young man started to get up from where he lay with his wife, but she kept crying, "Do not heed him. That is one of his tricks. Do not pay any attention to him. He will kill you this time."

The young man stood up, and called to the men in the house, "Come, we will go and get this Horse Clam. My father-in-law wants it."

It was then that he took out another cloak, an eagle cloak which he had made when he had killed an eagle by his uncle's house. He had worn it in the same manner as his loon cloak. Then he went down to the canoe, and his helpers followed him. The Giant Horse Clam kept emerging out to sea. Its shell was open, and it kept sinking into the water again and emerging. The canoe came right up to where it was. The young man now wore his eagle cloak and taking his spear, he plunged it into the shell. The giant at once tried to sink, and it was gradually sinking. The young hunter felt he was losing the Giant Horse Clam as it was sinking. Then he shrieked like an eagle, and soon a huge Eagle came and took hold of the young man's shoulders. The Eagle tried to swim to shore.

Meanwhile, the canoe went back, as the canoemen thought that the Giant Horse Clam had caught the prince. Upon arriving at the village, they



40. The Frog decorating an argillite pipe.

told the chief, "Your son-in-law has been dragged into the water by the Giant Horse clam. He is now dead." The chief pretended to mourn, and the princess sadly went to her sleeping place, certain this time that her husband was dead.

The young man in the meantime had called on all the Eagles to help him. But he and the Eagles were gradually being dragged down. More Eagles then gathered together, and more and more of them came. They were all flying up together. In the end they were able to lift the prince and the Giant Horse Clam from the water. They flew in shore with it.

When they had landed it in front of the chief's house, the young prince went in, and, seeing him, the chief knew that his son-in-law had finally defeated him. So he said, "Come in, Kwakiyans, come, we have seen your power and now you are accepted as my son-in-law." The young man went to where his wife lay, and he rested beside her. He was very tired.

The young prince, after he was rested, wanted to be avenged on his tyrant uncle and people. He longed to return to his own village. His wife who was with him, said, "Why don't you go and retaliate on your people. Don't forget how they have treated you. You can call on your Eagle friends to help you."

Her husband replied, "I will get ready and will retaliate. When it is done, I will assume the position of my uncle."

Many of the Haida villagers were then drying halibut, using the many drying racks outside of the houses. Others were engaged in gambling. While they were so engaged, a large Eagle flew about the village and sat on one of the drying racks. The people marvelled at the tameness of this Eagle. When anyone tried to shoot it, it simply dodged to one side, and they were unable to hit it. The people became more and more curious. One of them, bolder than the others, said, "I will take it by its talons and bring it in alive to the chief's house." With this he reached



41. Raven and Frog decoration of an argillite pipe.



42. Frog, forepaws at edge of wooden dish.



43. Frog; man with Mongolian hat.

up and took hold of the Eagle's feet. As he did so, the Eagle started to rise, and the man holding its feet could not let go. Thus lifted, he called out, "Help me! I cannot hold the Eagle." Then one of the other men ran to hold this man down but was unable, as he also was being slowly raised off the ground. He in turn shouted, "Come, help us, we are being taken into the heavens!" Then another and still another, until all of the people had

taken hold of each other; all were being slowly taken up into the sky. The last was the chief, who ran down and took hold of the feet of the last man, and found he could not let go. Then many Eagles came to help the Eagle who was flying up with the people. They all flew out to sea with these people. When they had got far out, the Eagle let go of them and they all perished in the water.

The prince then returned to the now deserted village, and from there he flew to where his wife was. Approaching her, he said, "I have now had my revenge on the people who tried to fasten me to the gummed plank and

left me to perish at sea. I am taking you back to my village. There we will establish the Eagle (*larhskik*) village, and I will be the chief, Kwakiyans." This was the origin of the Eagle clan.

Fin-of-the-Shark of Salmon Eater, related by Frank Bolton, Tralarhæt, of Gitiks, lower Nass, in 1927. Interpreted by Charles Barton.

Rhadarhærh came over the sea from the Queen Charlotte Islands, and the reason why he left the islands was that his people had been quarrelling about a woman. Salmon-Eater's nephews had made fun of Rhadarhærh's wives behind their backs and also those of Salmon-Eater himself, and fighting had started among them. It was a family affair. Something had to be done, and that was why they had parted. The place where they landed was Rhkwa'aodzep, near Tongas (Cape Fox), where there is a chain of salt-water lakes close to the sea. They decided to stay there.

Rhadarhærh made himself a *sesatku* and went into a seclusion for four days. His only food was the devil's club (a plant called *wo'oms*). It was then, as if in a dream, that he heard a frightful noise rising out of the sea. After this he saw the tip of a fin coming out of the lake. It was a long dorsal fin. Finally the body of a fish emerged, a very large fish. This fish was not only the Shark (*gat*) but also a huge sea monster (*hagwelarh*). This monster was known in advance, so there was no mistake about it. It was the Fin-of-the-Shark (*nærem-gat*). Rhadarhærh took it as a crest (*ayuks*). This is what the old members of the family used to relate.



44. Frog and Raven with tongues connected.

The Nass-River Volcano. Robert Stewart's version (he belongs to an Eagle clan), recorded by William Beynon in 1948-49.

There were many things that the ancient people used to observe, as they were very careful in their treatment of animals and fish. At one time, two large villages stood at the canyon of the Nass where all or most of the Niskæ people lived. The canyon was a place where they could always get a plentiful supply of all kinds of salmon, and in the hills there were various wild berries in plenty. Very nearly all the year round, they had what they needed to eat, so that the people in these two villages were wealthy.

The young people became careless in their ways and disregarded the advice of their elders. They had no respect for animals or fish and would not observe the customary taboos toward the game animals and the beings in the waters. They wantonly wounded or killed small game and left the carcasses to rot for crows and eagles to devour. The old people kept on saying, "Do not do this, for you may bring down the anger of the Great Chief in the Sky. He is bound to retaliate on us." This advice went to naught.

When the salmon season was on, the young men stood on the banks of the river and stoned the salmon as they were swimming up the shallow riffles of the creeks. It was there that a young man by the name of Klarhs-qæxs, member of a Wolf clan, thought of a new form of amusement. He went into the woods and got a quantity of pitch pine. This he shredded into long thin strands; and when he had a good lot ready, he called his companions together and said, "Let us catch the humpback salmon and slit their backs open. Then we will insert there a shred of this pitch pine and light it. We will turn them loose, and they will swim up the shallow waters of the creek with the torches afire in their backs."

That night they took the shredded pitch pine, and after catching the humpback salmon as they swam up the riffles, the young men cut their backs open and inserted the burning pitch pine torches. The salmon swam up the shallow waters with the torches, and the jesters thought this was great fun. They went on doing this every night. The elders were in very great fear, and it was in vain that they cautioned the culprits. They paid no heed.

The salmon season was now at an end, and the tribes made ready for a winter season of festivities when the people began to hear at first a faint beating of what sounded to them like that of a feast (*hallait*) drum. These



drums were huge wooden boxes suspended from the house rafters. The thoughtless young men began to scoff and say, "The ghosts are waking up. They are going to have a feast."

The older people at once admonished them, saying, "Do you not know that it may be because of your thoughtless destruction of game and because you have ill-treated and abused the salmon. We are now in great danger."

Every day the constant beating of a drum in the hills was heard, and after a time it ceased. Then the young people, regaining their confidence, began to ridicule the older men saying, "Your Great Chief of the Sky has grown tired of playing his *hallait*."

Not long after, the drum beatings began again, and this time much louder. Every day the sounds became louder, and the young offenders themselves became careful and afraid. The older people once more upbraided them, "Come, why are you frightened of the drum beats? Why do you not boast now as you used to. Think of it! It will be your fault if we all perish."

Soon the noise of thunder broke out, and fire issued from the river of *Si'aks* (New-Fish-Stream). It was all afire. The people tried to escape, but they were overtaken. Most of them perished, but some others escaped from the great fire by going up river and some down stream. The cause of this conflagration was known to be Klarhs-qæxs, whose family now is of Greenville; he had caused burning pitch torches to be inserted into the backs of the humpback salmon, thus offending the Chief of the Skies.

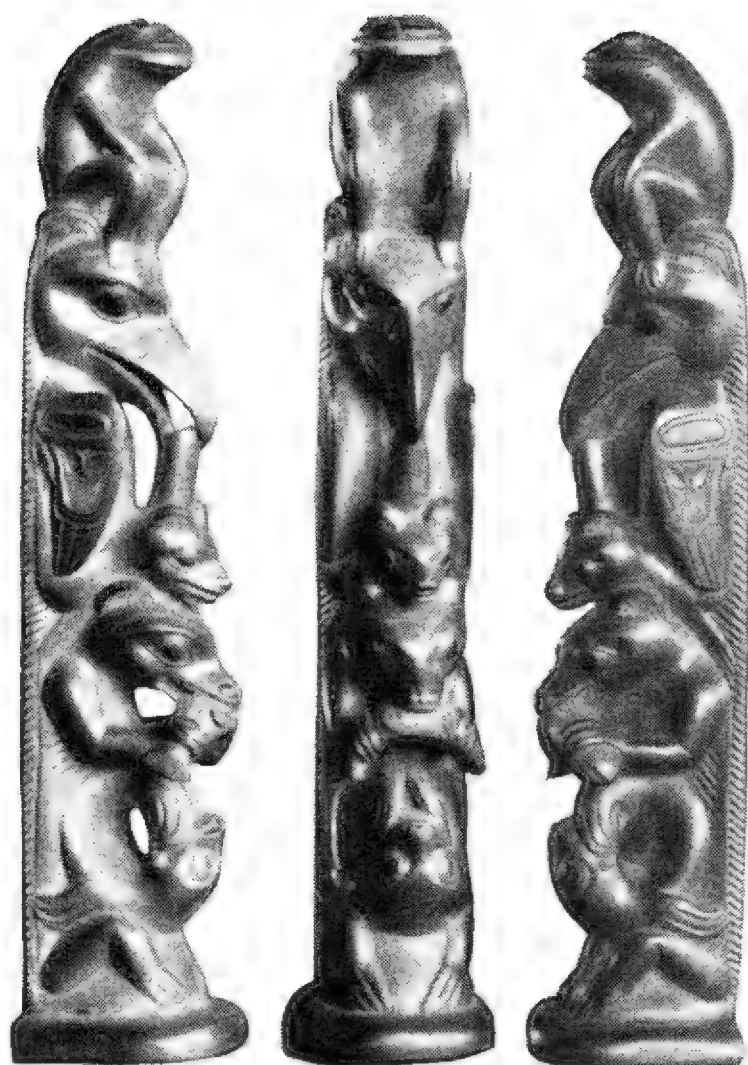
The Ghosts after the Eruption of the Nass River Volcano. Informant, Emma Wright (Hlærh, of the Eagle phratry, Gitlarhdamks tribe). Tradition recorded by William Beynon in 1948-49.

After the eruption of the volcano of the Nass, at the time when the great plateau was burned out and the area had become known as *welmihl*, among the first to escape were the groups of wene'yim-hæpesk (of the Wolf phratry). They went to Gitlarh-

← 45. Four small Frogs on small wooden totem pole; Eagle, Raven-Woman, and Eagle again.

46. Frog hanging down from bill of Raven, twice repeated, on small argillite pole. →





47. Small argillite pole with the Frog, by Chapman.

danks on the upper Nass River. Soon they were followed by other groups, but each group kept to itself.

One day they heard in the hills the continual sound of singing and of the beating of a drum; it seemed a long way off. Every night the people heard this rumbling, and during the day the bravest among the young men would go in the direction of the sound and would try to find out where it came from. They failed. Every night, this sound kept coming, and finally Wune'yim made up his mind and said, "We must find out. The noise must be caused by people who are hiding from us."

The tribe had not yet fully recovered from their experience at the burning mountain, so it was some time before they could even get near the place where the sound came from. At a distance they could see what appeared to be a large

house, where a great many people were dancing and singing. The Wolf people were afraid to get closer, and Wune'yim said, "We know now where the noise comes from during the day. We must find out who these people are."

The next day a party under the leadership of Wune'yim set off; and when they came to the feast house, they could see nothing. As the ground seemed undisturbed, they searched, but nothing indicated that any human being had been there.

The following night, the sound came as usual and from the same place. Although the people still were afraid to approach, they again visited the same place; and when they arrived there, they failed to discover anything. But the next night, again the sounds of singing and dancing came as usual, only it was worse. More visits there achieved nothing. Some of the younger men, bolder than the rest, became very curious. They were for going to the feast house at night, but the elders cautioned them, "There is something strange and maybe disastrous there for us. If we leave those people, they may go away of their own accord."

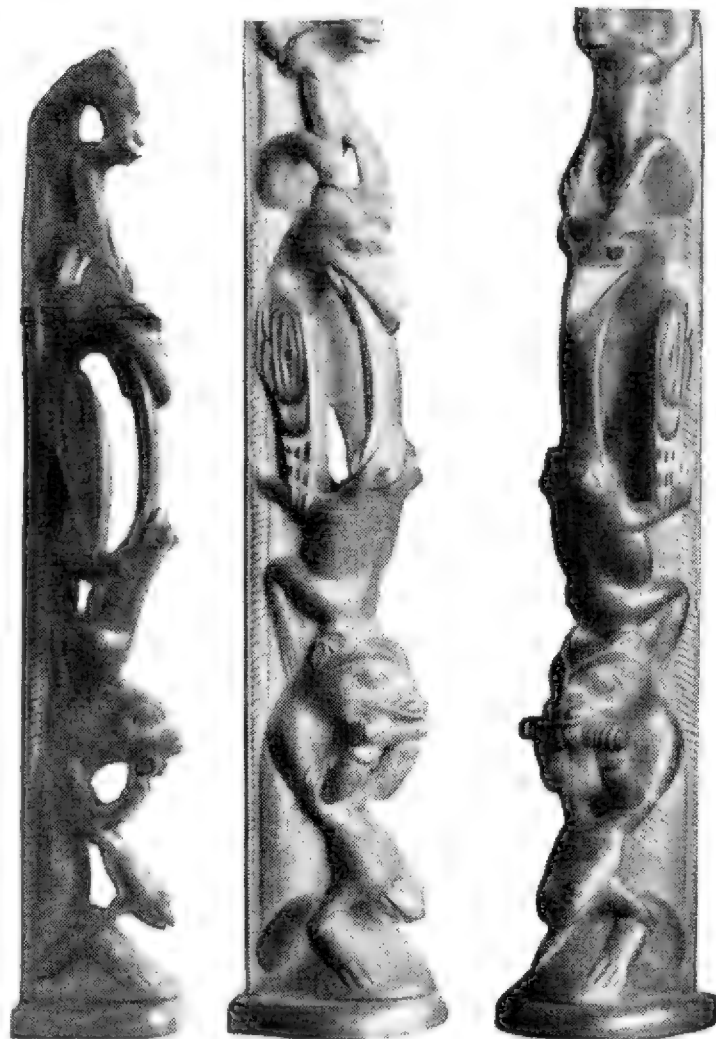
The young men of the Wolf group became more restless and more determined to find out who these strange people were. Under the leadership of a very reckless young prince, whose name was Larhpilrh, they planned to

enter that house, even though their elders had warned them against any such attempt.

Next night as they heard the singing and the beating of the *hallait* drums, they gathered together, and in the dusk they went towards the house, which was huge. There seemed to be many people dancing and singing inside. When they approached they noticed an opening in the side of the house. There they saw many women dancing and only a few men, all of them naked. They seemed to sense that they were being spied on, for one of the women dancers sang out, "Oh me! I feel . . . *u'u gi'yælksehl hlku'minihl leksgæu.*"

Upon hearing this, the young men turned about, and very much frightened they ran away. Every night as formerly, the singing and dancing kept on going. The whole tribe now was alarmed and afraid to move away. The surrounding country was still smoking from fires, and they could not go down the river because of the hot lava. As this singing was continuing every night, the same young men, not having told their elders what they had seen lest they be forbidden to go near there, went to the strange house under the same leadership. Larhpilrh said, "There were very few men in that house—the rest were all young women—so we can outnumber them. This time we will go into the house and learn who they are. Then we will try and capture some of them and bring them here. To-night when all our own people are asleep, let us go there!"

That night, they went without letting their elders know. As soon as they heard the singing, they went to the entrance of the house and waited until the dancing became very lively, and the drum beating went faster and faster. Then they moved quietly into the doorway and ran in. They sat in one corner of the house near the platform upon which the women were dancing. Nobody in the house paid any attention to them. This time they saw only women in the house, and they were naked. The only man there was the drum beater, who also was the song leader. Although these people seemed to disregard the intruders, they kept coming closer as they danced. Then Larhpilrh said to his companions, "When one of them, who seems to be the leader, comes close to me, I will



48. Small argillite pole with the Frog, by Chapman.

sing with them, and you all sing with us. Then we will try and overcome them. We will try to capture them and escape with them."

The leader of the dancers kept edging in closer to Larhpilrh, and the other dancers were following closer to the other young men. When the leading woman danced very close to Larhpilrh, he shouted out, "Now, now! (*Wæ'i wa!*)" At once he did as he had said he would, and his companions did likewise, all with the exception of one young man, who sensed that these dancers were not real people but ghosts. He had the forethought to rub his urine on his body instead, as a protection. Then he rushed to the door, and on looking back to where his companions were, he saw that the women who had been dancing were only skeletons, and each of the young men who had touched them were now lying on the ground with their fingers struck off, and they were dead. He was the only one to escape.

When he reached the village of his own tribe, he went to Wune'yim and said, "Larhpilrh and his companions are dead. They have been killed by the ghost people. I was the only one to escape, as I did not do as they did. The whole house there has crumbled to dust, and I was almost suffocated by the mouldy smell. The stench was unbearable." As soon as he had finished speaking, he fell dead.

The people now realized they were in great danger. Wune'yim ordered his slave to go out and warn everybody, saying, "We must move out at once. The chief orders everybody to move." Wune'yim then led his tribe away from what was known as Larh'wiyip (The Prairie), to near what is known now as Gitlarhdamks.

For many generations the people could not approach the place where the ghost women had danced. Finally the people at a place below the former village of Gitwinksihl (Place-of-Lizards) had a quarrel over fishing rights on the river. The Wolf clan forming the largest group there had usurped the best sites for their fish traps. There was constantly a strained feeling between them and the other groups. Among them were, at that time, Eagle and Raven-Frog clans and a few Fireweeds. But the Wolves outnumbered them all. So numerous were they that they had separated into two groups: Gitsgansnæt and the Gitwelnægi'l. The constant quarrelling that had begun with the opposite clans spread to the Wolf clans themselves so that the Eagle group decided to move up to where Gitlarhdamks had stood and from where the people had fled from the ghost people. They were soon followed by the Raven-Frog group. Some of the Wolves followed them. The new Gitlarhdamks now became the main village. Then it was that Hlæk, head chief of the Eagles, called together his own clan and said, "The time has come for us to select our chiefs and place them in the order of rank in which they shall be called out in a feast, also to establish where in the house they shall be seated in all feasts. The feast I intend to give now will be known as 'the placing of the chiefs,' so that all may know their station. In this way all of the other tribes also will know their places."

When Hlæk's group saw the wisdom of their chief, they said, "From now on we shall know each person's proper place and his own territory. These shall be made known at this time. After that there will be no more quarrelling or fighting among ourselves. All this will be proclaimed at the feast. The foremost chief shall be Skateen (head of a Wolf clan). The next



49. Frog, thrice repeated.

50. Frog below, and Volcano woman with cane.

in rank shall be Kstiyaorh. Then will follow the other Wolf groups. The first group will be known as the Gitwilnægi'l (People-living-together-as-one), Gitransnæt (People-of-the-berry-shrubs), and so on." To this the wise men in Hlæk's group agreed, and the feast was to be known as "the placing in their positions of the Niskæ chiefs".

Then Hlæk sent out his messengers and invited all of the other clans to his house and announced, "This feast will be known as the 'Placing Feast of Hlæk.' It will be known as 'the order of precedence of the chiefs at all feasts.' Because there are so many Wolves, these will be divided into two groups, one to be known as Gitwil'nægi'l, of which Skateen and Kstiyaork shall be the head-chiefs, and the other group, Gitsgansnæt, whose chiefs shall be Nisyork, Niskinwætk, and Gwusgæn. These two shall be guests at each other's feasts and receive and give presents to each other but shall not intermarry; otherwise, they shall be regarded as clan brothers and sisters. The Raven-Frog group shall have as its head-chief Arhtiwelgædi and Ksemrhsan. Then the Eagles shall be led by Menæsk and Hlæk. This will be the order in which these Niskæ chiefs and their people shall be announced in feasts. Each group shall retain its original fishing, hunting, and berry grounds as it originally had." One after another these chiefs confirmed this proclamation

of Hlæk, and it is still referred to, to this day. This originated from the event of the encounter with the Ghosts. These ghosts were people who had perished in the great volcano eruption.

The Weeping Totem of Tanu, by Charles Dudoward, Port Simpson, B.C. [in *The Native Voice*, Vancouver, B.C., Dec. 1950. P. 9, one illustration. Cf. *Totem Poles*, by the authors: I, 78, 79].

The Weeping Totem Pole stands on the Island of Tanu in the Queen Charlotte group and is about a hundred years old. It shows a figure of a

man shedding streams of tears. This is known as the Weeping Totem Pole of Tanu. The legend of the Weeping Totem of Tanu was told long before the white man came.

When Chief Always-Laugh ruled the people of the Northern Isle of the Queen Charlotte group, Always-Laugh was a wise chief and knew that the Great Spirit dealt kindly with the people as long as they dealt kindly with all creatures having life. The people could kill for food but not for pleasure. Chief Always-Laugh heard the deer were fat on the Island of Tanu. The people liked fat deer, so the chief led a hunting party including seven sons, two grandsons, and seven canoe-loads of people.

It was evening when they reached camp; men gathered driftwood; others started a fire by rubbing sticks and flint.

In the morning, the hunting party split into small groups and went to hunt the fat deer of Tanu, but they left the two boys in camp.

"Guard the fire, my grandsons," said the old Chief, "as it is easier to keep a fire going than it is to start it."

"We will watch the fire faithfully for our grandfather," they replied.

When the hunters returned that evening they found the fire out.

"What happened to the fire?" asked the chief. "Why did you let it go out?"

"It was the toads," said the older boy.

"Yes," said the younger.

"When we gathered wood we found a large toad. When we threw it on the fire, it swelled very large and burst with a bang."

"We had lots of fun," said the older boy, "small toads, big toads, all burst with a big noise."

"But the last was the largest," said the younger, "when he burst, he put the fire out."

"Woe! Woe! My children," cried the wise chief. "Do you not know that those who harm one of the Great Spirit's creatures will suffer in a like way?"

"What a thing you have done," wailed the father of the boys, "we must leave this place. We cannot stay, not even for the fat deer of Tanu."

"To the canoes, quickly," shouted the old chief.

As all rushed to the seven canoes, the earth started to tremble and roar. Fire burst from the ground. The trees fell, and the ground where the men stood opened, and the hunting party disappeared. All perished. Only the old chief survived. And when he got home, from that day he was known as the chief who always weeps for his children.

The Totem Pole was carved out and erected in memory of the Chief by the remaining relations and tribe. This pole, carved from a large cedar tree and to be known as the Chief Weeping Totem Pole, shows a toad in the hands of a weeping man. Each stream of tears terminates on the head of a grandson. The base of the Totem Pole represents the face of a large toad.

Thus ends the legend of the Weeping Totem Pole of Tanu.



51A. The lava bed, looking southward from the canyon of the Nass River toward Lava Lake.



51B. The lava field in the direction of Lava Lake.

The Old Grandfather Weeping, a Cumshewa legend [Haida] recorded by Miss Alice Philip in 1947. [Cf. *Totem Poles*, by the author: I: 78, 79.]

On the edge of the lava at Cumshewa stands a totem pole showing an old grandfather in tears. On the end of the tears are the faces of two little boys. Here is the legend explaining how it once happened:

A hunting party camped at this place, made fire, and left two little boys to tend it. The boys amused themselves by catching toads and throwing them into the fire, where they exploded with the heat. The boys caught a very large one; and when they threw it into the fire, the toad exploded, and the explosion put out the fire. The fire keepers were afraid at the thought of what would happen to them for letting the fire out. Just then the hunting party came back and went after the boys for not looking after the fire. As soon as they heard what had happened, the old grandfather in the party was much alarmed. He cried out, "Come, let us hurry away from here or else evil will come to us for sure, because these boys, for no reason, were cruel to animals." But it was too late. The mountain just then erupted and the whole party was destroyed. The totem later was erected to remind all not to be cruel to animals.

Illustrations*

1. Dancing head-dress of the Tsimshyan, collected at Port Simpson, British Columbia, in 1879, by J. W. Powell. Carved out of wood and painted. The eyebrows and lips of the Frog on the hat are of copper. The disks at the top were woven out of split spruce roots (N.M.C., No. VII-C-91. 18" high x 10" wide. Photog. Div. No. 20069. Drawing by O. E. Prudhomme).
2. Profile of No. 1. (Drawing by O. E. Prudhomme).
3. Wooden helmet in the Mongolian style, like the Cormorant Hat of Salmon-Eater, here showing the Frog or Frog-Woman—Dzelarhons; surmounted by three wooden disks or *skils* (Collected by W. Langdon Kihn in Alaska, 1940. N.M.C., 1950, 24-5).
4. Helmet of brass, surmounted by three *skils* and an ermine tail. The Mongolian style, the metal, and the three *skils* are definite indications that this ceremonial hat belonged to a leading Tlingit family of the Salmon-Eater and Dzelarhons clan, Dzelarhons being Copper-Woman (The Museum, University of Pennsylvania, N. A. 6847. Collected for the Museum by Louis Shotridge, 1925. 26 cm. height, diameter 28.5 cm. N.M.C., 1950: 112-2).
5. Very small dish representing the Frog and the head of an animal (Bear or Whale), carved out of ivory, collected in 1927 by the author on the lower Nass River for the Royal Ontario Museum. The head is a Haida carving; the Frog is presumably Niskæ (Tsimshyan). The Frog served, in the early days, as a smoking or incense dish. Some *windaw* or sacred tobacco of the Haida (Dawson, 7:114B), crushed to powder when dry, was mixed with pulverized seashells and made to smoulder. The smoke was inhaled by whoever leaned over it. It produced a mild intoxication (Informant, Gitemraldo—Albert Allen, Kincolith) (N.M.C., 73207).
6. Small argillite Frog from the top of an argillite pole, collected by Powell in 1879. It formerly was pegged at the top of eight cylinders on the pole. The Beaver sat at the base on the Halibut. The other pole of a pair is reproduced in full elsewhere (N.M.C., VII-V-832, 784. 3½ inches long. Photog. Div., 88960).
7. Oval dish of the Frog and the Raven. The Frog, in high relief, stands for Frog-Woman. As often happens, it is associated here with the Raven, engraved and repeated twice, all around it. The stylized feathers on the Frog's back may be an allusion to the Flying-Frog. The eyes consist of two red and white beads. Ten opercula, inlaid, decorate the rim of the plate. The operculum is a shell on the foot of a mollusc, of the North Pacific Coast, which serves as a protective cover when the animal is retracted. Two deep parallel grooves inside the border. Collected by G. M. Dawson in 1885. It is the work of a Skidegate carver, presumably John Smith or "George Smith's father", in the 1860's or 1870's (N.M.C., VII-B-757. 15" long x 9½" wide x 2½" deep. Photog. Div., 89384).
8. The Frog on a ceremonial blanket of the Tlingit, in the Walter C. Waters Collection, at Wrangell, Alaska, in 1939. This is a red cloth appliqué with white trade buttons, on a woollen blanket (Approximately 20 inches high. N.M.C., 87563).
9. The Frog with trade buttons sewn on a dark woollen blanket of the Tlingit (Walter C. Waters Collection, at Wrangell, Alaska, in 1939. N.M.C., 87536).
10. Carvings on a halibut hook, collected among the Tsimshyan of Port Simpson, representing the Raven, the Frog, and a Mongolian face (N.M.C., VII-C-700. Drawing by O. E. Prudhomme).
11. Club for killing or *ha'gayæn*, with the Frog design, of the Tsimshyan; it was used as a *hallait* for ceremonial purposes. In the old collection, presumably from Port Simpson, of the N.M.C., (Drawing by O. E. Prudhomme).

* Unless otherwise stated, the photographs have been taken by the author, from 1926 to 1950.

12. Frog dish, with abalone eyes, carved out of alder, about 1916, by Yæhlnaao, a Haida carver of Skidegate, while on a visit at Kispayaks up the Skeena River. He left this as a compensation for hospitality received in Richard Morrison's house. A ceremonial dish of this kind was used in feasts. Filled with food, it was raised by the host who called by name a guest of the Larhsail (Raven-Frog) phratry, for instance, Weelarhæ. The guest would eat out of the dish from one side and, when he had finished, give it back. Then presents, valuable clothes, and other things were given to the visitor; such gifts were called *rhkyæihl* (Acquired from Morrison in 1920 by the author for his own private collection. 20" long x 11" wide x 6" deep. N.M.C., Photog. Div. 10343¼).
13. Ceremonial dish of the Tsimshyan, carved out of wood, representing two Frogs face to face at opposite ends, one with mouth open, croaking. This was made, about 1915, at Port Simpson, to reproduce an old dish about 30 inches long; acquired by the author for his private collection. 12" long x 7½" wide x 3½" deep (N.M.C., Photog. Div., 77028).
14. Two small wooden dishes, representing the Frog, presumably Haida (the Rev. W. E. Collison's Collection, Prince Rupert, in 1939. N.M.C., 87473).
15. Wooden spoon, presumably carved by a Tsimshyan of the Nass River, showing, on the handle, Dzelarhons wearing a conical hat with three *skils*, and, in the bowl, the Frog turned towards her (Portland Art Museum, Oregon. 18" x 5½". No. 46,11. Carved out of red alder. N.M.C., 1951, 2-1, 2-5).
16. Head-dress or plaque for the crown of a Tsimshyan chief, showing a human with a large face and small body surrounded by eight Frogs, heads down. Presumably carved on the Nass River, like most of such plaques. Inlays of abalone shells. Collected by H. C. Wrinch (N.M.C., VII-C-1599. 7¼" high x 7" wide x 2" deep. Photog. Div., 94257).
17. Carved wooden plaque of a chief's crown, adorned with abalone shell inlays, paint, imitations of flicker feathers, and sea-lion whiskers. It represents the mythical Bear and the Frog (Portland Art Museum, 653. Presumably from the Axel Rasmussen Collection, Wrangell, Alaska. 7" x 5½". N.M.C., 1951, 4-4, 4-6).
18. Plaque for a chief's head-dress or crown, with the human-like face of the Thunderbird bearing the gill marks of the Shark on the forehead and on the cheeks. The labret inserted as a mark of high rank in the lower lip is a cultural feature of womanhood. The Frog is head down on the body of Shark-Woman. The inlays are of abalone shell. Although this plaque, which formed part of the Aaronson Collection (Aaronson was a curio dealer of Vancouver, about 1905) is said to be Haida, it may possibly be from the hands of a Nass River craftsman, as fine head-dresses and rattles were their specialty (N.M.C., VII-B-1102. 7" high x 5½" wide x 2½" deep. Photog. Div. 77040).
19. The Weeping-Woman or Chief, on a Tanu totem pole on the east coast of Moresby Island, Queen Charlotte Islands; still standing in the bush in 1947. It illustrates an episode in the myth of Gitrhawn and Dzelarhons, where frogs or toads were cast into the camp-fire by a young fisherman. This impiety brought about a volcanic eruption which destroyed the village. The Frog is one of the Dzelarhons symbols, and the tears were shed while the Woman out of the volcano was crying a dirge (N.M.C., 102745, 102729, 102731. Cf. *Totem Poles*, I:79).
20. The Flying-Frogs on the totem pole of Wutarhayæts, a Raven-Frog chief at Gitwinkul, a Gitksan village. The origin of the Flying-Frog is explained in the myth of Frog-Woman ('Neegyamks) of the Gitksan. Wutarhayæts is mentioned in the narrative as having killed the Flying-Frog of the lake, after it had leaped upon his shoulder (Cf. *Totem Poles of the Gitksan*, pp. 74-76, and Plate XIII. N.M.C., 62338, 62420).
21. All-Frogs, on the totem pole of this name, belonging to Kweenu, chief of the Raven-Frog phratry, at the Gitwinkul village of the Gitksan, illustrates the myth of 'Neegyamks, Frog-Person. Its figures are—the ancestress 'Neegyamks with small frogs crawling down her body and her hands; the heads of two other frogs in her eyes; three Hanging-Frogs (*spærem-ranaa'o*) with head down, one above the other (Cf. *Totem Poles of the Gitksan*, p. 30. Plate IV, figure 2).

22. At the centre of the very tall totem pole of the Eagle's Nest at Gitiks on the lower Nass River is seen Volcano-Woman holding the Frog Cane in her hands, chanting dirges while walking down the crater of the volcano. In the Salmon-Eater and Dzelarhons myth, she is described as wearing a hat covered with Frogs, a labret in her lower lip, and holding a cane with both hands; at the top of the cane is a small human face (Cf. *Totem Poles*, I: 42-45, N.M.C., 69761, 69762).
23. The Starfish-Person and All-Frogs pole of Kweenu, a Raven-Frog chief at Gitwinkul (Cf. *Totem Poles of the Gitksan*, pp. 28 and 29. Plate III. N.M.C., 62409).
24. The Frog-Raven pole of 'Neegyamks of Harhu at Kispayaks. It is called "Frogs-jammed-up" or "squeezed" ('*meetschl-ranaa'o*). 'Neegyamks or Sun-shines-on is, among the Niskæ and the Gitksan, the mythical Frog-Woman. Small frogs appear on her eyes, her breasts, her hands, and crawl out of her mouth. The mythical origin of this family is explained in its traditions, as follows: A woman of this family, named 'Neegyamks, once was taken by supernatural Frogs into a lake near Nass River. She stayed there for several years, and her children were frogs. The people, seeking her, drained the lake and found her exactly as she is represented on the totem poles of Kweenu and Harhu. The Frogs-jammed-up are traced back to the family of Kweenu, Gitwinkul (Cf. *ibid.*, p. 77. Plate XIII, fig. 3. N.M.C., 49248).
25. Frog-Woman on the totem pole of Three-Persons-Along, belonging to Ksemrhsan, a chief of the Raven clan at Gitlarhdamks on the upper Nass. On this pole are illustrated Person-of-Lizards (*ksihlku*), connected with the Nass-River volcano, and the Flying-Frog (*kipægem-kanaa'o*), hanging down, with Ribs-of-the-Frog (*leplanhl*) showing small figures on its ribs and body (Cf. *Totem Poles*, I: 72-75. Plates 17, 18. N.M.C., 69656).
26. The Frog, head down, on a house post in the Tlingit village of Klukwan. Actually it stands next to the figure of the cannibal giant Goo-teekhl. A young woman in ceremonial costume stood here in front of the Frog-Woman or Dzelarhons carving (Photog. Lloyd V. Winter, 1893).
27. The Weeping-Woman or Weeping-Chief as represented on an argillite pole. The old Skidegate carver, Gladstone, believed it to be by his own grandfather, John Robinson. The Eagle with a salmon in its beak sits at the top, and Bear Mother, at the bottom, holds a cub (McGill University Museums. 10½ inches high. N.M.C., 92052).
28. Weeping-Woman shedding tears, on an argillite totem pole, associated here with Shark-Woman wearing a labret in the lower lip, at the top; and with the Beaver, at the bottom. This carving may be by Thomas Moody, originally from Tanu (N.M.C., 99685).
29. Frogs creeping out of the eyes of the Bear, in an argillite group carving presumably by the Skidegate carver, Paul Jones. It may be an allusion to the Haida story about the encounter between the Bear and the Frog, after which the Frogs, terrified, fled from the islands. It is here coupled with the Grizzly Bear and the Woman, in the courtship episode (McGill University Museums. N.M.C., 92058).
30. The Flying-Frog on a Mongolian hat, a wood carving, at the Provincial Museum, Victoria, British Columbia (N.M.C., 73147, 73148).
31. The Flying-Frog helmet of Gitwinkul and Gitwanga, worn by Albert Williams (N.M.C., 59720).
32. The Frog, thrusting its tongue into the Bear's mouth or the reverse, appears at the extreme left of this argillite panel dating back to the 1820's or 1830's. It seems to be one of the few oldest representations of the mythological Frog, if not the earliest. It is associated here with a number of seemingly meaningless figures familiar in similar carvings of the same early date. (British Museum, Bragge Collection—before 1880. No. D. e. 5. Published in *Man*, London, No. 94—1906. N.M.C., 89209).

33. The Frog at the left, issuing from the mouth of the Bear—possibly an allusion to the same story of the Bear frightening the Frog—in an early argillite pipe or panel from the Queen Charlotte Islands, collected about 1838 by Lt. Charles Wilkes. The other stylized figures here are (from left to right) the Raven touching tongues with the Bear, the Whale with a man partly in its mouth, and the Thunderbird with its curved beak—this last group may allude to the Orpheus myth. (U.S. National Museum, Washington, D.C. Approximately one half actual size. Acc. in 1867. 34721-D. 2585).
34. The stylized Frog in argillite on a pipe stem, with the tip of a bird's tail in its mouth. The bird holds a bunch of leaves and cherries dangling from its bill. Godroons and beads decorate the pipe stem, and an arch in the manner of a cribbage board connects the head and the tail of the bird merely as a support; all this is reminiscent of the contemporary scrimshaw or whaler's art of the same period—about 1830, 1840 (Peabody Museum, Harvard University, 21.2 cm. R. 194).
35. Three Frogs on a flute-stem face the Eagle. This argillite carving is from George Gunya, of Skidegate, who specialized in this type of work after the 1850's. Two rosettes are seen on the reverse side of the flute. Inlays of pewter at both ends (British Museum, London, 7685/2).
36. Detail of the Frog and the Eagle on an argillite flute, by George Gunya. Rosettes and other curvilinear and beaded ornaments cover the surface. Pewter inlays decorate the Eagle and the Frog, and form the mouthpiece (Museum of the University of British Columbia. N.M.C., 95908).
37. The Frog carved out of wood and decorated (eyes and back) with large glass beads (The City Museum and Art Gallery, Vancouver B.C. 6" high x 7" wide. N.M.C. 102486, 102487).
38. The Frog, described in the catalogue as a toad, carved out of argillite by a Haida (American Museum of Natural History, N.Y. No. 291540. 16-574. 7" x 4½").
39. The Frog with three *skils*, a small dish, carved out of argillite (N.M.C., 87645).
40. The Frog decorating an argillite pipe (Peabody Museum, Harvard University, R/185. 11.5 cm. long).
41. The Raven and the Frog decorating an argillite pipe; the bowl represents a white man's face, in the scrimshaw manner. Although imitating an old pattern, it belongs to the 1870 period, as is shown by the stylized feathers and eyes, and the checker and grooved surface decoration (Acquired by Emmanuel Hahn, sculptor, Toronto. Remillard Collection of the same place, dating back to the 1900's. N.M.C., 87761, 87762).
42. The Frog with its forepaws at the edge of a round dish, a small wood carving (Provincial Museum, Victoria, B.C. N.M.C., 73159).
43. The Frog and the man wearing a Mongolian conical hat, in a plaster cast reproducing a small carving of the Northwest Coast (Lipsett Collection, Vancouver, B.C., N.M.C., 87367).
44. The Frog and the Raven with their tongues connected, an argillite panel seemingly carved by a Skidegate Haida in the 1860's or 1870's. The Eagle appears below, and, to the left, the Bear holding the tail of a seal in its mouth (N.M.C., Aaronson Coll. VII-B-793. 3¾" x 15½" x ⅞" wide. Photog. Div., 88962).
45. Frogs (4) decorating a miniature wooden totem pole at the Volk. Museum, Berlin, Germany. The other figures (from the top down) are the Eagle whose head is surmounted by two frogs wearing disks (*skil*) on their heads; Raven-Woman with her bill hanging on her stomach, in the Halibut-fishing episode. The woman here holds in her hands two small human beings also wearing the *skil* hats (like Salmon-Eater), two Frogs hanging below her hands, and, at the bottom, the Eagle with, on its stomach, the Raven upside down on the Halibut (Photog. Div., N.M.C., 89429).

46. The Frog hanging, head down, from the beak of the Eagle, twice repeated, on an argillite totem pole. The Frog above seems to be the Flying-Frog, because of the three feathers on its stomach. (Acquired by Emmanuel Hahn, sculptor, Toronto, from the Remillard Collection of the 1900's. Photog. Div., N.M.C., 87761.)
47. The Frog sitting on the head of the Raven, at the top of a small argillite pole by the Massett carver Chapman. Below, the Bear with a salmon in its mouth, a cub on its head, and a seal on its stomach. (Cunningham Coll.; Prince Rupert Municipal Museum. N.M.C., 37388, 37398, 37399.)
48. The Frog twice repeated on a small argillite pole carved by Chapman; first, turned upwards, touching tongues with the Raven above; second, hanging, head down, in front of the Beaver which gnaws a stick (Cunningham Coll.; Municipal Museum, Prince Rupert. N.M.C., 87400, 87401).
- 49, 50. (Left) The Frog three times repeated in the miniature wooden totem pole; (1) under the Eagle's talons; (2) in the Raven's bill, across, and turned to the right; (3) across the Grizzly Bear's stomach, to the left. The Beaver is at the base. (Right) The Frog squats at the base, and Volcano Woman, holding a cane in her right hand, stands on the Frog. Above, two Thunderbirds haul the Whale out of the sea. These two poles, in the Rev. Mr. Raley's Collection, Vancouver, are from the hands of the Haida carver Wesley, presumably from Skidegate and living at Kitamat in 1899 (N.M.C., 87245).
- 51A. The lava bed on the south side of the Nass River canyon at Gitwinksihlk (N.M.C., 69720).
- B. The lava field near Lava Lake (N.M.C., 73004).

BEAR MOTHER

Ka'it's nephew married Dzelarhons after the landing of the Salmon-Eater clan in Alaska, and in their alliance, though brief and disastrous, lies a symbol of the renewal of ancient ties between the Old and the New World.¹

In this union Dzelarhons was a mere pawn, according to a social pattern long familiar among those near-Mongolians on both sides of Bering Sea. Exogamous moieties of the type aimed at by Salmon-Eater and the Grizzly-Bear tribes were no novelty here. They prevailed in a large area in Alaska and down the Rockies, just as they did among the Chuckchee, the Ket, and other Siberian nomads (8). Those tribes and their quickly-shifting villages were split into halves, opposite each other. These halves remained nameless and, at first, knew of no heraldic animals; they were non-totemic. Their function was to produce between former aliens a tie of mutuality in their economic and ritual life and, above all, to insure peace and security.

In hastily patching up a pact of this sort, Salmon-Eater and Ka'it, unfortunately for their plans, did not consider their host, the bridegroom. This young man had ideas of his own, irrespective of his elders' opinions. In readiness for the first bridal nights, he had a lot of tough pitch wood gathered and filled large bags of dry spruce bark in a lodge close to his. This resinous wood and bark were to serve in the making of torches to keep the light burning at night. An Eskimo and Aleutian trait is never to sleep in the darkness; this would happen only because of death. Such a hide-bound requirement, natural as it seemed to a Grizzly-Bear tribesman who was a mixture of Eskimo and Indian, could only be misconstrued by a Mongolian princess unused to this custom. At best, in the treeless region of Bering Sea, there could have been no resinous torch for the bedside, only a stone-oil lamp with a thin wick of moss where the flame is fed out of whale or seal grease.

On the first four successive nights the bridegroom forced the bride to hold a torch over him while he slept.² In order to shield her hand from the flame she would roll up her leather robe around it. In this way she scorched her four dresses trying to shield her hand from the flame, and by the fourth morning nothing was left on her, and she was weeping, in her shame. Ka'it's uncle tried to atone for his nephew's rashness by offering Dzelarhons a new robe in the style of the country—a bear skin untailed. She refused it, pushed it off, and stepped out of the lodge naked. Her uncles at that moment were arriving with food for the ceremony of *lugyin*. No sooner did they behold Dzelarhons in her plight than they went back home hastily with their offerings. They realized what had happened to their niece at the hands of the uncouth bridegroom, and they made ready for war.

When they reappeared upon the scene for bloodshed, the young woman had disappeared in the mountains of the interior. Her career as a myth all over the Northwest had already begun. Under the captions of Volcano and Copper-Woman or Frog-Woman, she has stood ever since as a symbol of

¹ For details of the marriage of Ka'it's nephew to Dzelarhons see page 12.

² See p. 13 for details.



52. The berry picker kidnapped by Grizzlies.

the Mongolian World in the New, whereas the Grizzly-Bear tribes represent the older occupants of the American wilderness. The outbreak among them, although not unavoidable, could lead only to oft-repeated feuds, intermittent peace, and slow settlement of grievances between opposing factions. The Salmon-Eater element eventually was to contribute much towards progress and the arts wherever they went, especially to the south, and the savage Grizzlies adapted themselves promptly to new standards, the more so since they had vague recollections of a similar past. At one time centuries earlier, they had migrated from Siberia over Bering Strait which was another route, and had undergone the trials which are part of existence on the tundras, mountains, volcanoes, swift rivers and canyons, forests and jungles, all over the barren lands. The story of these wild tribes is borne out in the Bear-Mother myth and its illustrations in the totem poles of the Tlingit, Tsimshyan, and Haida and, as we shall see presently, in the argillite carvings of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

The bear from which the Grizzly-Bear tribes of Alaska derived their name in the Salmon-Eater tradition belongs, in nature itself, to a few varieties: the common bear in Siberia; the Kodiak bear—a large brown quadruped—on the Alaskan island of that name; the Polar Bear of the Arctic, familiar to the Eskimo; and the Grizzly Bear of the Rockies and Northwest. The Grizzly-Bear clans of the Tahltan, the Tlingit, and the Tsimshyan are closely associated with the Wolf, which they also use as an emblem or a totem. Bear and Wolf are almost inseparable as a mythical pair. The opposite moiety everywhere is the Eagle, which is the first badge of the Salmon-Eater newcomers, their rivals. Older and more widespread, the Bear and the Wolf have had time to assume varied cultural features according to time, place, and surroundings.

The myth of the Bear in relation to man is best known in the Rockies and on the North Pacific Coast and has developed three main forms: (1) Bear Mother, the oldest branch, the diffusion of which covers all the northern areas of America, Asia, and eastern Europe; (2) Grizzly Bear slain by Dzaradilaw, the Copper-Canoeman, near the mouth of the Skeena River,



53. The berry picker and a Grizzly.



54. The Grizzlies capturing the berry picker.

a kinsman of Dzelarhons or Copper-Woman; and (3) Grizzly-Bear-of-the-Sea or Wolf-of-the-Sea, a hybrid crest recently developed by the Haida, whose islands harbour neither grizzly nor wolf.

Bear Mother is hardly surpassed anywhere in favour and universality as a mythical prototype. In contrast with Volcano or Frog-Woman, it must have reached North America at an earlier date—hence its deeper roots and varied ramifications. It has been studied extensively by Dr. A. Irving Hallowell in his monograph entitled *Bear Ceremonialism in the Northern Hemisphere* (9), and further elaborated upon in the author's *Totem Poles* (I:180-259)¹. It appears at its best in its Tsimshyan form under the name of Rhpisunt, a young woman of high rank who, because of her offense in ridiculing Bears was kidnapped by a Grizzly while she was following a trail on a mountain side.

In brief, Rhpisunt, a maiden belonging to a Wolf clan of the up-river country, long ago was gathering huckleberries on the mountain with two other young women of her tribe. Instead of singing like the others to warn the bears of her presence there, as she should have done, she kept chatting and laughing while gathering the wild fruit. The Bears finally pricked up their ears and listened. "Why does she always babble as if she were mocking someone?" they asked each other. Perhaps she was mocking them. That is why they spied on her in the bush and followed her down the trail when she packed a large basket of fruit for the camp.

One evening all three young women, one after the other, followed the trail, stooping under their loads, which were held on their backs by packstraps from their foreheads. Rhpisunt, the babbler, was the last of the three, a short distance behind the others. Suddenly she slipped, nearly fell down, and looked at her feet. Then, bursting with angry laughter, she sneered, "Boo to Naæk—bear-orphan! Here he has dropped his excrement!" She might just as well have said, "You bastard!" Her packstrap broke, and, while she tried to mend it, her sisters went on their way, leaving her far behind. Ill-tempered, she did not sing as she should have, but only scolded and groaned.

As it grew dark, she heard men's voices in the bush behind her. Then two young men, looking like brothers, came toward her and said, "Sister, you are in trouble, with nobody to look after you. Come with us, we will carry your berries for you."

Following them she noticed that they were wearing bear robes, and they were taking her up the mountain. After dark they came to a large house near a rockslide and entered with her. Around a small fire a number of people sat, looking at her, all of them dressed in bear robes. The white mouse *Tseets*—Grandmother—came to her and pulled at her robe, which was now coated with long grey hair like a bear's. And the mouse squeaked, "Grand-daughter, the Bears have taken you to their den; from now on you shall be one of them, bearing children."

¹ A recent contribution to the worshipful attitude of the northeastern Algonkians towards the Bear is contained in Jacques Rousseau's *Mokouchan, Notes ethnologiques, par Tchéno, in Forêt et Conservation, Québec, mai-juin 1950, pp. 683-687*. A reference to a Bear ritual was made by John Giles, in the *Memoirs, first published in 1736, of his Indian captivity among the Penobscot* (Cf. the author's *Indian Captivities, in Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. 94, No. 6, December, 1950, p. 543*).



55. The berry picker kidnapped by Grizzlies.



56. (Opposite side of 55) The berry picker prostrate.



57. Grizzlies carrying berry picker to their den.

As she heard this, she grew frightened, the more so when one of the young Grizzlies approached her and said, "You shall live, if you agree to become my wife; if you refuse, you die."

This tale was too popular on the mainland not to invade the islands of the Haida, in the neighbourhood. Indeed, it leaped over the channel at more than one place, not so long ago. The Kyusta and Towhill tribes, and very soon after, the Yan and Massett villages of Graham Island in the north adopted it from the Nass-River tribes without many alterations and made of it a totem, like that of the Tlingit and Tsimshyan, on their poles, posts, and house portals. Some of their argillite carvers, eagerly seeking themes for their trade, grasped it without any scruple, since it was nearly foreign and devoid of sacredness for them. Several episodes in the Bear-Mother tale proved great favourites to the makers and the white buyers—



58. Grizzlies and the prostrate woman.

all argillite work being meant for immediate sale to seamen and traders then swarming along the North Pacific Coast.

The first episode illustrated was that of the kidnapping of the girl by one or two Grizzly Bears. Here we see, in varied examples, one or two Bears accosting Rhpisunt, the young woman, courting her while sitting beside her, grasping her bodily, subduing her or dragging her in their mouths to their mountain lair, while she is unconscious, her eyes closed (Plates 54-68).

In the exploitation of their subject, the Haida developed the abnormal aspect of the marital relations between woman and beast, unstressed in the text, in the episode following their entry upon domestic life in the Grizzly Bear's den. Here the carvers drew their uncanny inspiration, quite astonishing to us, from Mongolian sources. The perusal of the illustrations on this point will bear it out (Plates 69-84). In a first group by Charley Edensaw (Plate 76), the carved block of argillite is midway between a totem pole and a panel resting on a square base which is glued on. Here a Grizzly, in the lower part of the carving, faces sideways and seems to hold the captured berry picker in his mouth. Facing the Bear, she is in agony, head



59. Grizzlies carrying the woman, head down.

fallen back, eyes closed, one arm dropping, the other held within the Bear's left paw. The position, although ambiguous, is intended to suggest the ordinary marital approach.

This is obvious in another panel presumably from the same hands. The Bear and the Woman again face each other horizontally (Plates 77A and B).

A strange type of marital relationship, in an erect position or sitting up, in various ways peculiar to Asia and Oceania, but unfamiliar in most of Europe and America, is exposed in other carvings. The erect position with hands at the neck and the legs of the female resting on the hips or under the arms of the male, is practised in native Australia, probably also in Melanesia and in India, if not extensively elsewhere in Asia (Plates 73, 78, 79, 84, 87).

A different approach is also perceptible in other argillite carvings; this last has been called the "sacred cow and bull posture"—the male coming from behind; or sideways (Plates 69, 70, 71, 74, 75)¹.

The Tsimshyan narrative goes on: The princess, now the wife of the great chief's nephew, soon became pregnant, while her husband lived in great fear his wife's brothers would overtake and kill him. So he went to his uncle, saying, "I must go with her to my winter village up the rock-slide. Mæsk, their hunting dog, is now getting on

¹ For a close study of this cultural trait, involving four or five types of sex relationship which—surprisingly enough—presumably spread to Northwestern America along the migration route to the Aleutian Islands, see *Le Livre de l'Amour de l'Orient, traité hindou de l'amour conjugal. Introduction et notes par B. de Villeneuve* (Paris, 1912), 158ff.: the sitting position of both participants, also usual among the primitive Aruntas of Central Australia, is called "upapad-asana"; the "dhenukavyanta-bandha" (sacred cow and bull posture) shows the male approaching from behind.



to my tracks. There he will never be able to find us."

The young Grizzly took the princess, now changed into a Bear, away with him up into the hills. Every night they made camp like husband and wife travelling together. He would take the devil's club and scatter it all round as precaution against harm. Finally they came to a steep mountain and climbed up a rocky trail. Sometimes the man carried the princess, as she was now heavy with child and unable to travel over difficult ground. They came at last to a large cavern on the face of the hill, almost unapproachable. Here the young man and his wife now lived. Whenever he went away to gather food, he transformed himself into a bear, changing to human form when he returned. One day the woman became ill and gave birth to twin Bear Cubs. The father was happy . . .

A Massett carver of argillite, Charley Edensaw, paused here and illustrated the incident of the childbirth, explicit only in the Haida tradition (Plate 85). The mother under the form of a she-Grizzly is in birth pangs, assisted by two Bears holding her arms and keeping open the Cæsarian slit in her body. The theme of miraculous birth (from under the arm, from the thigh, or mid-body) familiar on most continents including America, recurs here under a new aspect for the Bears.

The Bear Cubs, sharing in the dual nature of both parents, human and spirit, appear sometimes



61. Pipe with Bear and Woman. →



62. Grizzly with woman (head down)

under human, sometimes under animal, forms. They are nursed and tended to like Indian children. The famous Bear Mother in argillite, nursing one of her children, is the one collected at Skidegate by J. G. Swan in 1883; "carved by Skaowskeay." It has been treasured since by the United States National Museum at Washington. Quite realistic, this plastic masterpiece is tempered by a touch of stylization, as in Haida art of the best period after 1870. Bear Mother, as

well as her child in human form, is wearing her labret of high rank inserted in the lower lip. She writhes in torment, while her wild offspring suckles her breast (Plate 86). In several other miniature groups, the human mother holds one or two-cubs or children on her lap, while one of them occupies her breast, and the other, brooding, awaits his turn (Plates 87, 88, 89). The details of nursing are explicitly developed only in the illustrations, not in the actual narratives where it is taken for granted (Plate 90).

From this phase of domestic life in the Bear's den in the mountains, the narrative proceeds as follows:

The father soon became increasingly sad, as he returned from his daily errands. His wife was too busy with the care of her spirit children, who were growing fast, to be much concerned, until one day their father returned more depressed than usual. "I am not destined to live much longer," he said. "Your brothers are on my tracks; soon they will overtake me and kill me." Each day his gloom grew worse and worse.

Meanwhile the princess's father sent out the eldest son who was known as the foremost hunter. When he had been away for many days, he returned empty-handed, saying, "I have been unable to find Rhpisunt." Again the father consulted his seers (*hallaits*), and all were in agreement that the daughter of the great chief was alive, in the hands of the Bear people.

The next eldest brother was then sent by the father to try and find the lost princess. Taking along the foremost hunters, he went into the valleys on the Skeena right up to the headwaters but found no trace of her. They even went to other tribes and enlisted the aid of the most famous seers to guide them; all agreed that the woman was alive and that she would be found. After the second brother had searched a long while, he also gave up.

The Bear prince always retreated to the cavern when he was hunted. As soon as the search was given up, he was relieved and immediately went out to look for food. He was happy for a time, but his wife did not give up hope of being rescued.

The father of the missing princess now called the third brother. He took his own hunters and searched new hunting-grounds. They were now getting close to the hiding-place, and the Bear prince, who knew just when



63. Grizzly and woman
(head down).



64. Grizzly and woman

each of the brothers set out, would go into hiding again. "They will never find me," he said to his wife, "they will pass by; my powers are great enough." And it was so. Although he came very close, the third brother and his searchers went right by, failing to detect any sign.

Now the princess had another brother who was not as yet a great hunter. This man accompanied others on big hunting trips as he was too young to go alone. Yet he was the favourite brother of the lost princess and had been her companion together with Mæsk.

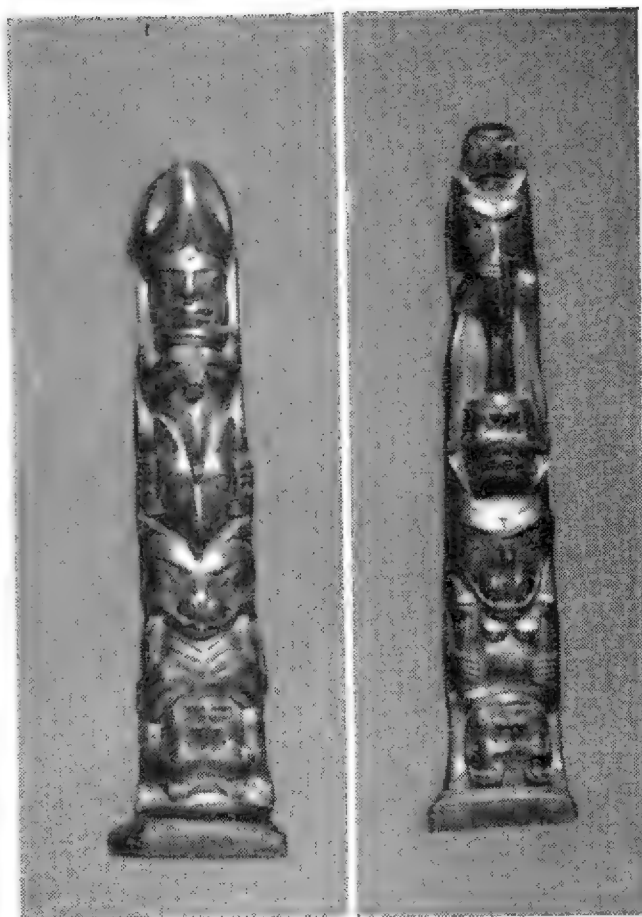
When the third brother failed, the grief of the chief was great. "My daughter is now lost for good," he thought.

It was then the younger brother said, "I will go and find my sister. Together with Mæsk, I will find her."

The older brothers ridiculed the presumption of their puny brother. "How can a child who does not know his way in the mountains unaccompanied find his way? We will have to search for him, should he be lost," they said. But the young brother was insistent, begging his father to permit him to go.

After a while the great chief agreed, "It is well that you should try and find your sister."

The young man, quite pleased, prepared to leave with his sister's dog. "Mæsk, we will find my sister, and you will help me," he said, talking to the animal as if it were human.



67.

68.

Grizzly and woman (head down).



69. Grizzlies and woman. →



70. Grizzly and woman, by Chapman.

When this young man set out, the Bear prince grew sadder than ever. He knew by his supernatural powers that the youngest brother of his wife had now set out, and that he would, with the help of the princess's dog, find her. He himself would be killed by his own brother-in-law. So he said to his wife and their two Bear children, "My brother-in-law has now set out to look for you. With him is your dog Mæsk. It is Mæsk whom all the Bears fear. This time your brother will find you. I will be killed." Again he wept with grief.

The youngest brother was now on his way up Skeena River with many of the best hunters of his father. From the start they followed Mæsk, who by now had scented the princess and was going up the valley where she lived. They

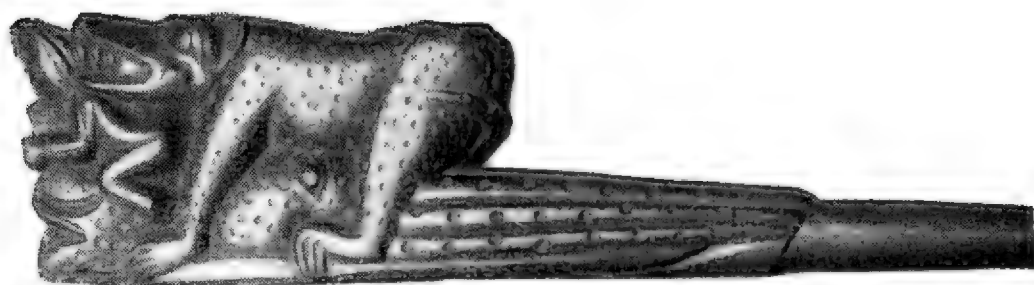
came to the foot of the high mountain where the cave was, and Mæsk kept barking up towards the cave. But the Bear prince had spread devil's club all round, smothering the scent, and again the young brother was on the point of turning away.

Just then the princess looked out from her hiding-place in the cave and, seeing her brother and Mæsk, became very happy. Taking some snow in her hand, she made a ball, and threw it down towards her brother. When the ball of snow rolled down to his feet, the young man saw marks of a human hand upon it. He held it to his dog, Mæsk, to see whether Mæsk would recognize it. He was glad when the dog began to bark furiously. He glanced up and saw something moving away up on the bare hillside (Plates 92, 93).

Here a Skidegate carver picked up the threads of the narrative once more and has left us unique examples of Haida illustration: A hunter thrusts his spear into the heart of the Grizzly, who struggles mightily but is overcome in the end, while the dog Mæsk bites his flanks, the young woman laments in distress, and the Cubs crawl out of the way; one of them, between the legs of the Bear, is impishly winking (Plate 94).

The narrative now concludes with the following: The trail up the rock-slide was almost impassable. After a long climb the young hunter and the dog Mæsk were able to reach the mountain ledge at the entrance to the cave.

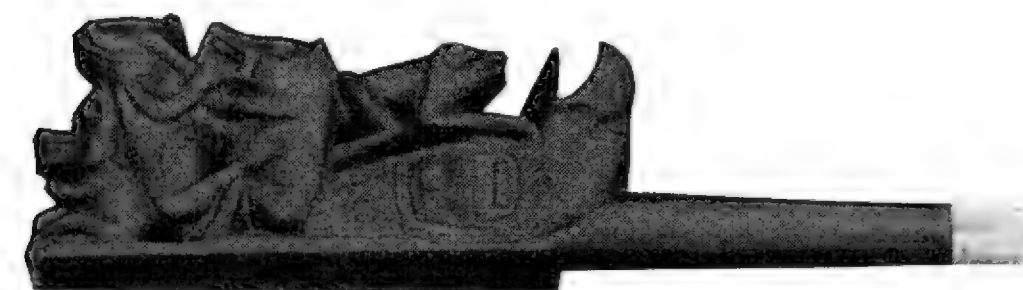
The Bear prince knew that he was to be killed. He came out of the cave and called, "Wait awhile, my brother-in-law! I want first to sing the dirge



71. Grizzly, woman, and Devilfish.



72. Grizzly with the woman (tied to his back).



73. Grizzly face to face with woman.

which I will then pass on to my children. Then I will give my powers to them so that they may become great hunters, the greatest among the people."

The youngest brother, seeing his sister and her two Bear children, did not know what to do, but his sister called out, "Do as he wishes you to do, my brother!"

The Bear prince sang his dirge, took his two Bear children, and pulled off their Bear garments, making them human beings. Then the Bear prince stood up and said to the two children, "You will now become the greatest hunters among your mother's people." He then turned to his brother-in-law, saying, "Now I want you to kill me."

Although the young man was reluctant, the Bear prince insisted. "Come, be quick! Shoot me with your arrow," he said. So the young man drew his bow and shot the Bear prince. The princess, now that her husband was dead, sang a dirge, and taking a knife, she cut off his head. Then she and her brother set off on the return journey to their village.



74.

Grizzly embracing the berry picker.

75.

Her children grew up as human beings and were the most famous hunters among the people. They had received their power from their father.

The remaining argillite illustrations of the Haida mostly show (like the large totem poles on the mainland) Bear Mother holding one or two of her Cubs or children in front of her. At times, one of them appears as human, and the other as animal; or again, one of them rests on her head, and the



76. Woman prostrate with Grizzlies over her.



77A.



77B.

Two Grizzlies and woman.

second sits on her lap or at her feet. No two representations are ever alike, but they stem from the same ageless tradition (Plates 95-115).

The Bear-Mother myth, in spite of its rich local colour and adaptation to Northwest Coast backgrounds, among the tribes from northern Alaska to the strait of Juan de Fuca, plainly betrays its remote Asiatic affiliations (Cf. *Totem Poles*, I: 180-187). This concept is of outstanding cultural import, because of its significance in a folklore growth now covering the globe. This growth embraces such basic motifs as: (1) The mystic union between a spirit or a divinity and a human being for the procreation of offspring, which offspring shares in both the supernatural and natural attributes of its parents, and becomes an intermediary or intercessor between two worlds. (2) The self-sacrifice and the immolation of a supernatural being for the benefit or salvation of a clan, a tribe, or of mankind. (3) The communion or sacrament or partaking reverently, after self-purification, of the sacred flesh of the immolated supernatural being. (4) Atonement, rituals, offerings, and prayers addressed by representatives of human society below to the powers above.

The motif of mystic union between two beings, one supernatural or divine, the other human, and the mystic procreation of a child belonging by nature to both parents, need not be stressed here. It is well known in Asia and has spread beyond forest into tundra, across Bering Strait into North America, during the last stages of prehistory.

The Grizzly Bears who overtook the Tsimshyan berry picker were no common animals, but spirits. They could hear blasphemy at a great distance and were offended by disrespect or impiety. They assumed human form and were mistaken for ordinary men. Then the young woman, unaware, became a spirit and was united to a spirit procreator, to give birth to children that changed form at will, sometimes being bear-like, sometimes human. Her offspring were agents of goodwill between the mighty Grizzly spirits who withhold success in the bear hunt or, if respectfully dealt with, allow themselves to be slaughtered to feed their earthly protégés.

Dr. Hallowell, in his comprehensive review of the evidence widely scattered over the northern parts of Asia and America, mentions that the Laplanders call the slain bear, if a male, "sacred man," and if a female, "sacred virgin." They try to transfer the power and strength of the dead animal to the hunter's household.

The theme of mystic fertilization or immaculate conception is familiar in Asia; it also occurs on the Northwest Coast of America. For instance, the divine Raven at one

time in the creation of this continent, chose to be reborn as an Indian child from the womb of the virgin daughter of an old halibut fisherman of the Queen Charlotte Islands. To accomplish this, he took the form of a salal leaf on a wild berry bush, and was plucked and swallowed by a maiden who became pregnant and gave birth to him who was to discover the fire ball in the lodge of the fisherman and make it into the sun in the sky.

The themes of self-sacrifice and immolation are even more widespread and deeply rooted on at least three continents.

When the Grizzly, in spite of his superior powers, chose to be killed by the Tsimshyan hunters or to be caught in their simple snares set on his mountain trail, he was voluntarily sacrificing himself to the future welfare of the human hunters, his protégés, who were to use him as their clan totem or as a heraldic symbol on their totem poles. The Ensnared Bear on the pole of Arteeh at Kitwanga was crucified, as it were, for the salvation of his chosen clan among the Tsimshyan. But before dying he exacted from the hunters definite atonement and propitiation. Two sacred songs, formulated by himself before his death, were to be repeated reverently over the remains of each bear falling to the spears or snares of his clan confederates.

These are primitive reminiscences of mystic ideas and rituals far more developed among advanced nations in Asia. Of this Dr. Hallowell's study provides many instances.

The Ural-Altaic people of Siberia consider it a sin to pronounce the actual name of the Bear. They call him "grandfather," "beloved uncle," "lord," "worthy old man," "good father." So do other tribes over a wide area. They vary the invocation to "the Master," "Illustrious." The Indo-Europeans add "golden friend of fen and forest".

In Eurasia (Siberia and Northern Europe), the bear festival is the occasion "for a very elaborate socio-religious event . . ." and the "bear ceremonialism reaches its peak in the Amur-Gulf of Tartary region . . ."

"The Lapps cook the bear meat in a specially erected hut, to which the women are not admitted . . . The males stay three days here . . . After



[78. Grizzly embracing woman.



79. Grizzly and woman (thrice repeated).

entering the hut they sing songs of joy and thanks to the animal that allowed them to return to safety.

The Sakhalin Ainus, at the edge of Bering Sea next to Alaska, pray to the spirit of the bear who has sacrificed itself for them: "You will ask God to send us, for the winter, plenty of otters and sables, and for the summer, seals and fish in abundance."

At this stage of development, we reach the threshold of temple, altar, symbolic sacrifice, confession and communion, in a world-wide belief that embraces primitive and civilized man alike, in a sweeping upsurge from daily reality to spiritual idealism and worship.

The second branch of the Bear myth is exclusively Tsimshyan and belongs to the lower Skeena River. It may be described as "The Grizzly Bear slain by Dzaradilaw, the Copper Canoeman," near the sea-coast.

Its narrative comes from Emma Patalas of the Gidest-su tribe. It is significant, as it begins with the usual kidnapping of Rhpisunt, yet soon takes an unexpected tangent all its own. The young captive runs away from her Grizzly husband and manages finally to reach the tidewaters

at the mouth of the Skeena. There she is rescued by Dzaradilaw, a copper craftsman, whose canoe is of yellow metal and who cannot fail to be related to Volcano-Woman or Copper-Woman of the same seacoast. So the two originally independent strands of the Salmon-Eater *adaorh* and the forest tale of the fierce dweller of the mountains are reunited once more, just as Dzelarhons once before was wedded to Ka'it's nephew, and the mythical pair began to weave a common destiny on a virgin continent.

As this exceptional Patalas narrative is still unpublished, it is worth quoting in full.



80. Grizzly and woman (thrice repeated).



81. Grizzly and woman.



82. Grizzly facing the woman.

NARRATIVES

The Young Woman Rhpisunt Who Married a Grizzly Bear, recorded in 1948 by William Beynon from Emma Patalas and Mary Clayton of the Gidestsu tribe (southern Tsimshyan on the sea-coast).

Rhpisunt, a young princess of the lower Skeena River, went berry picking with a number of young women. While she strayed away from the others, a prince of the Grizzly Bears came to her and took her to his father's village, where he kept her. (The old people used to believe that many animals have the power to change themselves into human beings living in towns and retaining their human appearance.) While she was staying in the Grizzly Bear's house, she saw many women who were slowly becoming petrified. The lower part of the bodies of some of them had already turned to rock and they were barely alive.

Just as soon as she arrived there, Mouse-Woman appeared to her and said, "Have you any [goat] fat, any wool?"

Rhpisunt gave the little woman what fat she had. In those days women always carried mountain goat fat with them to be used as cosmetics; many of them wore wool ear ornaments. Now that she had given Mouse-Woman what she wanted, she waited; and soon the little woman touched her and said, "The Grizzly Bears have captured you because your father is too particular and has refused every suitor who wanted to marry you. Now there are things here of which you must be careful. See those half-stone women! They have all been taken like you by the Bears. Because they had no wealth, such as fats or wool, they are allowed to perish. Now when they feed you, do not be afraid to eat everything. But do not eat wild crabapples; they are the eyes of the human beings. If you do, you would die at once. Another thing, they will send you out to gather wood for the fire. When you do, gather it very green or water-soaked. Mind you, never take in dry wood! The man who has brought you here is the prince of the Grizzly Bears under human form."

Next day, the woman's husband went out to the fishing station, just as the Tsimshyan do. There, salmon were gathered and dried. When he was away, Rhpisunt went to talk to some of the women who were slowly turning to stone. One who was just losing the use of her legs, said, "Get away from this place! Escape as soon as you can. The two small women who watch you are your husband's sisters. They will tell him anything you may do and will follow you everywhere. So you must try and do away with them."

The princess Rhpisunt began to plan how to get rid of the two spies. Every day, when she went out for green or wet wood, she also gathered and made packs of some for her two sisters-in-law. The idea she had was to try to tie these two up and then run away to the Skeena River, but how far away she did not know.

One morning, her husband told her that he would be gone two nights. She had been waiting for this. She went out early, and the two sisters-in-law

followed her as usual. She went a long way down the river, and about midday she came upon some wood that was suitable for gathering. She made two packs, one for each of her escorts who sat down while she adjusted their loads on their shoulders. That is how she managed to tie them both to a tree. Then she told them, "Wait here for me while I go down to look and see if I can find any green wood down below. When I return we will go back together." Then she travelled down river, after having climbed over a mountain peak, to find out how far she had yet to go—a long way. She kept on travelling until she heard behind her the raging roar of her Grizzly husband. She climbed a tree, and the Bear passed by. He had lost the scent. Soon he returned and went in another direction. She came down the tree and went on. After travelling all day, she heard her Bear husband coming once more. So she climbed a tree and again fooled him. Unable to find her, the Bear returned and went back to pick up her scent. The young woman came down and travelled on down river. She now walked over another mountain and saw that she had yet another to climb. She kept on going, and every time she heard her Bear husband, she climbed a tree and eluded his pursuit. It always happened the same way. He would go back to pick up her scent.



83. Woman with Raven.

Finally she was able to reach the mouth of the Skeena River and arrive at Inside-the-Great-Sandbar [near the present Haysport]. When she arrived there, she heard her Bear husband coming behind her and looked out onto the water. There she saw a canoe and recognized it. So she called out, "Rescue me Dzaradilaw, and my father will reward you with great wealth." Dzaradilaw ignored her, and she could hear the Bear approaching. Soon he would be in sight. In great fear again she called out, "Rescue me, Dzaradilaw, and you will have great riches!" He would not even look up from where he was fishing. The Bear now had come very close. Rhpisunt, quite desperate, called out, "Help me, Dzaradilaw, and I will marry you!" As soon as she said this, Dzaradilaw, who was in a copper canoe, took his club and touched the canoe. It came to the shore where the woman stood, and she stepped into it.

Dzaradilaw said, "Sit behind me!" She did.

As they were only a short distance from the shore, the Grizzly husband in great anger called out, "Bring my wife back!"

Dzaradilaw paid no attention to him and said to Rhpisunt, "Look into my hair and see if you can find lice there." She began to examine his head and behold, his hair was full of frogs! She began to pick them out, and he said, "Bite them!" Reluctantly she did as she was told, and she was in great fear. Her Grizzly husband had swum out to them and was about to reach out for the canoe to turn it over.

Then Dzaradilaw took his club and said, "Go and chew his neck, and come back!" The club was really alive and had two heads, one at each end. It chewed the throat of the Grizzly Bear, and the pursuer was killed.

Then Dzaradilaw spoke to the woman, saying, "I will take you to my home; it is not far away, at 'Enhlæks (Tide-rip). There my wife awaits me. Pay no attention to her; she is very peculiar. You must never have anything to do with her."

They very quickly reached the cavern where he lived, and when they entered they were greeted by a woman who seemed very happy to see Rhpisunt. "Oh! My sister," she said, "you will stay with us." Then Dzaradilaw unloaded his load of seals, and the [first] wife came down and packed these up without effort.

Then Dzaradilaw said to Rhpisunt, "We will live on this side of the fire, while she will stay on the other. Whenever I am gone, should you hear anything peculiar, hide your head and pay no attention to her, especially when she eats. She is very bad; but if you pay no attention, no harm will befall you.

Next day, Dzaradilaw went out very early, and before leaving he spoke to his first wife, "Be careful and do not harm the princess! For you are treacherous."

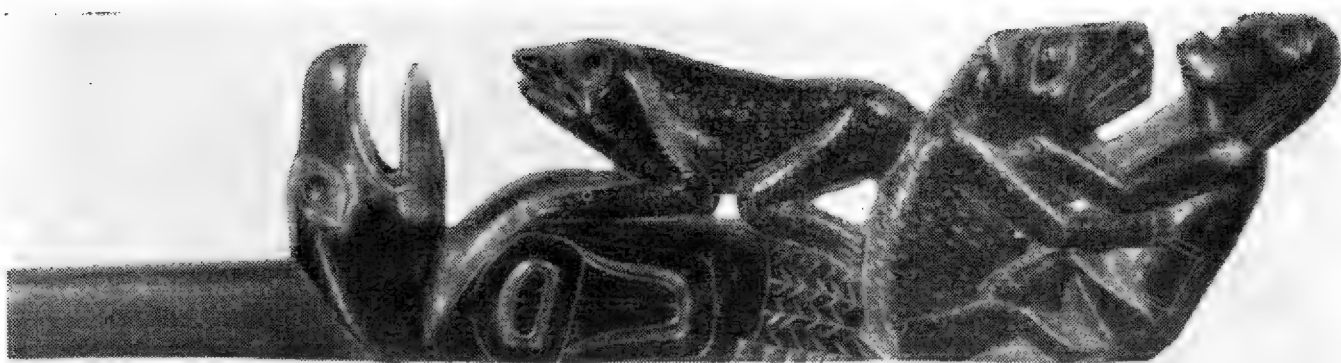
"No, no! Why should I injure my beloved sister?"

Then he went out.

Soon after he had gone, Rhpisunt heard a very heavy crunching noise, as of bones being ground. But remembering the warning of her husband, Rhpisunt would not look out. This kept on for many days, until her curiosity was growing. She did not know that the other woman really was a *ksem'naw-su* (Woman-Wolverine), but she made up her mind that, next day when her husband would be gone, if she heard the crunching noise again, she would look through a hole in her sleeping garments.

Earlier than usual next day, Dzaradilaw went out, and the other wife began to make strange noises. Rhpisunt then looked through the hole she had made in her blanket. Wolverine-Woman rolled back choking, and Rhpisunt fell back dead.

That night as Dzaradilaw landed, Rhpisunt was not on the shore to greet him. Wolverine-Woman instead stood there saying, "Sister sleeps and I would not disturb her."



84. Grizzly facing the woman.

At once Dzaradilaw accused her, "You have brought harm to her, I know you! If you have, then be on the look out."

"Why should I harm one whom I love? My sister is asleep, I tell you, and I would not disturb her."

Dzaradilaw went up and found his new wife dead, and his grief was great. That night, sitting close to his Wolverine wife, he took a new spear and hardened the point [in the fire]. Then pretending to thrust it, he called, "A seal, a seal!" The point flashed past Wolverine-Woman, whom he pretended not to see.

She shouted, "Be careful! You very nearly speared me."

Dzaradilaw kept on sharpening his spear and thrusting it while whispering to himself all the while, "A sea-lion! A sea-lion!" He did this for a long while, and the woman in the end knew that her husband did not mean to do her any harm. So she closed her eyes; and as she did, Dzaradilaw drove his spear through her head and killed her. Then he cut her open, took her heart out, and cut it into four parts,¹ and placed two each side of Rhpisunt's head and two each side of her feet. He began to dance and jump over her body. Then the young woman began to move and soon she was alive again. He kept on singing, "My dear! Here, my dear! Rhwih, rhwih!" (whistling)

He sang this song four times, and when Rhpisunt had come to life, he took the wolverine heart, dried it, and pulverized it. Then he scattered it to all [four] directions. That is why we have wolverines with us today.

Soon Rhpisunt became pregnant, and a son was born to her. Her husband was very happy, and every day he would take the child and stretch it a little, until very shortly it was able to walk about. He trained his son in everything a child should do and also gave him supernatural powers so that he should always be able to overcome any one challenging him. Every day he took him out and said, "I mean to return you and your mother to your own country. You will be the leader there."

When it was time to return Rhpisunt and her son to her people, Dzaradilaw gave his son a big canoe. They landed below a house at Kædu, belonging to Rhpisunt's uncle. There was great happiness when she came in. The chief gave them a part of his house.

¹ The informants here went into a discussion as to why the Tsimshyan always use the figure four. A cleansing fast lasted four days, one day at each corner of the house. When making ablutions, it was always in the direction of the four winds.

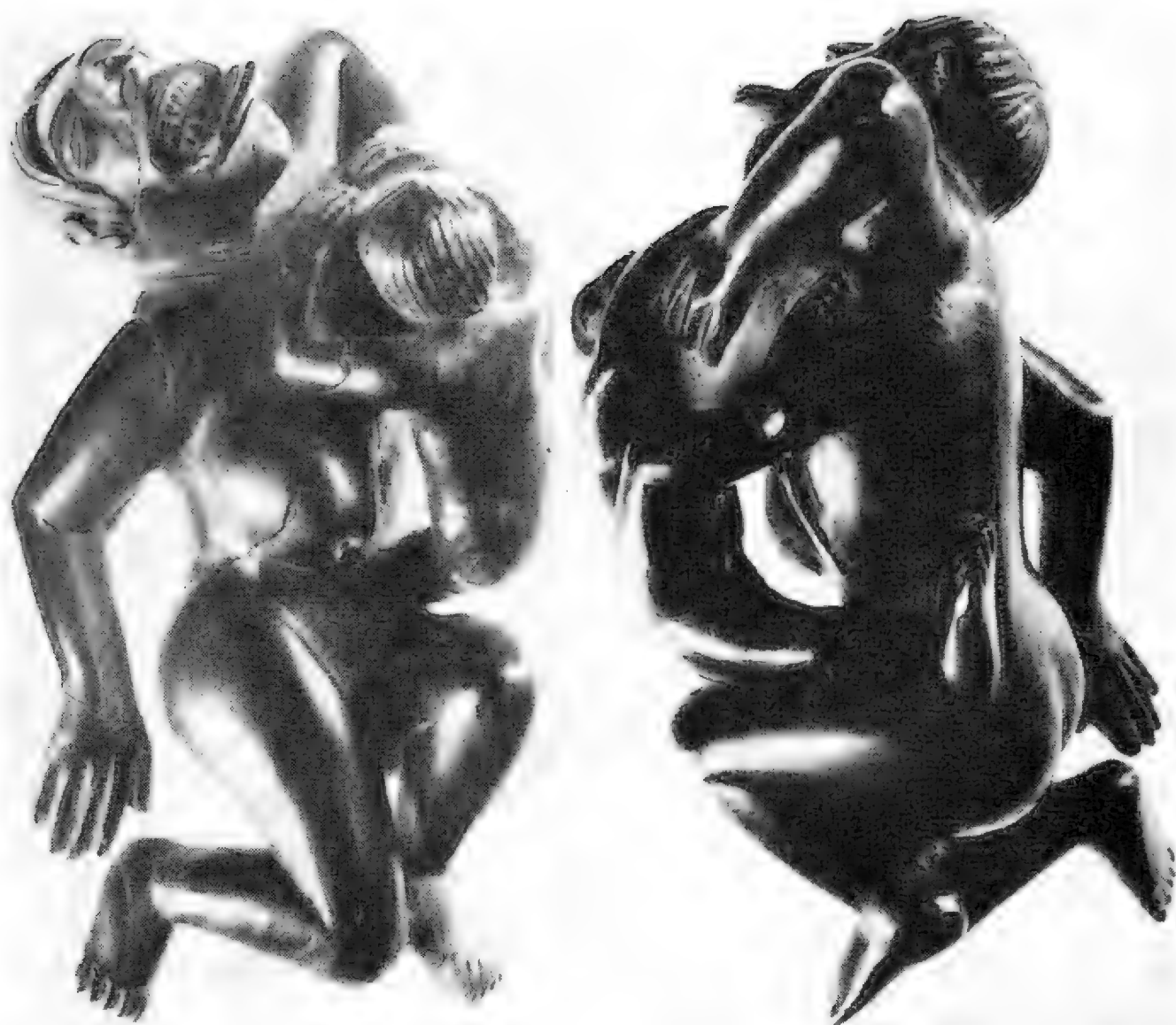


85. Berry picker giving birth to a child.

Every night Rhpisunt's son would cry and make strange noises. This annoyed the chief who reprimanded the mother, and said, "I am going to build a house outside for you and your son, for I cannot sleep. Your son makes too much of a mess where he sleeps."

The young woman, feeling very embarrassed, retired some distance from the village, and there they made a little house of tree branches for her and the child. She made a small bow and arrow for her son, and every day he would go down and shoot birds.

One day while he was there, a very strange bird, quite bright, flew about. The child took his arrow and shot it at the bird. Behold, the bird, as it fell to the ground, was all copper. He picked it up. Next day another bird flew about. He shot it down. This happened several times. Then the child began to make copper shields. He made them until he had a great many of them, also copper bracelets and earrings.



86. Bear Mother suckling cubs.

He now had grown into a young man. One day he said to his mother, "I want to marry my cousin, the daughter of my grandfather.¹ Go and ask my grandfather for her."

The mother feared her uncle would make fun of her; but as her son was very insistent, she went up to her uncle, who was sitting, and she said, "My son has sent me, that you may have pity on him. He wants to marry your daughter."

The great chief, very angry, answered, "Do you think that he is the kind of son-in-law I am looking for. He makes a mess where he sleeps and cries so that no one can sleep. No, I do not want people to laugh at my child."

The woman went out weeping; and when she returned to her son, she told him, "It will be well that you forget her, my son. Your grandfather will never allow you to come into his house."

The young man merely said, "We shall see!" Then he went to the village and waited below his grandfather's house. Soon the young woman came out and he met her. He spoke to her, "Come with me, I have something

¹The term "grandfather," according to Tsimshyan terminology on kinship, means "great-uncle" as well.



87. Four episodes of Grizzly and woman.

to show you." She followed him to his house, and he brought her in. Then he put copper bracelets on her feet and on her arms, saying, "I intend to marry you, if you will stay with me." So the young woman decided to stay with him.

The chief missed his daughter and at once dispatched his slaves to look for her. Finally one came to the young man's house. When he walked in, he was astounded to see so much wealth in copper shields and bracelets there. He gazed at the princess where she lay in the sleeping place of the young man. He saw that she was adorned with copper bracelets and ear ornaments. Then the princess moved her feet over the edge of her couch,



88. Bear Mother suckling Grizzly cub.



89. Bear Mother suckling a cub.

and the slave saw that copper ornaments were on her legs. At once in great haste, the searching slave went back to his chief and said, "I found your daughter with your grandson. She is in the midst of great wealth. All around her stand copper shields, and on her arms and legs are copper bracelets. Great wealth is treasured in your grandson's house."

The chief remained silent. He was at a loss and at the same time ashamed of what he had said in haste about him to his niece Rhipisunt. He called his headman and said, "Go and ask my grandson to come here with his wife, my daughter. I want him to stay with me."

The headman went out and said, "Your father-in-law wishes you to come at once to his house, that he may greet you as befits your rank."

The young man then took the princess, his wife, and they proceeded to her father's house. He took with him many copper shields, one of which was a copper mask. This is the origin of the crest Copper-Face (*mesinem-tsæ*) in the Wolf household of Neeskiyæ of the Gitzarhlæl tribe.

The third branch of the Grizzly-Bear concept constitutes a wholly divergent development, under the name of Grizzly or Wolf-of-the-Sea, a hybrid creation recently developed by the southern Haida on Moresby Island. The cultural ties of these island tribes brought them together with the Tsimshyan of the lower Skeena River and with the Gitrahla of Porcher Island opposite. We will study this expansion later, in the chapter of Wasco or the Strong-Man Su'san.

The Princess captured by the Grizzly Bear. Recorded by William Beynon at Kincolith, Nass River, in 1947. Informant, Agnes Haldane, of the household of Negwa'on, Wolf phratry, at Gitrhadeen.

The people were living on the Nass River at Larh'angyedæ. Here they were catching the sockeye (*mesaw*), as it was the salmon season; and the people were very busy setting and drying it. It was also the time of the year when the salmon-berries were ripening. One day, the princess said to her companions, "We must go up into the hills and pick salmon-berries."

The next day, the young people assembled together and went to a mountainside which was known as Larh'onhlaw (on landslide), near the landing of Where-the-bows-hang-from-the-shore (*wel'uks'yærbhækwatak*), opposite Larh'angyedæ. This was the territory of Negwa'on, chief of the Wolf clan. The women went into the bushes and soon wandered apart from one another, each going to her own bushes where the berries were plentiful.

It was while they were going up into the hills that the princess stepped on a bear's excrement on the trail, and her foot was smeared. This made her very angry, and she said, "The bear that made this was a dirty beast and heedless of where it sits. I, a princess, stepped on it, as if it were the excrement of an important person." She kept harping on this all day whenever she came close to any of her companions, and she would shout angry remarks about the bear. All the while she wandered farther into the bushes searching for salmon-berries. Finally she was a long way from the others; for as soon as they had filled their baskets, they had come down to the canoe. She was far off and still muttering to herself, calling names at the bear.



90. Bear Mother suckling cub, on top of bowl.

After she had filled her basket, she started on the trail down to the shore where the canoe was. She had not gone far when the strap of her basket broke and her berries were spilled. She gathered them up and again started off. She called out, but no one answered. Her companions thought she had gone on, when actually she was all by herself, and they were at the beach waiting for her. When she had refilled her basket she went on and had not gone far when the strap broke once more. Her berries spilled and went all over, and she began to pick these again. After filling the basket she travelled on, and she had not gone far when two handsome young men approached her, and one of them spoke to her, "Princess we were sent to help you. You are having trouble with your pack. Let us take it for you and lead you, so no harm may happen to you."

She did not recognize these men but found them most handsome, especially the man who seemed to be the leader. She failed to note that the trail was not going down to the canoe but away into the mountain. They followed a very good trail, and she went along laughing all the time. Soon they came to a large village. In the centre stood a large house and the leader took the princess to the house, and then he said, "Stay here until I see my father inside."

The young man went in,





92. The berry picker's brothers.

and she heard a loud voice, saying, "Did you find what you went for?"

"Yes, she stands outside."

"Bring her in, that I may see my new daughter-in-law."

Then the young man came out and said, "You will follow me so that my father may see you?"

The young princess followed him and saw a huge man sitting at the rear of the house. Beside him sat a woman with her eyes closed. Everywhere inside bear garments were hanging. Many aged slaves went about as if they were half dead. The great chief called to his son, "Bring my daughter-in-law here that she may sit near me, beside you."

"Come!" he said to the slaves. "Spread mats that my daughter-in-law who visits me may sit down where she belongs."

The slaves laid down mats at the feet of the great chief, and here she and the young man sat down. The chief spoke to his people, and at the same time the princess felt someone pinch her thigh. Looking down at her side, she saw a little old woman who said to her, "Have you any wool or fat? I am Mouse Woman. If you have any wool or fat, I can help you."

The princess took off her wool earrings and the decorations in her hair and gave them to Mouse Woman. After the old woman had received these ornaments, she disappeared. But she was not away very long. She came back to the princess and said to her, "It is the Bear people who have taken you. They were offended by your insults to the Bear, when you stepped on his excrement today. For it was the Bear chief's you stepped in. That is why he was angry. Now do you have any fat? If you have any to give me, I will protect you. The chief's anger is still great."

The princess had mountain-goat fat which she used as a cosmetic on her face. This she gave the little woman who again went away. She returned and warned the princess, "When you go out to relieve yourself, dig a hole and hide your excrement. As soon as you have finished, cover it up; then take a piece of your copper bracelet and put it on top as if this were your excrement. Take no notice of those who will be watching you, but do this

every time. The prince of the Bears is going to take you as his wife, and you must be very careful. You will always be watched wherever you go. All those oldish people who are now slaves have been taken away like you by the Bear people for making fun of the Bears. Some mutilated the bears after they were killed in the hunt. In retaliation the Bear people took them and enslaved them. Many have perished for breaking the taboos of the Bear people."

There was a great deal of activity in the great chief's house, and the princess saw that when any of the Bear people went out they always took their bear garments from where they hung. When they were outside they wore them and walked about as Bears. At one time the princess heard the great chief ask, "Have the messengers gone to invite my friends? I want them all to see my daughter-in-law."

"Yes, the messengers have gone to all the far-away countries," answered one of the Bear men in the house.



Soon the princess wanted to go outside. She arose and went to the bushes where she dug a hole, and into this hole she relieved herself. Then she covered it up; and where she had sat she put on the pile of earth a piece of copper which she broke off one of her bracelets. As soon as she had gone back in to the house, she saw



93. Four episodes of Bear Mother myth.



94. Hunter and dog killing Grizzly.

that she had been watched. Those spying on her then rushed over to where she had sat and found the piece of copper. They were surprised, and one of them said, "She has good reasons to laugh at our own excrement. Look here, hers is copper. She must be a great person, and she is right when she reproves us for our stinking excrement."

They took the copper to the chief of Grizzly Bears¹, who examined it and said, "She was right in poking fun at our excrement. Hers is copper, and she is indeed a narhnok."

The Bear chief's guests who came in were other Bears from distant parts of the country, and the chief spoke. As he did, his wife opened her eyes, and she saw that among these were many human beings. Her own breasts were the heads of human beings, and they were alive and moving about. Bright rays of light came from her eyes.

Then the great chief spoke to his guests, saying, "I am showing you my daughter-in-law, who is with me. You will all know her; and whenever you see her in any danger, you will guard her and protect her. Her children will be my grandchildren. Now I will give the food, much food, which she has brought here with her."

When he finished speaking, there was a great murmur of approval from all the gusts, and large balls of mountain-goat fat were brought out. These had been made from the cosmetic fat she had given to the little Mouse Woman.

From now on she was the actual wife of the Bear prince. Every time she went out to relieve herself, she buried her excrement, and on the pile she placed an ornament. This was taken by others of the house who never failed to come and watch her, to keep her from trying to escape. Whenever these copper ornaments were taken to the chief he would repeat, "She had good reason to ridicule us. Her own excrement is of copper. It is very valuable."

¹ The term "Grizzly" (*medeck*) was used here for the first time in this narrative. Bear (*smah*) was used before.



95. Bear Mother and cubs.

Every day as the members of this household would set out and gather wood, she noticed that they gathered some water-soaked sticks from the bottom of the river, and none tried to get dry sticks. As she could not carry the heavy water-soaked fuel, she picked up dry sticks, brought them in, and threw them on the pile. As soon as they were thrown into the fire, they hissed and extinguished it. The great Bear chief was annoyed and said, "What thoughtless one has brought in dry sticks to extinguish my fire?"

The Mouse Woman came to the princess and said, "You were the cause of it. So never fetch dry wood, only green or water-soaked wood from the bottom of the rivers. That is the best."



96. Bear Mother and cubs.

Not a few of the Bears would go out of the house and never return, and someone

would announce, "Our brother's labret fell out." This meant that he or she had been killed by a hunter.

It was now the season for the Bear tribe to move up to their winter quarters on the hillside, and the young woman knew now that she had become pregnant. The Mouse Woman again came to her and said, "Your village is not far away from here, and you can almost see the smoke from the fires of your father's house. Your people there are still mourning for you. They expect that you will return, and really you may if you watch everything carefully. You cannot easily run away, because the Bear will scent you, and there are too many to escape from. But your own people can find you. I tell you this so that you may not feel discouraged. Always be watchful so as not to miss a chance. Your husband will take you to his winter abode, and there you will bring forth your Bear children."

The little old Mouse Woman disappeared, and some days later the great chief said, "Now let us move once more to our winter abodes and stay there until the snow has gone. Then we will come back to this village."

Next day the Bears all made ready to move, and each informed the others where they were going. The prince said, "I have chosen a new place, a large cave for my children, where it is almost impossible to climb to. It is

over Larh'anhlaw, a slide on the hunting grounds of Negwa'on, a little above Larh'angihlæ.

When the princess did not return with her companions from gathering berries, there was much excitement in the Niskæ chief's village. The next day searchers went out, and every day they kept looking for her until they found her trail by the tracks she had made and where she had dropped her fruit basket. Alongside of her tracks, on each side, were the great footprints of the Bear. The people grew very sad, and the companions remembered how angry she had been when she stepped on the Bear's excrement and continued to scold all day because her foot was in such a mess. They thought, "Surely the princess was killed by the Bear."

The chief's people searched all over the country expecting to recover her body, for they knew that Bears never eat human flesh. An old *hallait* predicted, "She is not dead and will return to us some day, but we must still search for her. She is not far from us."

Every hunter went into the hills and killed many bears, yet they could not find the princess. The Bear people now were very sad, for many of their tribe were killed. This year they moved away earlier than usual for fear of being killed off. The prince of Bears and his wife, who was heavy with child, travelled a long way. He kept saying every day, "It is not far from here, and near your father's village, that we will live this winter."

They came to a steep precipice and above it was a passageway into the mountain. "This is where my winter house is and where we shall stay, and our children shall be born. No one may find us." There was a narrow path on a ledge above the precipice, and along this the prince led his wife very slowly. When they came to the entrance, the prince led the princess into the cavern. They were now safe from any hunter, as no one could get there.





98. Bear Mother and cubs.



99. Bear Mother, cubs, and Thunderbird.



100. Bear Mother and cubs.

Soon the princess gave birth to two Bear cubs. They were bright and grew fast. the father soon began to train them as Bears are wont to do.

At the village the people had not given up hope of finding their princess. Every day hunters would go out searching, and among them were her three older brothers. The youngest brother was the only one who had not as yet gone with the hunters; and as they had come back without finding their sister, their relatives began to give up hope of ever finding her. But the young brother said, "We have not really searched for her as yet, and my dog Mæsk and I may still trace her."

Soon they started out, and one day they arrived right below the spot where the prince of Bears and his wife were living, that is, at the foot of the rockslide. The dog began to

howl wildly. The brother and his dog went back to the village, but he was certain he had stopped near the place where his sister was kept in captivity. His dog's wild howling had given him a warning. So, while he was at home, he prepared himself to climb the steep sides of the mountain.

Every time a group of hunters left the village to search for her, the Bear prince, her husband, knew the time when they set out, and he would take his wife and cubs into the inside part of the cavern. There they remained until he knew by his supernatural powers that they had given up the hunt for the day. And he again felt relieved and confident.

But one day he was down-hearted and would not eat or sleep. He said to his wife, "I know now that I will soon be killed, for your brother and Mæsk, your dog, are about to look for me. Your brother is the one who will kill me.

The young woman was sorry for the father of her cubs, but she was glad to know that her younger brother and her dog Mæsk were searching for her. She decided to watch for him and to help him in his efforts. One day, while looking down from her abode, she saw her brother sitting at the foot of the slide, just below the den of the prince of Bears. Although she was very happy, she could not attract her brother's attention other than by taking a handful of snow, making it very hard, and leaving the imprint of

her hand on the snow. This ball of snow rolled down the side of the mountain and stopped at the young hunter's feet. He picked it up, and seeing the shape of the hand on it, he held it to Mæsk's nose to see if the dog would recognize the scent. When Mæsk smelt the snow, he recognized his mistress's scent and began to howl furiously. The young brother looked up, and he saw something moving at the mouth of the cavern.

The Bear prince now told his wife, "I have not long to live, for my brother-in-law has found me." For a time the princess was moved, as she had begun to love him. Yet she was lonesome for her own people.

The hunter and the dog Mæsk, together with the best hunters who had caught up with them, began to climb to the cavern. When they came close, the Bear prince called his wife, "Let me go into my inner den. They will smoke me out, and I'll be helpless. Do not let them drag my carcass or mutilate me. After they have skinned me, tell them to burn my bones so that I may go on to help my children. At my death they shall take human form and become skilful hunters. Now, before I go to my den, listen as I sing my dirge song. This you must remember and take it to your father. He will use it. My cloak he shall don as his dancing garment. His crest shall be Prince of Bears." Then he went into his den, and there he lay in wait for his brother-in-law who was to kill him.

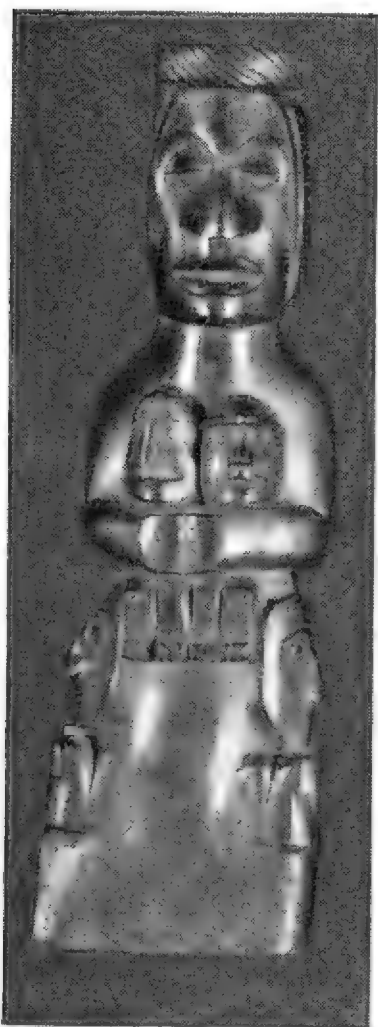
The young brother and his followers, led by Mæsk, arrived, and he saw that his sister had two little children. At first he was very sad, but he made ready to kill her Bear husband.

She said, "No, you must not act hastily but kill my husband with respect. Do not spear him now, but smoke him out of his den. When he comes out, kill him as he directs."

So the young hunter gathered the branches of a large spruce tree and then placed them at the entrance of the inner den and lit them. Soon the Prince of Bears was overcome with smoke. He came out, and standing in front of his brother-in-law, he said, "I will tell you when to kill me. First I will sing my dirge. This you will use after you have killed me. After my



101. Bear Mother and cubs.



102. Mother and twins.

death, my children will provide you with much wealth, for they shall become great hunters."

Then the Bear prince stood in front of his brother-in-law and said, "Come and kill me with your spear, but do not mutilate and drag my body on the ground."

The princess's brother then took his spear, and guided by the Bear prince's hand, he drove the point into his heart.

As soon as the Bear had died, the princess stood up and sang his dirge. Then she said to her brother, "Come, take the body of my children's father down to the village, but do not drag it on the ground. When we have taken it down to the trail, we will skin it and then burn the remains so that he may return to his own people."

The young hunter and his companions carried the dead Bear, and skinned it when they arrived at the trail. When it was done, they set off for their own village. Upon reaching the house of the princess's father they were all happy. The great chief rejoiced at the sight of his two grandchildren, who now had assumed human form; but their way of walking was very awkward as they entered their grandfather's house. They took off their bear robes and were young boys.

The princess related to her father what had happened and said that her Bear husband had given him the Bear garment. The great chief, who was Negwa'on, now called in all his people and had his house-front decorated to represent the young woman's adventure.

As for the twin children, they were always restless. Their mother went to her father and said, "Why do you not erect a pole upon which my children may climb. They are getting out of hand." They were awkward in their walking; and whenever they went out they wore their bear robes. They journeyed with Mæsk into the hills, and the mother would hear the dog howling at the Bear. So the people, on going out, would find a grizzly or a moose or deer. This happened every day, and soon the chief's house was full of food, and he had many skins. He became very wealthy. So he gave another feast, at which he erected a long pole. Upon this his grandchildren climbed, and it was called the "play pole of the Bear." On this pole, the two cub brothers, children of the princess, would climb and, looking away into the distance, call out, "There is the smoke of our grandfather's village, away into the mountains." Whenever they felt lonesome for their father, they stood upon their pole and gazed at the distant smoke.

Every day they travelled into the hills, and soon their grandfather became the wealthiest man in the country. The mother was very proud of her twins and took good care of them. When the grandfather died and



103. Grizzly, woman, and paddler in a canoe.

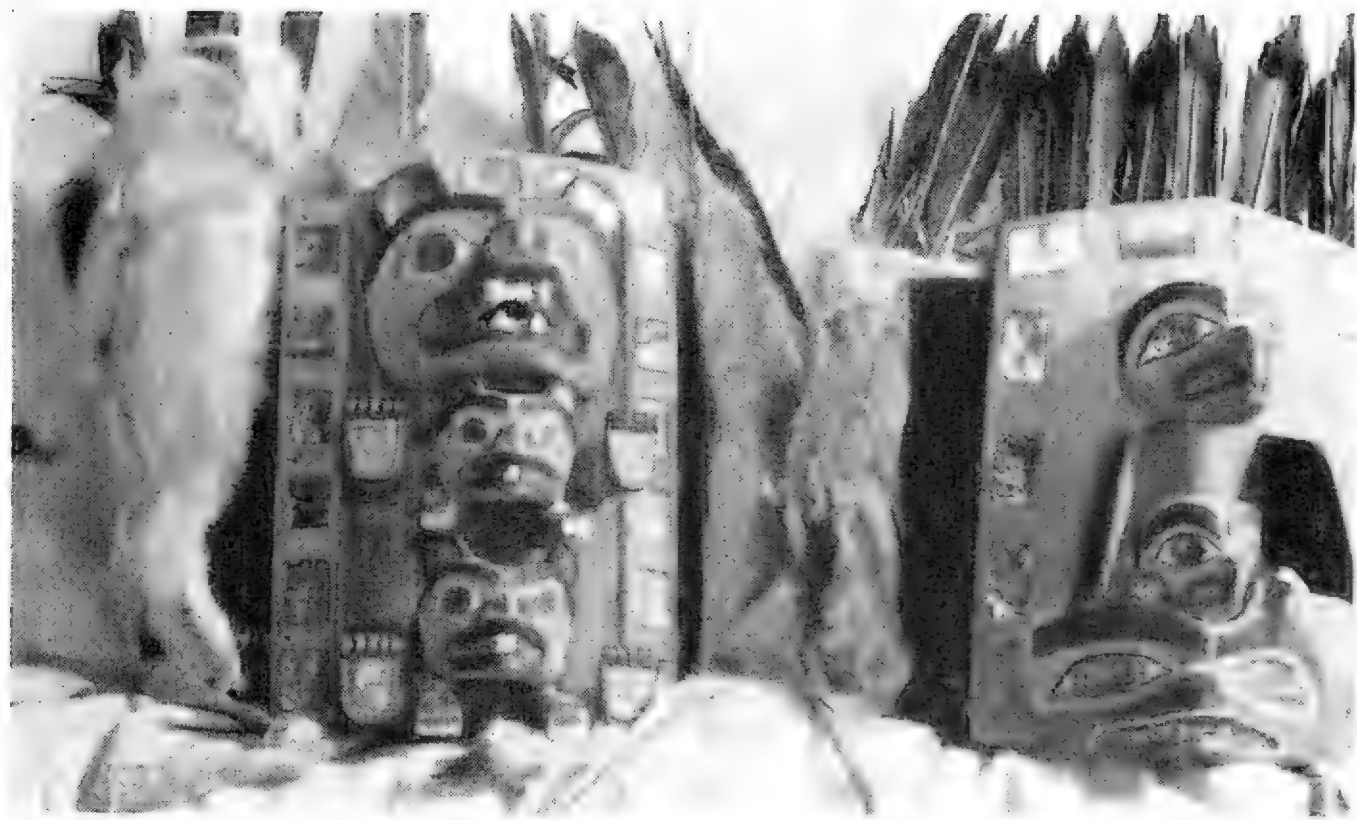
another chief succeeded him, the young brothers took their bear garments and went into the hills, this time without Mæsk. They kept travelling until they reached the village of their grandfather, the great Bear chief. There they stayed forever.

This happened in Negwa'on's territory on the Nass River, and the tradition belongs to the Wolf house of Negwa'on at Larh'angidæ.

The Princess-Picks-Up-Salmonberries, by Herbert Wallace, Kanhada head-chief of the Gitsees tribe of the Tsimshyan at Port Simpson; taken down in English by William Beynon in 1916. This was said by the informant to be the myth (*adaorh*) of origin of the Kanhada clans in general.

A young princess, daughter of a chief of the village of Dzewanhlæhl (later known as Gidzarhlæhl) on the lower Skeena, went with other young women and many other people to pick salmonberries. They travelled up the mountain and then down into a valley known as Dzemtrhalui (Full-of-Alder). After they had arrived on the other side of the valley, the young woman stepped in the dung of a bear and grew very angry. She made many insulting remarks about the bear while she gathered berries, which were plentiful. She and her girl companions filled their boxes (*kalenqurh*) and their baskets until the sun was setting very low. Then they started on the way back home and placed the princess in the centre of their party.

As they were walking along, the basket which she was packing broke from her back and fell to the ground. The other young women of the party helped her to gather up her berries, and they fixed the broken basket. They resumed walking on their way home. But the basket broke away from her and spilled on the ground. Then she told her party to go on ahead of her and to send someone up to carry her basket for her. So most of them went away, and the others stayed to help her gather up her salmonberries and to fix the basket. They again resumed their journey, as it was now



104. Head-dress (left) with Bear Mother and cubs.

getting late, and the sun was almost set. They had nearly reached the foot of the mountain when the basket broke once more. Upon this, she sent the rest of her party down and declared that she would fix it and go on home by herself.

When again she had filled her basket and was on her way down to the village, which was not very far, she saw coming towards her two men finely dressed. She thought they must have been sent from the village to help her. Upon meeting them, one of the young men, a prince, asked her why it was that the basket would keep on breaking. She answered that she did not know and was getting tired.

"We were coming up anyway to help you, when the first of your party arrived at the village. She told us about you and your mishaps, and we came right on," the young prince said to her.

The young man then told his companion to take the fruit basket on his back, which he did. And the princess and the young man lingered behind talking for a little while. Then the young man said, "Come, let us be going, it is getting dark!" And they went on.

When the first of the party arrived at the village and told the people about the princess, they at once sent two helpers. These young men on their way up met the second party and were told that the princess was only a short distance behind. The young men, coming upon the spot where she had dropped her basket, found a large quantity of berries on the ground, but she no longer was there. They called her and hunted everywhere for her, yet could find no trace of her. She was lost.

They gave up searching for her and on their way back to the village detected her footprints between two bear tracks. This observation the two young men communicated to the rest of the village. It then occurred to the people that Bears had joined her, because she had called the Bear bad names when she had stepped in his dung. The conclusion was reached that the young woman had been kidnaped by the Bears.

The princess and the prince (whom she thought was a relative) kept on walking together, while the other young man carried the basket ahead until they arrived at a village which was strange to her. The young man then led her up to his father's house and left her standing outside the door while he went in. The young man's father, who was chief of this village, asked his son if he had brought back the young woman he had gone for; and he replied, "Yes, she is standing outside." The chief sent one of his daughters out to call the stranger.

The daughter went out and said to the young woman, "*Waidzusih suhna dzin*" (Well, sister-in-law, now come in). The berry picker stepped in and was seated at the back of the house.

She sat there without a movement for some time; then someone touched her on the back, and she turned. A little woman standing there whispered to her, "Take your earrings off and throw them into the fire." This she did. But before they had time to burn, the little woman ran to the fire and took them out. Then she [secretly] asked her if she knew who had taken her. She could not tell. So the old woman informed her that the Bears had caught her. "Well, be very careful in everything you do and say. The reason why they have taken you is that you called them bad names when you stepped in their dung while picking berries. Now every time you go out [to relieve yourself], always dig a hole first; and when you have finished, cover it up with dirt. Then take off





106. Bear Mother, cubs, and dog.

your [one of your] copper bracelets and place it on top. I will help you in any way I can and will always keep you well informed. Here you may eat, without fear, the salmon, the crabapples, the salmonberries, and the blackberries which they offer you."

After the chief had prepared a feast, the first thing that she partook of was salmon. Then she ate crabapples and salmonberries and was satisfied. And then she was married to the Bear prince.

The next morning the young prince said to his wife, "You go out and gather some wood for the fire while I will try and get some salmon." This she did in company with her sisters-in-law, who never left her alone but kept watch over her. The young woman came to a very old tree which was rotten and proceeded to knock it down and split it up. They packed the wood on their backs and carried it back to their home and placed their load in a pile similar to those which the other women of the house made.

The young woman's bowels were about to move, so she went out. But one of her sisters-in-law accompanied her. Following the instructions of the little old woman, she dug a hole, and after she had done sitting, she arose, filled the hole with sand, took off one of her bracelets, and placed it on top of the little mound. As soon as she had finished, the sister-in-law lifted the bracelet with a stick and carried it into the house for the people to examine it. After a careful examination, the chief said that he knew now that she had a good reason to fuss over the Bear's dung that she had stepped in. Hers was so much finer than theirs.

At the time when she expected her husband to arrive home, she made a big fire out of the wood which she had gathered; and when her husband came in from fishing, his cloak was wet. He took it off and shook it over the fire. As he did this, the fire was put out. Then the little old woman came and whispered in her ear, "Don't you gather dry wood again. These people never use dry wood but wood that lies under water by the edge of the river. That's the kind they burn."

On the next morning the young woman, in company with her sisters-in-law, went down to the water's edge and gathered wet wood. But very soon she made up her mind to escape, if she had a chance. After being in the house some time, she again prepared for her husband's return, making a fire of this wet wood. After she had done this, her husband entered, again took off his cloak which was wet, and shook it over the fire. Instead of being put out, the fire blazed up brighter, and the husband was very pleased with his wife for the kind of wood that she had gathered.

Then the old woman came to the young princess and told her that tomorrow would be her chance to escape. To do this she must take her two sisters-in-law and tie them to two stumps along the edge of the bank. Then she would run away along the river path which would take her towards the mouth of the river. There she would meet another prince who would be spearing seals.

On the break of day the young woman's husband got up and put on his Bear robe and went up the river to fish for salmon. His wife, as soon as he left, called her sisters-in-law and started off down river for wood. The young women kept on down this path; and although the sisters wanted to gather



107. Grizzly and woman.

the wood close to the house, the young wife would not listen but said she thought the wood was much better farther down stream. So they kept on going until they came to two stumps. There they began to gather wood and pile it against these stumps. When they had gathered enough, the two young sisters-in-law stood up to the stumps so that the young woman could tie on their loads. As they stood like this, the young woman fastened them to the stumps instead, and a short distance away she told them to wait for her until she had tied her own wood upon her back.

As soon as she was out of their sight, she ran as fast as she could down river to escape. The two sisters, finding that they were securely tied, shouted and struggled to get free. One of them managed it, untied her sister, returned to the village, and gave warning that their sister-in-law had run away. When the Bears heard this, they called in the Grizzly Bears and other Bears and started in pursuit.

The young woman had now taken to the hills and was running fast. Upon reaching the top of a mountain¹ she looked down the other side and saw a young man in a canoe spearing seals on a rock². She knew him to be the one that the old woman had told her about. So at once she ran down and came out at a point³ where she shouted to the young man in the canoe, "Take me in your

canoe. Then you may have my father's coppers (*hayætsken*)." But the canoe-man did not reply or move. She shouted again, "Take me in your canoe, and you shall have plenty of decorated boxes (*huhawhlken*)." But he paid no heed whatsoever and kept right on spearing seals. Then she called out again, "Dzaradilaw, take me, and you may marry me!" The Bears now had come very close to her heels.

¹ Above the present Balmoral cannery.

² A little above the place where the Alexander cannery, or the Oxstall River, is situated.

³ This rock is opposite the B.A. cannery at Port Essington.



108. Bear Mother and one cub.



109. Totem pole of Bear Mother and cubs (Nass River).



110. Bear Mother and cubs (Tanu).

When Dzaradilaw heard this, he tapped the canoe with his paddle, and it gave a loud ring. Right away it was at the feet of the young woman. It was made of copper (*meceen*). The princess jumped into the canoe, and the Bears wanted to catch her; but the young man tapped his canoe, and it moved off from the shore. The Bears, assuming human form, asked the canoeman to bring back the woman or else they would kill them both. This Dzaradilaw refused to do and declared that if he went back to shore he

would put them all to death. This threat made the Bears angry, and they changed back to their animal form and started in to swim after the canoe. The canoe did not move; but as soon as the Bears came near, Dzaradilaw took his club (*gaweiya*), a supernatural club with a mouth, and threw it in the water among the Bears. The [magical] club killed them all and then returned to Dzaradilaw.

While the young woman remained seated in the canoe, a lizard (*ksihlk*) came from the direction of Dzaradilaw, but she would not look at it. She looked at her new husband instead and smiled and laughed. As soon as the lizard reached her feet, it disappeared. The canoeman had been putting his wife to a test, just to see whether she would be frightened. He himself was a supernatural being. He then called her to him in the stern of the canoe, and she went to him without fear. He bade her look through his hair (which was very long, as was the custom of those days), to see if she could find any fleas. She looked through his hair and found frogs. She then picked them off and made a noise with her teeth as if she were eating them, but she threw them over her shoulder into the water. This is the reason why there are frogs in the water down to the present day. The man was glad to know that his wife would not get frightened whatever he tried to do.

They then made for the home of Dzaradilaw; and when near it, he turned to her and said, "You are now my wife and I will take good care of you and love you, although I have another wife¹. She is not very good, that is why I am out here gathering seals for her benefit. That is what she wants. Now heed this warning: when you hear her eat, she will make much noise, but you must not look out. You must keep hidden until she has gone out of sight. She is very wicked and has killed all my wives."

Then they arrived at the home of Dzaradilaw. It was on the edge of a lake. When they reached the shore, the first wife came down to meet them. She was pleased with his new wife and made much of her. The husband then spoke to his older wife, saying, "Be careful, don't do the same thing to her as you have done to my former wives, or you will be put to death yourself." The matron promised that she would take good care of the new wife, for she saw no reason to hurt her. The older wife at once prepared food and had a large feast of salmonberries, preserved crabapples, and dried meat.

After the supper, Dzaradilaw and his young wife retired, and the older wife slept by herself. Before the break of day, the young man got up and went out in his canoe, but only after he again had warned his new wife not to look out while the older woman was eating, as she was a wicked spirit who would devour her soul.

Very soon the princess heard a great noise in the corner of the house where her husband had left the seals. She at once knew that it was the other wife making her meal of seals. So she securely wrapped her head and would not look out. When Wolverine Woman had finished her meal of seals, she lit a fire and prepared a meal for her husband. Then she called the younger wife and asked her to eat some of the food which was ready for her. But the princess did not. As soon as the seal hunter arrived on the beach, the older wife went down to meet him. He asked her how his younger

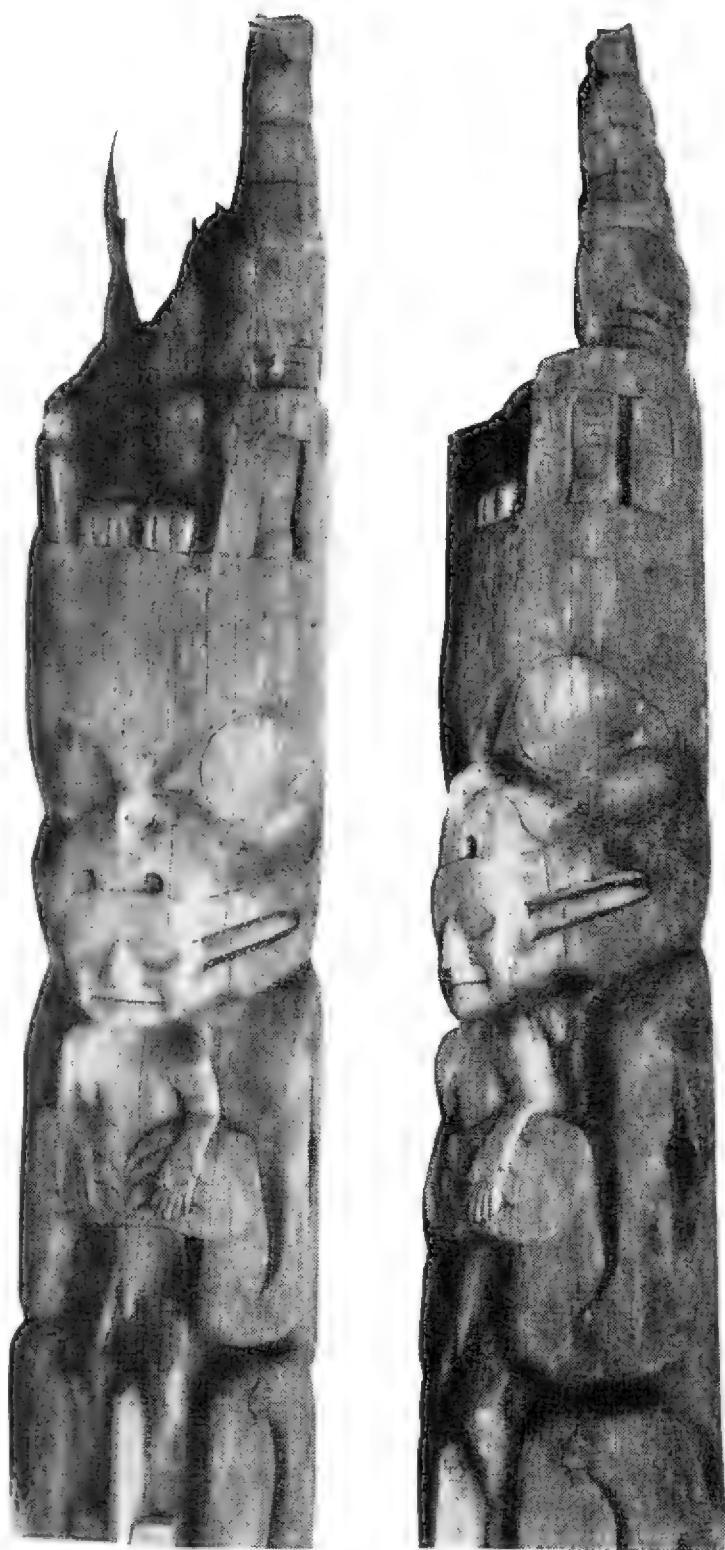
¹ Her name was Wiksemnawsu, Wolverine, according to some informants. Nawsu is an animal like a bear but not so large; its paws are like those of a dog.

wife was. She replied that she had just eaten her food. The young man then walked up to the house, and the older wife began to pack up seals which he had gathered. He embraced his young wife and warned her again to be very careful. Her safety depended on herself.

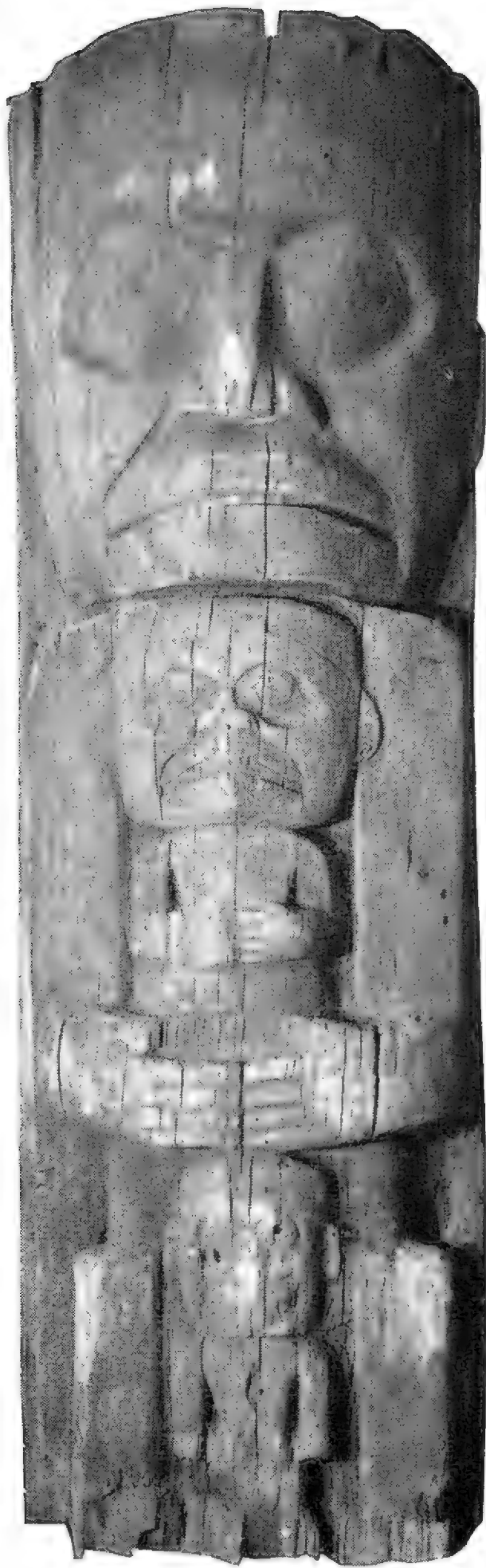
Next morning the young man went out as usual, and he again gave warning to his young wife, who promised to be careful. She dropped off to sleep, and in the middle of her sleep she heard a great noise. She forgot the warning, sprang up, and looked on. The older wife, who was devouring a whole seal, choked, and her mouth was full of bones. She could hardly clear her throat. Then she gave a great roar and reached out with her hand in the direction of the new wife. She took away her soul and ate it. The young woman dropped dead.

Somehow the husband now felt that something had gone wrong. So he came back quickly. The old wife again met him at the shore, and he asked her how his young wife was. She replied that she was still sleeping. He then went up to the house and saw her lying on the couch seemingly asleep. But when he pulled off her robe, he saw that her face was smeared with blood, and she was dead. Dzaradilaw grew very angry, and took his club and threw it

at the older wife. The club bit the woman's head off, and the body and head fell to the ground. But the head again joined the body. The club cut it off again. This was repeated a few times until the young man took out a poison that he had concocted out of the plants called devil's club and skunk cabbage, and rubbed it on the cut made on the body. In that way he destroyed Wolverine Woman. After he had killed her, he opened her body, took out the heart, and went over to his young wife. He waved the heart over her body. After he had waved it four times, the young woman opened her eyes and stood up. She was in good health and soon gave birth to a child, a boy.



111. Bear Mother and cub (southern Haida).



112. Bear Mother and cubs (Kwakiutl).



113. Bear Mother and cubs (Kwakiutl).

The husband bathed the boy and stretched him until he was a good size and able to run about. He taught him how to hunt and shoot the bow and arrow. This the boy learned quickly, for he was like his father, supernatural.

One day, a number of men who were brothers of the former wife came to the house. They brought a large quantity of meat, berries, and other foods for their sister. This they had done every year. They asked for their sister, and Dzaradilaw told them that she had gone to visit them the day before, and he asked them if they had not met her, but they had not. Then he told his wife to take the boy, their son, into the canoe and to sit ready with him, for these men would be very angry when they found out the truth.

The brothers started in to smell around, because they suspected that their sister had died, and they tried to find traces of her. The youngest of them went up to the spot where his sister was buried, and he began to uncover the ground. When Dzaradilaw saw this, he took his magical club, jumped into his canoe, and tapped it with the club. Immediately it shifted into the middle of the stream. The brothers, who had now uncovered the body of their sister, took it out and carried it away into the hills, and they disappeared.

The young man came back to his house and told his wife that he was going to take her and the boy to her own home. He told her to be careful with the boy and not to let him mingle with the people as long as he was growing, but that, after he was full grown, he could mix with them. If he were to do this before the right time, he would lose his supernatural gifts.

Dzaradilaw gathered up a canoe load of food and furs for the use of the young woman and their child when they reached their destination. After he had completed the preparations and the woman and child were seated in the canoe, he tapped it with his club, and the canoe at once landed in front of the village of his wife. When he had finished unloading the canoe on the beach, he vanished and returned to his own home.

The young woman and her son walked up to her father's house and went in. The people in the house were frightened, because they thought that she had become a spirit. They begged her to go away and not to hurt them. Her answer was that she was not really dead. As soon as the people realized that she was alive, they were very glad and made much of her. Her father was pleased with her boy, who was white and very handsome. The daughter told the chief, her father, that she had many things on the beach. These were immediately packed up into the chief's house. The people and chief were proud of the young son, and they made him a prince and were happy.

The mother had not forgotten the warning of the boy's father not to let him mix with the people, that this would make him sick and that he would get the diarrhoea and make a mess wherever he sat. As she could not keep him secluded, it truly happened. He was very messy, and this made the people angry. They now began to have no use for him. Then the chief, tiring of this and finding that the boy was weakening every day, called some of his men together, and they built a house in a little bay¹ not far from the village and filled it with food and wood.

¹ Called Dzembiyæls, to the southeast of the village of Metlakatla.



114. Bear Mother holding cub.

When the house was finished, the mother took her son there, and he at once became well and grew up to a large size. The father had prepared weapons for his son to use, and he had taught him how to shoot. So the boy now took out the slingshot (*qatsa*) thongs, made out of a piece of leather, and he practised in the use of this weapon.

One day just about dark, he saw a large bird in the water, took his slingshot, and struck it. When he hit it, it made a sound as of copper. And there at the water's edge below the house, stood a copper canoe.

The boy became frightened, ran up to the house, and told his mother. She knew what this was and said, "Son, that is your father's canoe."

They went down the beach to see it. It was empty. They pulled it out of the water, broke it up in pieces, and began to make a large number of copper shields (*hayætsk*) out of it, also earrings, bracelets, and a belt. As the

mother and her child were secluded, the people on the other side could hear the hammering of copper every day and wondered what it could mean. The young people of the village made fun of this noise and called over to them. But the mother and son paid no attention and kept right on making coppers and other objects. They laid them alongside the fire and inside of a partition, which was called the *petawhl*¹; and they placed some of these coppers against the walls of the house (*hahlqen*).

One night the son said to his mother, "Go and see my uncle and tell him that I want to marry his daughter."

His mother took a basket and put in the copper belt and bracelets as presents for the girl her son wanted to marry. She went to see the boy's aunt and spoke to her, "Although I'm afraid to come, yet I have done it, for my son sent me; and I bring these presents that I may speak. He wants to marry your daughter." Then she placed the basket² filled with bracelets and the copper belt³ at her feet.

The aunt replied that she would tell her husband and do all she could in the way of helping her son in the fulfilment of his plea. The aunt now went and told her husband about it. The uncle did not know what to reply, as this young man had been made fun of, because he had made such a mess when he was small. The people had not yet forgotten.

So the chief sent one of his slaves to look at the place where the young man now lived and to come back with the news of what he saw. The slave went, looked in, and saw the young man sitting at the rear of the house. He was very bright and handsome, and everything in the house was shining. The young man was surrounded by bright coppers and ornaments. The slave told his master that the young man must be a supernatural being (*narhnorh*), because he was too bright to look upon. The uncle then sent the slave back to call the young man to him.

The slave went back and said to the mother of the young man, "His uncle wants him to come at once and marry his daughter to-night."

The young copper-maker at once went to his uncle's house, married his daughter, and stayed in the house of the uncle. He sent for the copper shields (*hayæstsk*) which he had prepared and gave them to the uncles and the grandfather of his young wife. His mother did likewise, to the aunts and grandfather of the girl. But she gave copper bracelets (*mesheen*) instead of copper shields.



115. Bear Mother and cub.

¹ A partition made at the rear of a house.

² *Pelute* or basket in the shape of a wedge.

³ Called *kan* when it is in the form of a corset, and *belan*, when it is just a belt.



116. Berrypicker and Grizzly.

The father and mother and relatives of the bride now came forward and gave presents to the bride: furs, salmon, grease, and other foods. This is called *lugyin*. Then the father spread a robe over his daughter and son-in-law. This is known as *sæwas*. After this wedding ceremony, the young man now wanted to have a large feast and to call all the people. A canoe was sent to all the villages in the neighbourhood of Metlakatla to bring all the people to the wedding feast.

The guests arrived at the house of the young man's uncle and sat ready. They were feasted by the young man, and during this feast he said to them, "I am now going to take names. My first name will be Nuksayæn¹, the second Hahlqanem-hayætsk. This last was to be his name as a chief. When the feast was over, the people returned to their own homes.

The young man then called some of his new companions, for he wanted to go hunting seals a short distance from Metlakatla. They started on this trip; and, when nearing a rock upon which were seals, he said to his companions, "Lie down in the bottom of the canoe, and don't look out. For you must not see them." So they did, and the young man now opened his box under him and took out the club which his father had given him, also a spear which he had also received from his father. He cast the club (*kawæi*) into the water, and it immediately dashed for the seals, chewed their necks, and killed them on the spot. The club then came back. Then the young hunter said to his companions, "Get up, and gather the seals!" They at once got up and made for the rock, which was covered with dead seals. He added, "We will now go to the beach, build a fire, and clean these seals." So they paddled to the beach and used their fire-sticks.² They made a large fire and started in to clean the seals (*erhle*) by burning all the hair off and scraping the hide. They cut them open and cleaned the inside. While the sun stood in the middle of the sky, they put all their seals into the canoe and started back for the village. The people were surprised to see so many seals, they could hardly believe what they saw.

The young man then handed a seal apiece to each of his companions. He gave ten to his father-in-law and five to each of the uncles and grandfathers of his wife. It was for these people that he had gone hunting. The chief had all these seals cooked³, and he sent a canoe to all the neighbouring villages to come and feast with him.

¹ To-make-a-mess. This was in the nature of a taunt to those who had given him this nickname.

² *Tkyien*, made of very dry red cedar (the heart of red cedar). A flat stick was laid on the ground, and another, a round one, was inserted into the first. The second was then made to revolve on the first. The friction produced the fire.

³ The way of cooking seals or any meat was to dig a hole in the ground and fill it with hot stones. After these had been taken out, moss was placed at the bottom; then the seal or the meat was laid on a new mat of moss and wrapped up in moss; then it was covered with earth. A large fire was built on top and left there until the meat was cooked.

They all arrived and again entered the house of the chief for the feast. He then seated them all round his house and placed before each group large and long wooden platters. In front of each individual was placed a wooden dish. Then the cooked seal was brought out, and the people started in to regale themselves. After eating they went back to their own homes taking with them the remnants of the food (*sawe*).

The young hunter went back for seals with some companions and again filled his canoe. The people were astonished, as the seal is a very hard animal to get. So the news spread to the different villages of the coast that seals could be had any time here from this young man. The people came and bought seal meat from him, paying in furs.

One day, the young man called his mother and said, "Well, mother, you go and buy some mountain goat fat from the other people." The mother did as she was told and took a canoe filled with furs to purchase mountain-goat fat. She bought a canoe load of mountain-goat fat, but she did not know for what purpose her son wanted it.

The time had now come when the Indians would gather up their equipment and start for the Nass River (Kloosems), where they fished the oolachen (*'wah*). This they dried and smoked or boiled down for the oil.¹ The young man went with his people to the Nass River but did not go direct, as is the custom now. They stopped at what now is called Japan Point² and the next day at Larhkayawn (the present Verney Island). They stayed there overnight. The young man hunted seals every day and was always getting many of them. From there they went on their way to the Nass River and stopped at the mouth of Knemas, a river. It was here that the people gathered the red sand from which to make their red paint. They proceeded from this point to the Nass River, and there they stayed at a point called Ahlkusawrhs, a little below the present Fishery Bay. Here they gathered the oolachen and made grease and prepared other foods. After amassing a large quantity of oolachen, they at once piled up enough wood and stones to use in cooking the oolachen to extract the oil. They made boxes in which to cook the fish. Then they made a *yehlk* (a prong of wood to carry hot stones with) and a *gloo* (a spoon with holes in it to take hot stones out of a vessel filled with water or any hot liquid). They planted posts in the ground and erected them as high as one could reach; they made ropes and fastened them crosswise, on which to hang the oolachen to dry in the sun.

After about one moon on the Nass they had finished gathering the fish and making the grease. Dzaradilaw called his people to him and said, "I don't want you people to wait for me. I'm going to give a feast to all the inhabitants under the sea, and you had better go on home now."

He started in to build a house, and while he was building it he saw that the river was getting very dry. So he moved down farther to a point (below the present Millbay) and erected another house. This house, when completed, was tight and completely sealed by the gum of the spruce.

¹ This would be about February or the Indian month of *larhsya*.

² Khemehlku: Place-of-sand-bars—*hu*.



117. Grizzly and woman.

He took his canoe and went to call all the monsters of the deep sea and the rivers. He journeyed south as far as Wetstæ (now Bella Bella) and landed at a place inhabited by a monster. He took out the barbed spear that had been given him by his father and said, "Yaragunosk invites the water." For he had now

assumed the name of his father, Yaragunosk, for these invitations. Then he cast his spear into the water. The spear, being supernatural, would repeat this invitation to the monster.

At each place he would drop down some fat into the water to feed the monsters. He repeated this invitation to all the monsters of the deep that he wanted to have at his feast, and he then went back to the Nass and made ready for his guests. He waited, and on the day of the feast a large number of monsters were seen heading up the Nass River. All of them wore different decorations, some a mother-of-pearl fin, others a shellfish, others with seaweed (*gyaws*), others a white belly (*mokskemben*). Still others were lying or swimming upside down (*sarapgyaw*), and a few were ready to swim into the house (*'ahlashlohk*).¹ These visitors assembled in front of Dzaradilaw's house, and the water rose above the house. They entered and sat round his house. The young man then brought out the fat that his mother had given him, and this he proceeded to distribute to his guests. They feasted on it.

After they had finished eating, the host stood at the rear of the house and spoke to them thus, "I have called you all together to erect a pole to-morrow on this spot." The monsters agreed to this and promised that they would do the work the next evening, not during the day. So the next day, after sunset, they assembled together and began to erect a large stone. Gradually they put it up on end; but when it was almost upright, daylight came, and the monsters could not complete their work. They put another rock against it and left it leaning. Then they scattered to their various homes.

[Note: The rock, still leaning, may be seen to this day, a little below Millbay. The father of the young princess was of the Wolf crest (Larhkibu), and the mother was of the Raven crest (Kanhada). As they belonged to a royal family, the names and crests were adopted by the Kanhada clans. The names adopted from the different decorations of the Blackfish (*'nærhl*) and also the names taken by Dzaradilaw are still preserved by the Kanhada families of the Gitzarhlæhl tribe.]

The name of the myth is The-Princess-Picks-Up-Salmonberries, and the season of its happening was in the Moon-of-the-Humpback-Salmon (in August).

¹ These words because traditional names of chiefs in this household.

Illustrations

52. Panel carved out of argillite. (To the left) Imitation of a figure-head on a sailing ship. (Centre) The two young Grizzlies approaching the berry picker. (Right) The berry picker perplexed or annoyed. (Collected by G. J. H. Keatley in Alaska before 1898. 12½ inches length. Photog. No. 178064).
53. Argillite statuette showing, back to back, the young berry picker and the Grizzly Bear. She is carrying a basket on her back by means of a pack-strap from the shoulders (N.M.C., *Ca.* 6 inches., Photog. Div., J-288).
54. Lid of an argillite box with carvings, by Charley Edensaw; it represents the two young Grizzlies capturing the berry picker. The backgrounds are filled with stylized eyes, ears, wings, feathers, which may allude to the Raven. Fine cross-hatching and a border of grooved godroons (From Aaronson, Vancouver. A curio dealer's collection acquired by the N.M.C., in 1908, VII-B-815. 15" long x 8" wide x ¾" thick. N.M.C., Photog. Div., 77036).
55. The young Grizzlies capturing the berry picker, in an argillite group by Charley Edensaw. (N.M.C., VII-B-751, Dawson Collection, 1885. 5½" high x 10½" long x 2½" wide. N.M.C., Photog. Div., 91167, 91168).
56. The reverse side of No. 55, showing the woman prostrate (two representations of the woman, at two successive moments in the story).
57. The berry picker, prostrate, kidnapped by the young Grizzlies; repeated twice, to right and left. On her head, in one of her figures (repeated four times), she wears a layer hat of distinction (*skil*). In the centre, she is shown holding a cane while walking on the mountain trail. Carved, like Nos. 54, 55, by Charley Edensaw. This is one of his best compositions. The Frog, on one side, shows that the young woman belonged to a Raven-Frog clan (Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago. Photo No. 44246. Catalogue No. 14373: Haida, Skittegettan [actually, Massett]. Collected by Lieut. F. Schwatka, presumably in 1883).
58. The Grizzlies capturing the berry picker. The young woman here is repeated five times, twice at the top, and three times, prostrate. The Bears appear in three figures, two at the top on both sides, and one to the lower left, just over the young woman whose arm is round his paw. The Frog stands for the Raven-Frog crest of the captive. The Mountain-Goat, with a single horn, in the lower centre, is part of the mountain background. The human-like face to the lower right may be of one of the hunters, his hunting club being in the foreground close to his right. This is one of the finest carvings of the best period (Field Museum of Nat. Hist., Chicago. Photo No. 44478. Catalogue No. 14373. Collected by Lieut. F. Schwatka, at Skidegate, presumably in 1883).
59. The berry picker kidnapped by the young Grizzlies, who stand on both sides of her, holding her head down while she is prostrate. (Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. 5" x 5" x 1¼". Obtained in 1916. N.M.C., 10045, 10046).
60. The Grizzly Bear kidnapping the young woman, holding her in his mouth. Twice repeated, once at both ends of the panel. The other stylized figures are in the old style, meaningless: Raven holding a person in his bill, an animal with tongue thrust out, the Eagle, the Thunderbird, etc. This fine old panel belongs to the 1830-1840 period (Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass., No. E-3496).
61. In one of the finest pipe-panel groups of the 1830-1840 period: (Centre) The Bear embraces the Woman and projects his tongue into her mouth. Other stylized figures of the same early period. Collected by Lieut. Charles Wilkes in 1838 in the course of the U.S. Exploring Expedition under his command. U.S. National Museum 2586 (acc. 1867). 15 inches long.
62. The Grizzly Bear with a human body, holding the berry picker who hangs, head down, from his mouth; a bird with a long bill on his back, in a small argillite panel, dating back to about 1870. (Peabody Museum, Harvard University. Rindge Collection, R-178. 14.1 cm. long. N.M.C., 1950, 99-4).

63. The Grizzly Bear with the berry picker hanging upside down from his mouth. On a totem pole which also contains, in the centre, the Raven; and above, Shark-Woman with tongue protruding. A fine Skidegate pole with hollow back (N.M.C., VII-B-750. Collected in 1885 by G. M. Dawson. 21½ inches high. Photog. Div., 77032).
64. The Grizzly Bear, at the base of the pole, holding the young woman upside down in his arms. Frogs emerging from his eyes, to show that the appropriate crest here is the Raven-Frog. (Above) The Whale holding a seal in his mouth. (At the top) A sorcerer with a bone in the septum of his nose, and in regalia—Su'san capturing whales in his trap. Here Su'san has a whale under his feet, and another on his head (Alaska Historical Museum at Juneau; in the collection of Judge Wickersham bought in 1942 but assembled about 1900. 16 inches high).
65. The Grizzly sitting up; the face of the young woman, upside down, between his hind legs; his long tongue bridging the distance between the two faces. (Centre) Bear Mother with the labret of high rank in her lower lip. (Top) Presumably the Raven with the *skil* and two Frogs on his head. A Skidegate (probably Tanu) carving of fine quality, *ca.* 1885 (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16/1156. 11305).
66. The Grizzly (at the base of the pole) holding the young woman upside down, in his teeth and between his forepaws. (Centre) The Thunderbird, and the Whale under his feet. (Next to the top) The Raven holding in his bill the Frog, head down. (Top) The Grizzly Bear. The eyes are of abalone inlay, and the teeth of the Bear and Thunderbird are of whale bone. This looks like George Smith's work, of Skidegate (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16.1/2331. 22713).
67. The Grizzly carrying the young woman away. The animal on his head is the dog Mæsk. (Red). The person at the top is a Greek Orthodox bishop, at the altar, a mitre on his head, and holding up a chalice in his hands. Similar subjects were used in a few northern Haida totem poles in southern Alaska (Cf. *Totem Poles*, I: 406, 407). A very fine carving (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16.1/2330).
68. The Grizzly and the young woman carried away in the usual way. It is interesting to compare this piece with the previous one for their stylistic differences, as they are from the same hands. The upper half contains the Raven holding down his bill, and the human face upside down, a tongue being thrown like a bridge between them, in a traditional way (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16.1/2333).
69. The young berry picker carried away by the Grizzly, as shown in a panel. Here she is shown in three different postures, and the Bear, in two. The figure at the right conveys the posture of the "sacred bull and cow" (Denver Art Museum. 4⅜" high x 5¾" long x 1½" thick. QHe-10-9).
70. The Grizzly and the berry picker in the "sacred bull and cow" position. Over the Bear's head, the Frog crest. By the Massett carver, Isaac Chapman. (Municipal Museum, Prince Rupert. Cunningham Collection. Photo by Arthur Price, N.M.C. 1948, 123-4).
71. The Grizzly and the young woman in the same relationship and position as in No. 70. The Bear, astride the Octopus, the tentacles of which stretched together, all except one at the back of the Bear, form part of the pipe stem (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington. N.M.C., 1950, 115-1).
72. In a pipe group: a man struggling with a woman who, her back to him, is being tied with a rope. A sea mammal captured by a man who holds it by the tail. The Bear curled up on his back. The Raven also on his back, his beak half open. All these form a panel-like pipe stem of argillite, with the tip of the stem of whale bone. Most of the figures here, except for the sea mammal, represent the abduction of the berry picker. The Bear passing the rope around her here has assumed a human appearance. The Raven stands for the usual crest, Raven-Frog (In the photo of Deasy Collection, N.M.C., 46864).
73. Another pipe, almost similar, by the same Skidegate carver. The Bear and the woman face each other in the southern-Asia leg-and-hip sitting position, the right hand of the woman in the Bear's mouth, and the Bear's left in her eye socket. The second Bear, back to back with the woman, props her up. Here the Frog and the Raven,

forming part of the pipe stem, are meant for the clan emblem in full. Their reciprocal position is an allusion to the episode enacted in the other parts of the two pipes. These remarkable illustrations of a myth are from the hands of one of the best Skidegate carvers, perhaps Skaoskeay or David Shakespeare himself (In the photo of Deasy Collection, N.M.C., 46864).

74. The Grizzly embracing the berry picker sideways. She wears a cap on her hair, which flows down. Under her, in the opposite direction, is another representation of the captive, whose features reveal distress. The animal, sitting with its back to the young woman, is Bear Mother with a Cub on her head and the other at her feet, this last wearing a *skil*, as a mark of distinction, on his head. Out of her eyes emerge the symbolic Frogs (McGill Univ. Museums, Montreal. N.M.C., 92048, 92058).
75. (Top) The Thunderbird with curved bill, and a crescent-like decoration around his face, a halo. His human hands rest on his knees, between his folded wings. Beside him the Beaver sits up, with his poplar stick across his lap, and holding the Grizzly's face upwards on his back. And the berry picker sits with her back to the group. (In the bottom picture showing the reverse side) The young woman with a cap on, holds two copper shields, emblems of great wealth, in her arms. The Grizzly keeps the captive down between his knees. Beside him sits the other Bear. This remarkable composition seems to be from the hands of the Skidegate carver Paul Jones (McGill University Museums, Montreal. N.M.C., 92048, 92058).
76. The Grizzly Bear, below, holding the berry picker down. She is apparently in his mouth, facing him, her head hanging back, her eyes closed, her left arm dangling, the right hand clutched in the Bear's left front paw. The bird at the top, wearing a *skil* on his head, is the Thunderbird carrying the Whale in his talons; his back is human-like. The fins of the Whale are placed sideways, and his tail and short dorsal fin rest backwards over his head; the blowhole is on his forehead. The face of the Whale, just above that of the Grizzly, is quite similar. Two symbolic Frogs hang on both sides of the fin, as if out of the Thunderbird's beak. This masterly composition in panel form is the work of Charley Edensaw (N.M.C., 1885. VII-B-748. 12¼ inches high. N.M.C., 88952).
- 77A, B. (On both sides) The Grizzly and the young woman face to face horizontally; the companion Bear astride on his back facing the same way. Back to back another Grizzly sits up by himself, tearing something between his forepaws and his teeth. On the Bear's back, the companion Bear. Over the head of the sitting Bear, the young woman carries the symbolic Frog on her back. Also the work of Charley Edensaw, one of his masterpieces of dramatic and compact illustration (Provincial Museum, Victoria, B.C. 7" x 11" x 2". N.M.C., 73135).
78. A panel showing: (Left) the Grizzly sitting up and holding the young woman facing him in his arms, her legs on his hips. She is sitting on the face and open mouth of another Grizzly. (Right) The Grizzly capturing the berry picker and carrying her, prostrate. (Centre) A medicine-woman, with a skirt, holding a round rattle in her right hand as she sings an incantation. The Bear stands beside her, facing the same way. This fine group is also by Charley Edensaw, to whom the Bear-Mother motive was a favourite. The old carver Gladstone of Skidegate thought, mistakenly, that it was by William Dixon (Denver Art Museum, Q.C.I.-32-P. 6½" high x 8⅜" long x 2¾" thick. Photo from the same institution).
79. A panel, seen here from two sides, shows the Grizzly and the berry picker in three different ways: (Left) The Bear captures the berry picker, holding her legs in his mouth. (Right) The Bear at the top rests his jaws on the head of the young woman, who is sitting up, her back to him. (Lower centre) The Bear and the berry picker sit up face to face, arm in arm, their feet on the ground looking away from each other. The Raven (or the Eagle) sits up under the horizontal Grizzly, facing in the same direction as the young woman to the right. Again, this is an Edensaw masterpiece of dramatic and expressive illustration (In the Arthur Ashton Green private collection, Vancouver, B.C. 5½" high x 9" long x 2" thick. N.M.C., 101992, 101993, 101994).

80. The Grizzly carries the young captive in his arms, in two different representations within the same panel; (1) (Left) She sits, sideways, her head leaning on the right shoulder of her captor, who is sitting up. (2) (Right) She is prostrate in his arms, her head fallen back. (Centre) The young woman, under, is sitting up between the two Bears (This small panel was included in a group of argillite specimens, in a N.M.C., Photo 46864).
81. In a pipe group, the Bear reclines, on his back, on his captive, who is crawling on all fours. (Centre) The Flying-Frog sits up, her back to the Bear, and the berry picker has a *skil* on her head. The young woman appears nude, her head and shoulders thrown back in prostration, her mouth wide open, a *skil* on her head (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington. V. J. Evans Collection, 359118, 113605. N.M.C., 1950: 115-2).
82. A pipe group. The Grizzly courts the young woman and moves towards her. She is sitting, her back to the bowl. A white man's face on the outside of the bowl (Royal Ontario Museum, 39338. N.M.C., 10047, 10048).
83. Panel in which the young woman, with a red-cedar bark cape, faces the Raven as she would the Grizzly in other carvings of the same type, her arms outstretched towards him, her face lifted and her mouth wide open; she wears the labret of high rank. Back to back with the Raven, on the other side, the young woman appears, without her cape and with right arm raised. This again seems to be an Edensaw composition (Provincial Museum, Victoria, B.C., 9 inches high N.M.C., Arthur Price, 1947, 51-6).
84. The Grizzly and the young captive embracing in the Oriental style, her feet on his hips. A similar relationship, as if for unity in composition, is repeated by the Frog and the Raven, along the stem of the pipe. Also the work of Charley Edensaw (In the Hugh Mackay Collection, Winnipeg, ca. 1920. N.M.C., Photog. Div., J. 272).
85. The berry picker, under the form of a woman and of a she-bear (with a reversible representation, a human head at one end and the head of a bear at the other) is giving birth to an offspring by means of a Cæsarean section. The Grizzlies on both sides assist her and keep the incision open. Also the work of Charley Edensaw (Museum Amer. Indian, N.Y. Part of the William M. Fitzhugh Collection: 19/3521. N.M.C., 87220, 87221).
86. Bear Mother, under human form, a labret in her lower lip, and one of the Cubs also as a human, suckling impetuously at her breast, while she is in agony. This famous piece, reproduced here nearly full-size, was collected for the U.S. National Museum by J. G. Swan, in 1883, and stated by him to have been "carved by Skaowskey of Skidegate." Actually (according to Henry Young, a Skidegate craftsman, 75 years old in 1949) it is the work of David Shakespeare whose Haida name was Tsagay. Skaoaoga is the name of the young woman suckling the child represented here (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington. Cat. 73117, 34723, 34724, 34725).
87. Four episodes of Bear Mother: (1) The Bear carrying the prostrate berry picker to his den. (2) Bear Mother under human form with a Cub at her breast. (3) Bear Mother with a Cub in her lap. (4) The young woman in the embrace (sitting posture), feet on hips of her Grizzly husband under human form. This is one of the finest plastic illustrations in argillite of the repertory, by Charley Edensaw. As Alfred Adams, of Massett, put it, "This is a strong story of the Haidas; it is the story of the Stistas People, or the Eagle. Edensaw belonged to it" (Cunningham Coll., Munic. Museum, Prince Rupert. N.M.C., 87389, 87390).
88. Bear Mother under human form, with a Russian-Siberian cap on her head, a heavy cloak around her, long sleeves, a long draped robe or skirt reaching down to her feet, which are like those of a bear, a labret in her lower lip, holding a Bear Cub to her breast. An admirable piece of realistic work in argillite. (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16/AJ 575. Photo from the same institution. Catalogue description No. 575: "Slate carving—Yltadda, mythological woman married to the bear, nursing the young bear. Cf. 317. The myth is known, as far south as Wikeno in Rivers Inlet. The woman was the mother of the Bear gens. Haida").
89. A Bear Cub at his human mother's breast. She wears the labret of high rank in her lower lip. The other Cub is waiting his turn, sulking, his back turned to his mother. Also an outstanding piece of plastic illustration (Mus. Amer. Ind. N.Y. No. 6490. 8 inches high. Found in China, about 1870; but said to have been made by the "Haidas of Alaska". N.M.C., 87213, 87214).

90. Bear Mother under human form feeding a Bear Cub at her breast, as she squats on the lid of round bowl on a high polygonal foot, compass-traced, in the English style. The bowl represents the Grizzly Bear carved in the round, with engraved all-over decoration of composite eyes, ears, fins, and feathers. One of the most important pieces by Charley Edensaw, of Massett, to be compared with his other bowl, without cover, in the Collison Collection of Prince Rupert (In the Sheldon Jackson Museum at Sitka, obtained by the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, in 1888. Photo by William Lewis Paul, Juneau. 15 inches high).
91. A group showing the Grizzly Bear sitting up, holding his human wife across his lap facing sideways, with the two Bear Cubs on all fours, side by side, turned towards their parents. In four separate pieces glued together on a square bevelled base. A striking interpretation of the myth, by Charley Edensaw (Peabody Museum, Harvard University: R/183. In the Rindge Collection, made before 1894. $7\frac{1}{2}''$ x $7''$ x $5\frac{1}{2}''$. N.M.C., 1950: 121-4, 5, 6).
92. The berry picker's brothers sitting up and hunting for their sister, one of them with a bow and arrow of bone, the other with a bone spear. One wears a conical hat with *skil*; the other a medicine-man's crown of grizzly-bear claws. Under them at their feet, facing in opposite directions, back to back like their masters, are their hunting dogs, one of which is Mæsk (Red). Attributed by Luke Watson to Thomas Collison, Skidegate carver (McGill University Museums, Montreal. N.M.C., 92057).
93. A compact group illustrating four episodes: (1) (Centre) The Grizzly carries the prostrate berry picker hanging from his mouth and held up by his front paws. (2) (On one side) The Grizzly lies on his back, holding up the young woman on his four uplifted paws, his face at her feet. (3) (On the opposite side) The human mother holding her equally human child in front of her. (4) (Between her and the Bear) Her brother hunting for her and raising a bone stick (or spear) towards the Bear's den in the mountain where she is. Attributed to Thomas Collison. An outstanding illustration, all in one piece (McGill University Museum, Montreal. N.M.C., 92055).
94. The berry picker's brother thrusting his spear into the heart of the Grizzly-Bear husband, who holds his human wife in his arms while dying. The dog Mæsk (Red) bites the Bear's leg from behind. And the two Cubs, under human form, are seen crawling near the hunter's legs; the one between the legs is winking. The facial expression, the mouths, the eyes, the manner of fixing the hair, all are worth observing, not only from an æsthetic point of view, but also as records of the people's ways (Provincial Museum, Victoria, B.C. No. 248. Collected at Skidegate in 1889. $13''$ x $10''$ x $4''$. N.M.C., 102009, 102010, 102011).
95. A totem pole with, at the base, Bear Mother sitting up and her two Cubs on her arms, with the Frog between her legs raising its head towards the Cubs. Above, the Raven, with the *skil* disks on his head, and a person holding on to it with both hands. An excellent Skidegate carving (Museum of the Amer. Indian, N.Y. 15/4538. 15 inches. In the William M. Fitzhugh Collection. N.M.C., 87217, 87218).
96. Bear Mother sitting erect, holding her twin children, with human faces, between her forepaws. The figure on her head refers to another character in the story, the hunter, or the Bear husband. The unusual style in this totem pole seems to be from the hands of a carver unfamiliar to us (In the Michael Ash private collection, Detroit, Michigan, 1950. $11''$ x $2\frac{3}{4}''$ x $2\frac{1}{2}''$. Purchased from the Hudson's Bay Fur Co., Seattle, Washington. N.M.C., 1950, 210-5).
97. Bear Mother sitting up (at the base of the totem pole) holding her twin Cubs on her lap, the Frog against her knees and raising itself towards the Cubs. Bear Mother's teeth are of dogfish, inlaid. The Raven on her head holds the Frog, head down, in his bill and has a *skil* on his own head. (Top of the pole) The Thunderbird carries the Whale crosswise in his talons. The pole is with hollow back. A splendid carving attributed by Luke Watson to Moses Jones, of Skidegate; and by H. Young, to Louis Collison (Peabody Museum, Harvard University, R/167, in the Rindge Collection, before 1892. $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches high. N.M.C., 1950, 99-1).

98. A totem pole with Bear Mother sitting up and her twin Cubs sideways between her arms. The Beaver also sits up, holding the gnawing stick between his teeth. The Grizzly Bear at the top. From the hands of a Skidegate carver of south-eastern origin, perhaps Tanu, Skedans, or Cumshewa. On the flat back of the pole: eye, claw, and feather designs incised; cross-hatching and parallel grooves (N.M.C., Aaronson Collection, VII-B-801. 11 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches high, flat back. Photog. Div., 88953).
99. Argillite pole with Bear Mother sitting up (at the base) and holding her twin Cubs on her forearms. The Frog between her legs is turned upwards. The Thunderbird holds the Whale crosswise in his talons. The Raven at the top, with frogs issuing from his bill on both sides. The Raven's Son in front of him, with a conical hat surmounted by a *skil* on his head. From the hands of a Skidegate carver (Alaska Historical Library and Museum, Juneau. Acquired in 1942 from the Wickersham Collection in Seattle. 16 inches. Photo N.M.C.).
100. Totem poles with Bear Mother, and the twin Cubs and the Frog, at the base. Sqag-waai and the Whale. (Near the top) The Grizzly Bear holds the young woman head down in his mouth; and the two Cubs, one under human form. By Jim Mackay, of Skidegate, about 1930 (Gordon H. Jolliffe Collection, Queen Charlotte City, Q.C.I. 15 inches. N.M.C., 102070, 102071, 102072).
101. Bear Mother under human form, with a labret in her lower lip, hugging her twin Cubs on her arms; the Grizzly on all fours under her, at the base of the pole. A conical hat surmounted by a *skil*, on the head of Bear Mother. The Eagle at the top. By a Skidegate carver, perhaps George Dixon (Provincial Archives, Victoria. Photo communicated by Mrs. G. H. Seaman, Prince Rupert, 1947).
102. Bear Mother and her twins in her arms, all under human form. Two other human figures sitting on both sides, at the base. This carving, in sober and simple style, is original and different from the others (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y., 16-575).
103. Bear Mother with her two cubs in a dug-out, by Charley Edensaw, of Massett. Here in the form of a human being, sitting at the rear, she holds a decorated crutch paddle in her left hand, and looks sideways. Her cubs are resting backwards in front of her, one is in human form, the other with animal features (Walter C. Waters Collection, Wrangell, Alaska. N.M.C., 87644, 87643).
104. (Left) The Grizzly-Bear head-dress of Shaiks, Wrangell, Alaska, said to have been conquered from Weeshaiks, head-chief of the Ginarhangeek tribe of the Tsimshyan Proper. It shows Bear Mother and her two Cubs. (Right) Thunderbird head-dress (The Axel Rasmussen Collection, in 1939, at Wrangell, Alaska. N.M.C., 87615).
105. On a totem pole. (Base upwards) Bear Mother with her Cubs in her arms, and the Frog turned upwards between her knees. (Centre) Raven with Frog hanging from his bill. The Beaver holding his gnawing stick in his front paws. (Top) The Eagle. Carved by Louis Collison, of Skidegate (In the Michael Ash Collection, Detroit. 13" x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 2". Purchased at the Hudson's Bay Fur Co., of Seattle. N.M.C., 1950, 211-).
106. Panel containing a number of figures crowded in a small space: (Top): (Left) The Grizzly Bear, a large human face presumably representing Bear Mother; and the head of the dog Mæsk (Red), between her head and the Bear's jaw; the two small human heads and faces of the Cubs. (Right) The berry picker with a cape on, her back to the group. (Between) The Thunderbird, the Snake or Dragon head with long snout and curved teeth; two human heads in the Thunderbird's talons. By a Skidegate carver. (Bottom, the reverse side): (Left) The young woman standing in a heavy cloak. (Right) Two Grizzlies; the head of the dog Mæsk; and two small human heads. (Centre left) A large human face—of the young woman,—over the Grizzly's head (Provincial Museum, Victoria. 7" x 11" x 2". N.M.C., 102007, 102008).
107. Pipe with elaborate panel decoration containing: (Top) Bear Mother with a Cub between her arms, and another, under human form, on her head. (Bottom) The Grizzly with the young woman, her head upside down, between his teeth, and a human face on his head. Another Grizzly near the mouth-piece. (Centre) The Eagle holding the bowl between his talons (Bourne Whaling Museum, New Bedford, Mass. 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. N.M.C., 1950: 46-3).

108. Totem pole with Bear Mother and her Cubs, one in front of her, face forward; the other, at the top, on the head of the Raven. A fairly recent Skidegate carving (N.M.C., VII-B-1415, in the D. C. Scott Collection. $7\frac{1}{4}''$ x $1\frac{1}{4}''$. Photog. Div., M-198).
109. Tall wooden totem pole of the Nass River (Tsimshyan), with the Bear Mother repeated twice, with the Cubs, two human, others with animal features. Now at Musée de l'Homme, Paris (N.M.C., 69731, 70689. Cf. *Totem Poles*, I: 228, 229).
110. Bear Mother and her human-like Cubs in a tall wooden totem at Tanu, a southeastern village of the Haida, abandoned about 1880 (N.M.C., 102722, 102723, 102736).
111. A fallen totem pole with Bear Mother holding up a human-like Cub in front of her, at Skedans, a southeastern village of the Haida abandoned about 1880 (N.M.C., 102713, 102718).
- 112, 113. Two house posts of the northern Kwakiutl country in British Columbia, showing Bear Mother under human form, with her human Cubs (The Brooklyn Museum. Photos furnished by this museum).
114. Bear Mother in argillite, as a young woman holding her human Cub in her hands, in front of her, as if teaching him how to walk. She wears a cape in the old style (Amer. Mus. of Nat. Hist., N.Y. $3''$ x $3\frac{1}{2}''$. Photo furnished by the Museum).
115. Bear Mother, in an argillite pole, holding a Cub in front of her, as she sits up. The hole in the frontal pole represents the round ceremonial entrance into the house. The whiskered man, with a *skil* on his head, at the top, may represent the Bear husband under human form. A fairly old piece, ca. 1870 (British Museum, 7685/10).
116. The berry picker and the Grizzly Bear in their first encounter, within a small argillite carving (Roy. Ontario Museum. N.M.C., 100045).
117. Decoration, on an argillite pipe, with a white man's face in front. The Bear-Mother theme serves here as a plastic motive: a Bear and two human beings back to back (N.M.C., Arthur Price, 1947, E-6).

YEHL, THE RAVEN

Long before Frog-Woman had crossed Bering Sea into America and Bear Mother had brought her supernatural offspring into the villages of the Northwest Coast, the world continued in chaos, without light and almost without life, except in the realm of spirits. The Innuït or Eskimo and other prehistoric men, it is true, made their appearance early on the flat face of the earth, but they were to be wiped out almost to the last by a universal cataclysm—the Flood.

According to a tradition recorded by the missionary Petitot (10) among the Eskimos of the Mackenzie River delta “. . . In the spring of the year a storm once blew over the face of the earth. It flattened the lodges of the people along the Arctic sea-coast. Taking flight, the Innuït crowded into their skin boats and, for greater safety, tied them together with sinew. Soon the water rose out of the sea, surged forth all over the earth, and covered its ruins everywhere from sunrise to sunset.

“Dumb with terror, the Innuït drifted helplessly for a long time, as the earth sank farther and farther below the waters. A mighty gale swept the waves over the timbered hills, and the uprooted trees began to float around like dead giants. The people broke into lament after the sea had swallowed everything in sight, even the highest mountains.

“Night came over the waters, and with it bitter cold. Huddled close together in their skin boats, the people shivered and wept. Frost-bitten and famished, they slowly succumbed to death. Many of them fell into the dark sea.

“By daybreak the wind had fallen; the sea had calmed down. The heat returned. Soon it grew so intense that the garments of the people dried up, and the waters fell to a lower level. As the heat of the sun increased, it fell like a sheet of flame upon the survivors exposed in their skin boats. Many were the people who perished on the steaming waters of the Flood.

“Now there was a sorcerer, whose name was Son-of-the-Owl. He whipped the sea with his bow and cried out: ‘Enough, enough! We have suffered enough!’ And casting his earrings into the deep, he repeated, ‘Enough! We have suffered enough!’ The waters simmered down under the blows of his whip. They ran off the mountains and the hillsides, into the rivers and down into the sea. And the sea was as we know it.”

It was then that Yehl, the supernatural Raven of Siberian and Northwestern mythology, began to fly over the desolate wastes. He became a transformer rather than a creator, for in his primeval wanderings through chaos and darkness he chanced upon pre-existing things—animals and a few ghost-like people. His powers were not coupled with absolute wisdom and integrity. He at times lapsed into the role of a jester or a cheat, covering himself with shame and ridicule.

“In the beginning he was like a god,” according to a Haida tale recorded at Massett (11). He called forth things out of nothing, and many of them



118. Blind Halibut Fisherman (by Edensaw)

came to be. Once upon a time he spied Rhausrhana, the old halibut fisherman of the sea-coast. Rhausrhana was sitting by himself in a dug-out canoe, dreamily tending his line in deep waters (Plate 118). The Raven, bent upon playing a trick, wondered what would happen if he dived into the sea and stripped the halibut hook of its devil-fish bait at the end of the long kelp line. He draped his wings around his body, dived to the bottom, and pulled at the hook. The fisherman gave a jerk so sudden that it broke the Raven's bill and pulled it off, leaving the bird at the bottom, stunned and disfigured.

"What is this?" asked the fisherman in the canoe, feeling the hollow bill with his hands and making fun of it. Unable to tell, he had his daughter place it at the end of a stick on the roof of the lodge to be reclaimed by its owner.

Sitting in his canoe under a Mongolian-like conical hat of woven spruce roots, the fisherman is the subject of a unique dish carving by Charley Edensaw, which goes back to about 1904 (in the Collison Collection at Prince Rupert, in 1939). The fisherman in one hand holds up a crutch paddle and, on the other, rests his chin pensively. The carver no doubt had in mind the first surprised motion of the halibut fisherman after the tricky Raven had pulled at the devil-fish bait to annoy him. His realistic illustration of the story, small as it is, is one of his finest pieces for its unusual composition and quality. Strangely enough, his absorbed Haida thinker reminds one somehow of Rodin's large bronze masterpiece, its contemporary, erected in front of the Pantheon in Paris. The meaning of Edensaw's figure is emphasized by the flat stylized engraving covering the dish: it represents the Raven spread out at the bottom of the bay under the canoe.

When the Raven, drenched to the skin, emerged from the muddy waters, he stealthily looked about in the lodge of the fisherman for his bill. Shame-faced, human-like, but with the wings and tail feathers of a bird, he raised his hand to his mouth and thrust his fingers inside. No sooner had he spied his bill at the end of the stick than he leaped for it and tried to put it back where it belonged; instead it dangled from his chin as he took to flight from



119. Raven holding his fallen bill.

the scene of his disgrace (Plates 119, 120). Illustrated mostly in argillite poles, this episode also appears in small detached carvings, for instance in the decoration of tobacco pipes and in a high-relief pole. The Raven is shown stealing a halibut from a fisherman's hook in a "heraldic column" collected for the Jesup Expedition in 1897 and preserved at the American Museum of Natural History, New York (No. 16/544). The Raven with his bill dangling under his chin is also shown on a small wooden pole, beautifully carved, in the Volkerskunde Museum in Berlin, Germany.

The Raven's bill dangling under his chin after he had tried to reset it in its place was not only one of the favourite themes of Edensaw who introduced it but also a favourite of his imitators. They represented the Raven's face in human form with the fingers of one hand inserted in his open mouth. It remains one of old "Captain" Andrew Brown's favourite subjects, perhaps in its present form his own adaptation.

Two of the best representations of the bill under the chin are those at the bottom of an Edensaw totem pole in the Lipsett Collection (Dr. Ryan's part of it) in Vancouver. In this pole, the Raven, with a human face and a bird's wings, holds his bill between his hands, and it droops under his protruding lower lip. This figure, at the foot of a pole, appears immediately under the Raven holding the sun in his bill (Plate 119).

As he roved over the surface of the earth, the Raven encountered sundry inhabitants of the misty spaces. At times he associated with them or he challenged them and reduced them to submission. For instance, he must have met Frog-Woman, although little evidence in tales is left of their association in prehistoric times. In a beautifully carved argillite dish preserved at the National Museum of Canada (Plate 7), Frog-Woman, whose name here is Hlkyakustan, stands in high relief over the Raven whose head, wings, and features in low relief cover the inner surface of the shallow oval.

The roving partnership of the Raven and the Butterfly figures in a few Haida narratives. It is also the theme in a small argillite carving at the



120. The Raven with fallen bill.

National Museum of Canada (Plate 121). The Raven, as a man, rides the clouds, holding his knees with both hands and sitting on the back of the Butterfly. The personality of the Butterfly in the carving is characterized by the small human face on his forehead. Here is a brief episode in the myth, quoted by Dr. J. R. Swanton (12).

Raven and Butterfly came to a large town, where the people offered Raven food, but he was too proud to speak to them directly; and Eagle, who acted as his speaker, deceived them, so as to obtain all of the good food himself, leaving only the burned skins of dried salmon to Raven. After that they came to a chasm; and Raven made Butterfly fall into it by inducing him to cross upon a kelp, which he turned over when Butterfly was part way across. Butterfly was drowned, and Raven ate of his belly all the food he had consumed. Then he came to some crows throwing hair-seal back and forth. He persuaded them to let him play with them, but began to eat the hair-seal, so they stopped . . .

The Raven elsewhere chances upon the Crab on a seashore and seems to be faring the worse for it in single combat, according to a small argillite carving in the Walter C. Waters Collection (Wrangell, Alaska, in 1939. Plate 122).

For countless generations in the folk traditions of eastern Siberia and northwestern America, the adventures of the Raven have always been popular. In our time, it has proved a favourite topic of Haida carvers,

especially in argillite. The Raven keeps appearing in the panels and on the pipes of the "scrimshaw" period of 1825-40, which are preserved at the United States National Museum, Washington (Plate 123, Wilkes Collec-



121. Human Raven on Butterfly.

tion, 1838), and at the British Museum. But it is in the 1870's, with the Edensaws of Massett, that it gained its ascendancy.

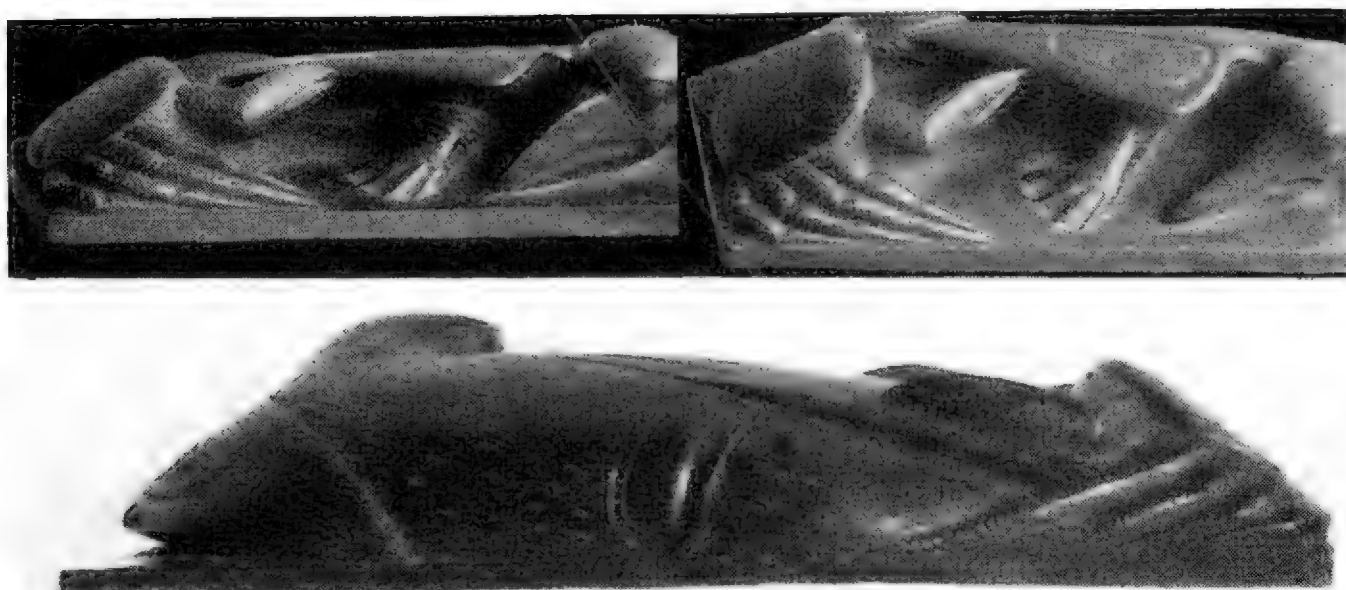
Albert Edward Edensaw made the Raven his own culture hero, and his "famous story" on Yehl the Raven required "two or three days to tell in full, in his big totem-pole house." Who knows but he himself might have contributed something to its contents and quality, for this kind of lore is ever in formation and quite alive. Charley Edensaw, his nephew and successor (1834?-1924), knew this story from childhood; to him it had become a family heritage. Early in life he must have begun to illustrate its episodes by means of argillite (black slate) carvings, for in his repertory it is better represented than any other theme.

Among the episodes of the Raven myth illustrated by Charley Edensaw are—Raven born in the form of a child to the fisherman's daughter;

Raven playing with the ball of light—the Sun—in the lodge; the Raven, as himself, stealing the ball of light and throwing it into the sky; the Raven stealing fresh water in a bucket from the hidden spring of the old chief Kannuk; the Raven drawing mankind out of a clamshell; the Raven taking the Salmon away from its owner Tsing, the Beaver, and carrying away with him the whole Beaver house.

The elder of the Edensaw craftsmen, Albert Edward, had made this ancient tale popular among his people, and his nephew Charley was the first to express it in sculpture. This is remembered by the present-day elders in their tribe—among them Alfred Adams of Massett—who often witnessed the story-telling and the carving. Even without this information we could not fail to notice the lack of illustrations of the Raven myth previous to 1875 or 1880, which was before Charley Edensaw's time. But once initiated, the theme became so popular that it was adopted by his imitators, particularly John Cross of Skidegate and "Captain" Andrew Brown of Massett.

Another episode in the Haida Genesis which Charley Edensaw chose to illustrate was the birth of man on the Islands (13) out of a clamshell.



122. Raven caught by Crab (by Edensaw).

Lonely in the world which was nearly empty, Raven one day moved down to the sandy beach of Rosespit, and there he wandered, forlorn. A fair sound came out of the wet sand at his feet. He saw a bubble, then a clam, half-buried. The clam began to open its valves and out of it came a noise like a sigh. He stooped forward, listening. A small face, the first of its kind, with two round eyes and a tiny slit for a mouth, came out of the shell.

"Whah!" called the Raven, in a whisper, "Whah! Come out!" The tiny face moved out a bit, stretched its neck and looked up, then pulled itself back into its shell. Another voice soon came out of the clam, as the Raven was still listening. "Whah! Come out!" whispered the Creator, beckoning with his first finger, "Come out!" A second little human face, wonder in its eyes, burst forth, and then withdrew from fear.

More voices came out of the half-opened clamshell. Then human faces appeared one by one, in a row. A few had eyes gazing, necks slowly lengthening and unfolding and spreading out; the remainder simply appeared, smiling. And a horde of tiny people—men, women, and children—finally stepped out of the open valves, and spread round the island. The Raven looked on and sang a new song, for he was well pleased with his work. He had brought forth the first people on the island.

Two interpretations of this myth by Charley Edensaw have been found. The first and the earliest Edensaw piece bears the crude inscription "G. J. Salmon 66" inside the lid of a small argillite chest on which it is carved. This name presumably was scratched in by the collector, and the figures "66" refer to the date of purchase. Edensaw was then about thirty years old. In this early use of the story of Creation, the craftsman placed the stylized clamshell in the centre of the composition. Out of its opening at the top, five small human faces, all alike, emerge; and on both sides the Frog and the Bear stand in high relief, one above the other. The Frog or Dzelarhons, here



123. Raven in 1830 stylizations.

and elsewhere, is associated with the Raven. The Bear was the carver's main crest (Plate 124).

Edensaw's second interpretation of the coming of man out of a clamshell dates back to about 1904—nearly forty years later than the first—and the progress of the carver's art in the long interval is obvious. Inside a large oval dish an oblong clam in middle relief is half open, letting a row of nine human faces peep at the world outside. Around the clam in the dish, the profiles of two totems are engraved: the Whale, and Wasko or Sea Wolf who has the head of a whale and the curled tail of a wolf. The clam with its intriguing faces and the smooth engraving around it are conceived and executed with mastery (Plate 125).

The culture hero's craftiness comes into play in the tale of how the Raven first obtained the salmon. According to one version¹, Choo-e-ah, the Raven, was looking for salmon to put into the newly formed rivers after the Flood. He learned that Tsing, the Beaver, kept all his fish to himself and would not readily relinquish it. So Choo-e-ah changed himself into a handsome boy and called at the Beaver's lodge on the lake. When Tsing saw the child outside, he invited him in and let him stay with him for a while. Very soon the boy made himself useful and gained his host's confidence. Whenever he went fishing, the Beaver at first would leave the boy at home and go alone to the fish traps, for he would not divulge where he caught the salmon. But one day, after a good meal of salmon, the boy asked his old host how he managed to get so many nice fat fish. Tsing, feeling flattered, now was willing to tell. It was in a lake and a river in the forest. The boy then begged him for a few fish, if they could be spared. He would take them over to other rivers and lakes. "No!" replied the Beaver. "They are my own, always have been, and I mean to hold on to all of them."

Still under the form of a boy, the Raven decided to bide his own time. So he said no more. But he was more than ever attentive to the wishes of the old chief, who by and by did not mind taking his young helper with him to the lake and the stream, to show him how to raise the traps. He came to consider the boy as an adopted son and would send him by himself to fetch the salmon for the daily meals. The child did very well at this work, and every evening he would take home a better supply of salmon than Tsing himself used to get. The time now had come for the Raven to change back into his winged and feathered self. So he filled his huge mouth with male and

¹ *Totem Poles*, I, p. 339.



124. Mankind coming out of clamshell (by Edensaw).

female salmon and tucked as many as he could in the long feathers of his wings. Then he flew away with his load to the north and planted the fish in pairs in the lakes and the rivers everywhere. In time the fish multiplied and supplied the favourite food to the fisherfolk. After the Raven had done this good deed, he travelled to the sea-coast and made ready to scoop a good supply of oolachen or candlefish and distribute it in the estuary of rivers.

The above episode, since about 1870 or 1880, has proved a favourite theme of Haida carvers in miniature poles in argillite under three or four main forms. First the Beaver is shown, as is usual in Northwest Coast art, sitting erect displaying his long incisors, turning his checkered tail up in front of his fat belly, and holding between his front paws and his knees the little boy whose real identity is suggested by the Raven with his long bill and folded wings just above the Beaver (Plate 127).

In two other argillite poles the Beaver appears at the bottom, chewing a poplar stick while holding its ends with both paws—a frog (usually associated with the Raven), head down, between his knees. Above his head in the centre of the pole, the Raven sits with folded wings and in front of him a young man wearing a necklace of bear claws and a bone insertion in the lobe of his nose; these are marks of high rank. This fine pole may be attributed to William Dixon of Skidegate, an outstanding carver (Plate 128). The second pole, also of high plastic quality, may be from the hands of Charley Edensaw, as the Bear at the top of the shaft indicates; it was Edensaw's hall-mark. Here again the Beaver at the bottom gnaws his stick; over his head sits the young man or the Raven in disguise, watchful, wearing a *skil* hat of distinction. The Raven, with a *skil* head-dress and



125. Mankind coming out of clamshell (by Edensaw).

with two escort frogs issuing from his bill, embraces his other self in the form of a young man (Plate 129).

Two poles by other carvers of Skidegate are of a different design and handling. In one, the Raven appears twice in the upper half of the shaft. At the top, he is of nearly the same size as the two frogs, head down, below him on both sides. Larger in proportion, with a *skil* on his head, he dominates the dome of the Beaver's hut and holds the fabled stone bucket right across his bill. The Beaver, without his usual gnawing-stick, sits erect within his hut which is decorated with a wavy fret pattern around the rim of the cross-section. The large Bear at the base, also sitting up, may again indicate the preferred crest of the maker. The eyes of the Bear and the Raven inset with abalone pearls, and the teeth of the Grizzly with whale-bone show that the carver in the late 1880's belonged to the older generation at Skidegate (Plates 132, 133).

Following the same plan but with somewhat different accessories, the other Beaver-hut pole displays the same two Raven figures on the upper part, the lower Raven holding the stone bucket in his bill. The Beaver sits within his hut just above a cub on the head of Bear Mother who holds the Frog, head down, in her mouth. The geometric or floral engraving on the flat square base mortised or glued on to the pole discloses that the carver belonged to the older generation which was still under the early scrimshaw influence.

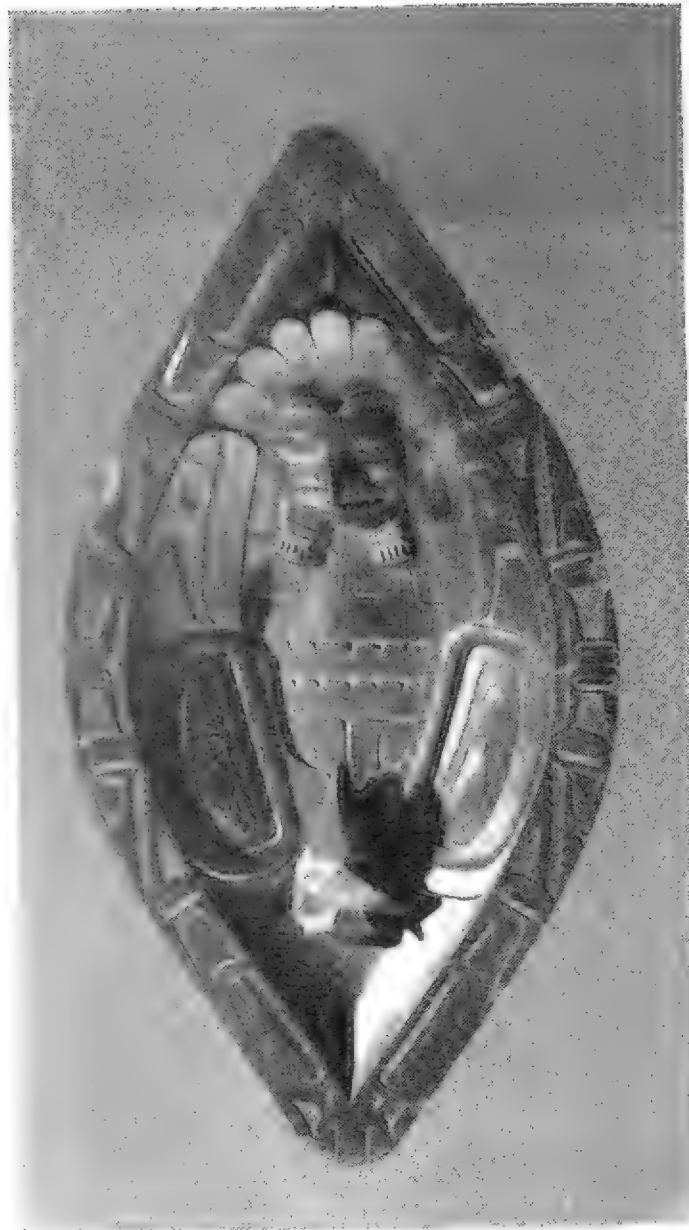
The Raven in the stone bucket incident of the Haida Genesis is illustrated in two argillite totem poles in the collections of the Peabody Museum at Harvard University (Plate 132) and at the American Museum of Natural History, New York (Plate 133). "According to the Massett Haida artist [possibly Edensaw], the Raven is seen here carrying a stone bucket containing water."

The episode of the stone bucket, quoted along with a few others by James Deans in his *Hidery Story of Creation*, and by Dr. Swanton in his *Haida Texts*,¹ illustrates the Raven's trick which enabled him to get fresh water in the earliest days when the water on the earth "was all salt, unfit for use." Having heard that Kannuk, the Wolf, in his house on an island east of Sitka, kept the only spring of water concealed, he decided to look for it. The Raven, whose name in this country was Yehl, paddled his canoe across the channel over to the island and, meeting Kannuk, proceeded with him to his house and asked him for a drink to quench his thirst.

Kannuk drew a bucketful, tendered it to his visitor and soon fell asleep. He was a great sleeper. The Raven drank the contents and jumped up to the smoke hole—some say that he carried away the bucket dangling from his beak (the bucket, in the argillite carvings, is represented as two buckets connected by a shoulder pole for carrying—Chinese-like). But the Raven stuck fast in the smoke hole. When Kannuk awoke, he was angry; and piling up green fir boughs on the fire, he almost choked the thief with the smoke. Though the Raven escaped, he bore traces of the mishap: his feathers had changed from pure white to sooty blackness forever.

As the Raven flew away in distress, drops of fresh water trickled down from his bill or from the bucket. These drops, falling on the mainland, changed to streams and rivers of fresh water. These streams and rivers began to flow in all directions forming mountain creeks and torrents forging through canyons and wide rivers flowing into the sea.

Three poles of a more recent date illustrate a different episode of the same tale of Creation (Plates 134, 135, 136, 137). In the oldest of the three, the Raven in the centre of the shaft holds in his bill a square panel or a scroll. These objects represent the wall of the Beaver hut after it had been torn up, or a lake full of salmon; and they illustrate the following passage recorded and quoted by J. R. Swanton:²



126. The Raven facing Thunderbird.

¹ Deans, James: *Tales from the Totems of the Hydery*. Archives International Folk-Lore Association, vol. 2, Chicago, 1899. John R. Swanton: *Haida Texts and Myths*, Skidegate dialect. Bull. 29, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, 1905. Pp. 115, 116.

² *Loc. cit.* I: 113, 114.



127. Raven with bent bill and folded wings.

"Then they [the Beavers] started home with him, and they came to a house. They made him sit down. One of the men went around behind the screen by a wall passage. After staying away for a while, he came in and his legs were wet. He brought in a salmon with its back just broken. They rubbed white stones against each other to make a fire. Near it they cut the salmon open. They put stones into the fire, roasted the salmon, and when it was cooked, made him sit down in the middle. There they ate it. These were the Beavers... They said to the Raven: 'You had better not go away. Live with us always.'

"When it was near evening, they came home. He was sitting in the place where they had left him. Again one went in, and he again brought out salmon. They steamed it . . . [The next day] He, the Raven, went behind the screen. Lo! A lake lay there. From it a creek flowed away in which was a fish trap. The fish trap was so full that it looked as if someone were shaking it. There was plenty of salmon in it, and in the lake very many small canoes were passing one another . . . Then he pulled out the fish trap, folded it together, and laid it down at the edge of the lake. He rolled it up with the lake and house, put them under his arm, and pulled himself up into a tree that stood close by. They

were not heavy for his arm. He then came down and straightened them out. He lit a fire, ran back quickly, brought out a salmon and cooked it hurriedly. He ate it and put the fire out. Then, sitting beside it, he cried . . . [Once more] he went in and pulled up the fish trap. He flattened it together with the house. After he had laid them down, he rolled the lake up with them and put all into his armpit. . . [Again] he pulled himself up into a tree standing beside the lake.

"After he had sat there for a while, someone came [the Big Beaver]. His house and lake were gone from their usual place. After he had looked

about for them, he glanced up. Lo, the Raven sat there with the Beaver's property. Then he went back, and [two Beavers] came towards him [the Raven]. They went quickly to the tree and began working upon it with their teeth. When the tree began to fall, the Raven flew to another one. When that tree, too, began to fall [because the Beavers were cutting it], the Raven flew off with his burden to another near it. After he had gone ahead of them like this upon many trees, they gave it up and travelled about for a long time. In the end, they found a lake and settled down in it. Then, after the Raven had travelled round inland for a while, he came to a large open place. He unrolled the lake [which he carried folded up under his arm]. There the lake lay. But he did not let the fish trap nor the house go. He kept them to teach the Mainland people and the Queen Charlotte Islands people" [how to use them] [From there the Raven went from place to place, teaching the people how to use fish traps.]

The Beaver at the base of another pole (Plate 134) sits up bending his gnawing-stick between his paws. At the top, the Thunderbird has planted his talons into a diminutive whale. This seems to be the identification mark of a skidegate carver responsible for the work, presumably Louis Collison, in the late 1890's or later.

In one of the short argillite poles (Plate 135), the Raven, at the top, holds up a square panel that represents the Beaver's hut. The boy just under him is an impersonation of his own self, to hide his identity from the Beaver. The Beaver, in the lower half of the pole, holds the gnawing-stick between his paws. This may be the work of a southern Haida carver at Skidegate, possibly from Tanu or Skedans. In another short pole, the Raven holds a roll in his bill, which is the lake rolled up for carrying away (Plate 138).

The rather recent specimen represented in Plate 137 deserves attention because of the number of figures crammed into the exiguous space. The slab or panel which the short-billed Raven holds in his beak is engraved with the significant profile of a salmon; this is one more allusion to the connection between the Beaver hut and the Salmon. The Beaver sits squat at the base, and the Thunderbird presides at the top with his prey, the whale, twice repeated: first crosswise in his talons and very small;



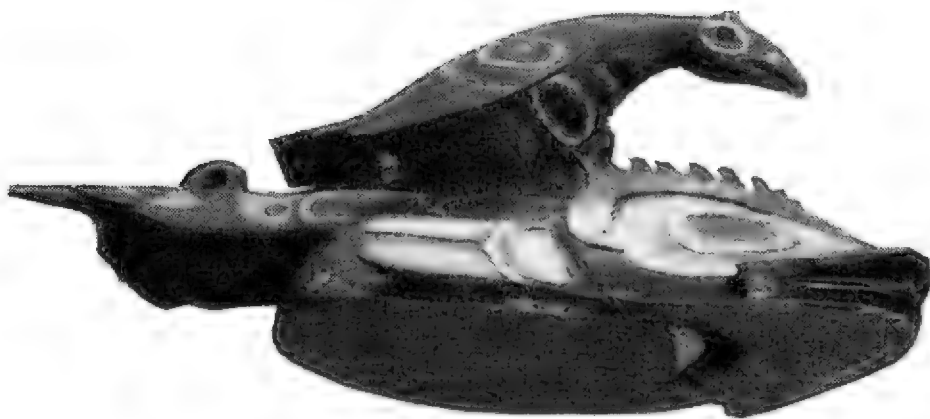
128. Raven and Son.



129. Raven and Son.



130. Salmon on wooden helmet with Raven.



131. Raven helmet with Bullhead.

second, below, quite large and rolled up with its tail coming up to its mouth. The Thunderbird is another signature by the Skidegate carver.

One more Raven-Beaver pole of fine quality and presumably of the mid 1880's, displays the Raven in the centre with the *skil* head decoration, and his escort the Frog, head down. His wings are embellished with a face and feather engraving. The Beaver below holds up his gnawing-stick under his chin, and the human face on his upturned tail may be the boy who intends to trick him out of the salmon in his traps. The figure at the top holding on to the Raven's *skil* is the carver's main crest, the Grizzly (Plate 139).

The leading episode in this early Genesis is the one showing how the Raven stole the Sun or the Moon and cast it into the sky where it has stayed as a luminary ever since. This theme under its plastic form seems to be the invention of Charley Edensaw. As told by "Captain" Andrew Brown of Massett, it may be abbreviated as follows (14):

One day Raven learned that the old fisherman living alone with his daughter at North Island kept a ball of bright light, called the moon, hidden in his lodge by the sea. He craved its possession. In the season when salal berries ripen, he changed himself into a salal leaf and was picked up and swallowed by the fisherman's daughter while she stood in a wild fruit patch. From this leaf, in time, he was born to her as a son, whose complexion was dark and whose nose was long like a bill.

As soon as the child could crawl round the lodge, he began to cry for the moon in the box: "Konk, konk! Moon, moon!" At first his grandfather paid no attention to his whimpering; then he grew tired of it and said to his daughter: "Give my grandson the ball of light."

The young mother opened the large wooden box in the corner of the lodge. In this box was another, which she also opened. She found a third box, a little smaller, inside; after the third, a fourth, a fifth . . . until she reached the tenth. This last was wrapped up in a network of nettle mesh, which she loosened to throw the lid off. A flood of light filled the lodge, and the moon appeared inside, bright and round like a ball.

"Take it," said the young mother to her son, throwing it to him with a deft hand. The child caught it in its first flight through the air, and he



132.

Raven on Beaver lodge.



133.



134. Raven with Beaver lodge in bill.

was happy with it. But he soon began to whimper again, and his whimpering turned to tears and sobs.

His grandfather, who could not bear to hear him, asked his daughter: "What ails my grandson?" The mother explained that the child had still another wish. The roof board over the smoke hole of the lodge had closed out the long, moonless night. The child now wanted this roof board removed. "Throw the smoke hole open for my grandson!"

No sooner had she thrown the smoke hole open to the sky dotted with stars, than the child changed himself into a bird, the Raven. With the moon in its bill—some say under one of its wings—the Raven flew up to the smoke hole, where he paused. A moment after, he threw the moon upwards into the sky vault where it has remained to this day.

This crucial episode of the beginning of the world became a chosen theme for carving both at Skidegate and Massett, and Charley Edensaw made it one of his very best. In a fine pole of grey argillite (Plate 140) collected by J. W. Powell at Skidegate in the late 1870's, we see the Raven, in the centre of the pole, holding in his bill, like a ring in the septum of the nose, a full crescent, the Moon in its last quarter. The Beaver sits at the base in his usual form, and the Grizzly at the summit reflectively looks down at the Frog, upside down, beneath him.

Another pole, also from Skidegate and carved by George Smith (the Wasco monster with several whale-like fins, at the base, is a southern Haida crest) brings forth the Sun theme under two forms (Plate 141). First, the Raven holds up the Sun in his bill; then at the top, a little boy, the Raven in disguise, plays with the ball of fire in the fisherman's lodge. Looking up at the smoke hole, he gets ready to cast into the sky the ball, on which a human face is engraved.

One of the best expressions of the Sun motive is found in Charley Edensaw's tall argillite pole in Plates 146 A, B. It is preserved at the Nation-



all Museum of Canada. In the centre of this splendid piece, the Raven, with folded wings, keeps the Sun in his bill. Just above his head, the young woman who has given birth to a young son—the Raven in disguise—holds her child in her lap. The little boy, twisting himself sideways, clutches the ball of fire in his hands and struggles to free himself. The boy's small figure expresses agitation, his head to one side, his eyes hollow, one shoulder higher than the other, the left hand on the disk lower than the right, and his legs apart. While stylized, this young body is one of the most realistic in all Northwest-Coast art. It portrays passion and action. The mother sits impassively, with her mask-like face and round eyes drawn by compass. Her eyebrows are in stencil form, and she has ribbon-like circular lips around two rows of even teeth, and a wide labret protruding in her lower lip according to the fashion for a chieftainess. The Eagle and the Bear at the top complete this Edensaw masterpiece, and the Beaver serves as a base, while gnawing his broken stick.

In as many as twelve or fifteen poles in all, the Raven keeps the disk or the crescent (sometimes of ivory, inset in argillite) in his bill, allowing its border to protrude on both sides (Plates 147, 148, 149).

In one of his many adventures, not a few of them ludicrous, the Raven met the wife of Rhausrhana, the great halibut fisherman.¹ He had stuck a red robin feather on his head, which drew her attention. She wanted to know how to procure a red feather like this for her own hair. The Raven assured her that, if she really cared, he could easily get many such feathers for her.

¹ *Totem Poles*, I, 343, 344.



136. Raven holding Beaver lodge.



137. Raven with lodge.

She did care. So the Raven and her husband Rhausrhana went out on a robin hunt about the island. When they landed there from the fisherman's canoe, the Raven rushed ahead of the fisherman into the woods, filled his hands with decayed wood, and threw it among the trees, wishing it to change into robins. It did, and the Raven showed the fisherman where he could get the birds. The fisherman went deeper into the bush, while the Raven, leaving the fisherman stranded, hastened back to the canoe and paddled away in it.

He went to the house of the fisherman and turned himself into a man just like the owner. The fisherman's wife believed that her husband had come back and so had no reason to keep him from fishing in his pond. She did not know the difference when she mistook him for her husband, and he tarried there longer than he should have. When the

fisherman finally managed to return home, he had his servant block the smoke hole of his house to keep the interloper from escaping.

The Raven, as soon as he saw that he was caught, changed back into his own self, and started to fly about the house but was unable to find a way out; every aperture was closed. The fisherman struck him down with a club, pounded him to a pulp, and dragged his carcass round the house for a while. Then he pulled it outside and dumped it into the square hole (called *kwanhikage*) close by, where the people eased themselves. There he was seemingly dead and finished. Later, when the wife came and squatted there, the Raven spoke out and said, "*Tahlutuan gusudika sqit qadeldil,*" which was a dirty insulting remark.

Informed of it, Rhausrhana fished him out and pounded him on the block once more. Bent upon getting rid of his remains for sure, he threw him as far as he could into the salt sea. The Raven, apparently dead, drifted about for a time.

A band of Haida, coming back home in a dug-out canoe, saw something floating on the surface. One of them remarked, "I wonder why Nangki-lashlinga happens to be like this!" Aware who it was, they mistook him for dead and were going by. Being supernatural, he revived and raised his



138. Raven with lodge rolled up.

head, shouting, "Tsikeo! It is because of a woman I am adrift." They left him there, unwilling to meddle.

Then he wished that the Whale would come along and swallow him. And the Whale actually did. Once inside he tortured the monster until in a frenzy it stranded itself on the shore near a number of Haida. Pleased with their catch, they began to cut it up and eat some of its fat. As they tore a hole into its side, they were startled. The Raven burst out of it, and flew away. What did he shout but another profanity: "Qaqaqaqae!"

From there he flew to the village of these Haida. At its edge he changed himself into an old man and walked to the shore where the men were still busy cutting up the whale. He could hear them, as they were still talking about the foul bird that had slipped between their hands and escaped. He said to them, "I have now changed into an old man, but I am always the same. You know me now, I am bent on destroying you unless you clear out of this place." Frightened, the whole tribe took to their heels and abandoned their village with all its food and supplies to the great trickster . . .

Skidegate carvers, to whom this tale was familiar, tried their hand at it, first in the round on an argillite pole and then in an engraving within an oval dish. In the dish (Plate 150) the profile of the Raven is outlined sideways inside the body of the Whale; a second whale, much smaller, swims close by.

A stubby argillite pole by a master carver of Tanu, whose signatures are Beaver and Bear at base and top, respectively, represents the Raven upside down within the body of the whale, which is bent forward, its tail jutting out of its own mouth (Plate 152). In a miniature house portal also of the southeast but from different hands (Plate 151), the Raven stands above the Whale, or perhaps on its back. The tail of the Whale is spread out at the top of the shaft.

Just like the whale gulping down Jonah, another tale features the supernatural Halibut swallowing the great Raven in the following story quoted by Joyce:¹

Although the Raven Yehl had been the creator of all things, yet in after times he often had great trouble in procuring enough to satisfy his personal wants and



139. Raven with Frog.

¹ *Totem Poles*, I: 307, 308.



140. Raven holding crescent.

frequently had to go hungry. On one of these occasions he imitated a friend of his, a famous wizard, who was able to swim in the sea like a fish. He dived into the sea and swam deep down until he reached the neighbourhood of a large village where the inhabitants were fishing for halibut.

Keeping himself well out of sight, Yehl commenced helping himself to the fish on the hooks as fast as they were caught. The fishermen became troubled at the constant loss, not only of their fish but also of their hooks, which were of the ordinary type used for halibut. At last one of them determined to try a hook of another shape, consisting of a straight wooden shank with a bone barb on each side . . . It was baited with a piece of the arm of a devil-fish and let down with a stone sinker.

Soon there came a strong bite. When the line was pulled, great resistance was experienced, and the line was dragged hither and thither for a long time. Several other fishermen joined in and by their united efforts dragged the hook up as far as the bottom of the canoe but no farther, since Yehl (for it was he who had been caught) was holding tight to the sea bed with his claws. Suddenly the line slackened, and the men fell back. When they pulled it in, they found on the hook the upper part of the Raven's beak, but none of them could guess what it was.

Later, when the fishermen were sitting together, Yehl, taking human shape, entered the house and seated himself among the wise men, taking care, however, to conceal the lower part of his face. Trying to speak, all he could say was 'Kaguskunt', a word which is mere gibberish. Pretending not to know what the piece of beak was, he induced the wise men to let him have it and, keeping firm hold of it, replaced it. Directly it fitted, he flew away through the smoke hole in the roof, and went to another village. Later, however, he again became hungry, so he concealed his nose, which had not yet healed, and once more took the shape of a man. Then, armed with the chief's staff (*tuskexiekina*), he sat down among the head men and ate with them and proved his wisdom by his talk.

Following this episode (of which a variant was given at the beginning of the chapter), the Raven went back to the seashore and was swallowed by the supernatural Halibut. He managed to choke the Halibut from inside, in order to skin it. He used the skin as an armour in fantastic adventures that took him about the southern part of the Queen Charlotte Islands. This story was taken from the homeric prowess of Qaqwaai, a young hero who, with the protection of a magical Halibut skin, fought and destroyed southern monsters, among them the gigantic Crab of the Skidegate channel.¹

¹ *Totem Poles*, I: 315, 317.



141. Raven holding Sun.

In an oval plate at the United States National Museum, Washington, D.C. (Plate 153), the Raven, carved in high relief, lies in the Halibut. This treatment of the Raven-Halibut theme is repeated several times in miniature totem pole carvings, all of them by Skidegate craftsmen (Plates 154, 155, 156).

In one of these poles (Plate 155), the head and claws of the Raven jut out of the flat Halibut, which dangles from the bill of a large Raven. The Eagle sits nobly at the top of the shaft, and at the base the Grizzly Bear holds the berry picker in his mouth. In another pole (Plate 154) the Raven's head in relief follows the outline of the Halibut between the Whale and the Beaver, which are at the base and at the top of the shaft, respectively.

Another pole, attributed to Thomas Moody of Tanu (Plate 156), shows the Raven, his wings folded on the Halibut, hanging from the hands of Weeping-Woman or the ancestress Dzelarhons, who is known as the Mother of Stone or Crystal Ribs. The Eagle sits above, and Bear Mother at the base hugs her two cubs.

The days when Edensaw and his elders or contemporaries were carving the Raven in his various guises and Bear Mother are not far removed from our time. Edensaw died, a very old man, as late as 1924, and his best work dates back from 1875 to 1910. Skaoskeay or David Shakespeare of Skidegate seems to have produced his famous Bear Mother about 1883, when it was collected by J. G. Swan for the United States National Museum in Washington. Many Skidegate and Massett craftsmen have carved

argillite for years with such industry and genius that seamen, explorers, traders, missionaries, Indian agents, and museum men, right along, have amassed and treasured a large number of specimens now forming part of the museum and private collections of America and Europe. Among the best and largest collections are those of the National Museum of Canada, the United States National Museum in Washington, the Museum of the American Indian in New York, and the collection of the British Museum in London.



142. Raven carved into wooden helmet.

The earliest argillite carvings, going back to 1825 and 1835 or so, are of realistic and imitative types. The mixture of early themes, mostly derived from foreign lands, China or Europe, endured through the first two generations of argillite carvers—from 1830 to 1860. In the 1850's and 1860's, we still find the worker preferably seeking their inspiration in imported models. The carving of elaborate pipes with white men's faces on the bowl, of canoes filled with paddlers, of small ships with sailors, of boxes with figures on the cover and the sides, of flutes, of cups and plates with floral patterns, godroons, and rope designs, bone or abalone inlays, went on for many years providing the trade with familiar objects in the scrimshaw style.

The best and most productive of all native artists in the argillite medium—George Smith, George Dixon, Tom Price, Charley Edensaw, and Isaac Chapman—drew their inspiration from twin sources at their disposal. The first was from nature, as they could observe it in their islands. It provided them with figures of chiefs in regalia—men and women, canoemen crowded in dug-outs holding paddles and sometimes resting or asleep, and medicine men with crystals singing their incantations over their patients. The second was from mythological themes and tales that found their rich expression in miniature and actual totem poles all over the land.

Like the Haida pioneers, who after 1830 and 1840 sailed southwards every summer in large dug-outs to Port Townsend and Victoria, the more skilful carvers of a later generation likewise catered to their white clientele, but they dropped most of the early models—pipes, flutes, dishes—to concentrate on statuettes and totem poles for the trade. With their stock of carvings renewed and disposed of every year, they called every summer



143. Raven helmet carved out of red cedar.

at Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Port Simpson, Wrangell, and later at Prince Rupert and Ketchikan, where they found their steady customers.

Although the significance of small totem poles is readily taken as totemic, actually it is not; this is in spite of their resemblance to authentic totem poles of large size. The figures cut into their shaft, such as bear, eagle, raven, thunderbird, black-fish, and shark, are not meant for the totems or emblems of the carvers or their relatives. They are used at random, without signifi-



144. Raven helmet carved out of wood.



145. Raven helmet with abalone and brass inlays.

cance, unless they happen to illustrate well-known folk tales, like that of the Raven stealing the sun or of the Skidegate family that once made the Thunder its own possession.

The best-informed Haida of the present day confirm this opinion as to the trends of the art as represented in our museums. Alfred Adams, an elderly native with much experience, recently said, "This work never was of any use to the people themselves; it was made for outsiders; it was merely commercial. Yet, in spite of that, Edensaw did not believe in modernizing his work; he followed the old fashion."

To this, Henry Edensaw, the nephew of the carver, adds the significant hint that the inception of at least some decorated plates in argillite was British. He had heard at home, when a child, that his uncle had liked the patterns of a set of dishes on an English ship so much that he had imitated them in argillite. Perhaps the fine comport at the National Museum of Canada belongs to this group.

The purely commercial nature of this remarkable art was evident to both J. G. Swan and Dr. G. M. Dawson, who visited the Haida country in the early 1880's. Swan, in the *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*, expressed his view that "these Indians so far have disposed of all their curiosities and other products in Victoria before coming to the American side . . . Hereafter they will bring their wares to Port Townsend, having found by experience of the past summer that they can dispose of all their manufactures there."

And Dawson, the noted Canadian geologist, who explored the Queen Charlotte Islands in 1879, was positive that "Plates, flutes, and other carvings made from argillite, though evincing in their manufacture some skill and ingenuity, have been produced merely by the demand for such things as curiosities by whites."

Seen under this light, argillite carving can no longer be considered the legacy of the dim unrecorded past; and the carvers responsible for it, nameless Red Men of prehistory.

NARRATIVES

The Flood. A Niskæ version recorded by William Beynon in 1949 from Robert Stewart (Chief Tralarhæt of the Salmon-Eater clan of the Eagles on the lower Nass River). There were various versions of the Deluge, of its cause, and of the place where the Niskæ landed and were saved. The following was heard by Beynon from one of his "old grandfathers."

Once there were many kinds of monsters on the Nass River. Some were good, others wicked, and it was often impossible to pass by their abodes, even after making offerings to them. Some of them would gulp down the canoes of the people who were gathering food and fish. At a point below Larh-angyedæ, there was a high bluff which was the abode of the monster called Where-it-Capsizes (*Kægyihl-dep̄gu'es̄k*). This monster, quite vicious, had upset many canoes and had caused many people to lose their lives. The people were very much afraid of him, but they had to pass by when going up or down the river. When they did, they gave offerings of mountain-goat kidney fat, as it was the greatest delicacy they could offer. When they had made their offering, the spirit would none the less upset their canoe and often drown them.

On the opposite shore lived a very gentle spirit, Hanging-Hair (*Gyihldep̄kis*). She dwelt at the place where the wind hit the hardest, bending the trees over the edge of the cliff. The branches hung over, resembling the hair hanging from a woman's head. This feature gave the name of Hanging-Hair to the spirit, who was a woman and very kind and gentle. It is where Fishery Bay is today. Now the other spirits planned on defeating the powers of Where-it-Capsizes. It was then that the she-spirit, Hanging-Hair, called a feast of all the good supernatural beings. With their help she had planned that the wicked capsizer of canoes would be upbraided and some of his powers taken away.



146A. Raven holding Sun.





146B. Raven holding Sun.

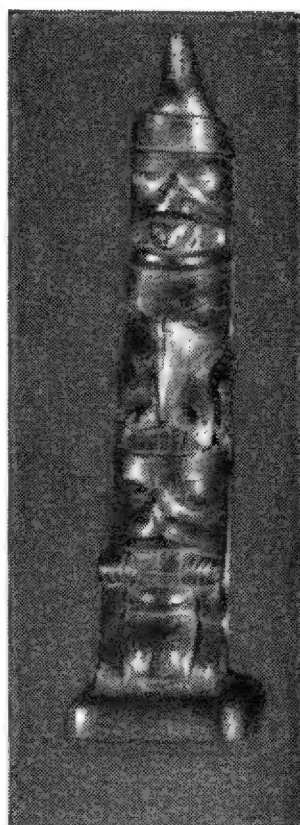
So Hanging-Hair sent messengers to all the monsters of upper Nass and Skeena rivers and all the coast to invite them to the great feast. At the time appointed, each of the spirit guests arrived, some as a storm, others very gentle and calm. They all showed their particular power. As the guests entered the under-sea feast house of Hanging-Hair, each took his or her own place in the house. The most ferocious was Where-it-Capsizes. Now the hostess, Hanging-Hair, brought out her store of mountain-goat kidney fat. Taking a small piece for each of her guests, she placed it in front of them, and each of the guest monsters took it and rolled it. Each piece became a large ball of fat, and on this they fed.

At the end of the feast the hostess, who was also the neighbour of the wicked Where-it-Capsizes, said, "Brothers, it is time we had more consideration for the people. There is only one among us who has no feeling for the others, and we must curtail his powers. You may suggest how to do it."

The monsters, having heard the suggestion of Hanging-Hair, planned to move the high bluff so that it would not have so prominent a place in the river and would face the spirits down towards the estuary. The waters then would flow less swiftly, and the treacherous whirlpool would disappear. When all the monsters had agreed to this plan, they attended to its execution. The powers of destruction of this wicked one were curtailed, and from then on the woman, Hanging-Hair, became the master spirit of the Nass people, and there was no longer such a great loss of life.

The people became indifferent, where before they had been so cautious because of their fear. The children also grew reckless and were playing there and making a great deal of noise. This annoyed the Chief of the Skies, who was unable to rest when these children played. Finally in anger he said, "I will punish these thoughtless children, also their parents who allow them to disturb my sleep."

Next day the young players went as usual into a clearing to start their games. When they saw a beautiful plume floating down from the sky, one of them ran to it and grasped it. The plume then began to rise, and the one holding it was unable to let it go. Another player ran and grasped the feet of the other rising into the air. He was caught and could not let it go. Then all the other children ran out, grasped the feet of the last rising player and also stuck there.



147. Raven holding crescent.



148. Raven holding Sun.



149. Raven holding Sun or Beaver house.

The plume was taking them up into the sky. The older people ran out and tried to hold the last child down. In desperation one of them fastened himself to a tree top. It was a spruce tree. For a while he held on to the rising people, but soon the plume pulled the tree up, roots and all. A hemlock tree was next fastened to the spruce, and after a long while it began to weaken. Its roots were drawn out of the ground. Next, the cedar tried to hold on. He was no stronger than the others, but he did hold on for a long while. The crab-apple tree hung on; and while it did, a young girl who had just finished her purification period in the sweathouse came out, and seeing what was happening she took her knife and climbed up the crab-apple tree, then up the cedar tree, then up the hemlock tree, then up the spruce tree. She climbed on to each person until she came to the top-most child and the plume. She took her knife and cut the plume off from the child's hand, and then they all dropped to earth again, and all lay in a heap.

After a time all revived, and the older people said, "You children must take heed now. This was caused by the anger of the Chief of the Sky. He might get still more angry next time. Then we would all perish."

The young people heeded the warning. But after some time, they again began to play even more noisily than before. Once more the



150. Raven inside Whale.



151. Raven over Whale.

Chief of the Sky was angered, and he said, "These people deserve punishment. They have no regard for me."

Then it began to rain heavily, and for many days it rained. Slowly the waters in front of the village began to rise. The chiefs of the Niskæ realized that the great sky spirit was angry. The chief of the Sky was also angry at the monsters who had done so much harm to the tribes, even though they had been warned. But they kept on destroying canoe folk. These spirits were also alarmed because of the steady rising of the waters.

Many people moved up into the hills. Others equipped the canoes and stayed in them. Soon the waters rose swiftly. The people who were in the canoes began to make long ropes from cedar bark. These ropes they fastened to huge boulders in the mountains. But the waters were rising to such a height that the canoes were lifted up close to the high mountain peaks. Many people perished. Only those who had fled into the mountain and the few who had taken to their canoes and had anchored them to the huge boulders near the mountain tops survived. Many had made rafts, but most of the rafts were wrecked, and the people were drowned.

The waters had now reached the tops of the mountains, and only a few peaks showed above the flood waters. The surface was covered with foam, which was rising all the time. The few people that were in the canoes saw many birds gather in a flock and shed their feathers upon the foam. In the end the ocean was covered with bird feathers. Then the waters stopped rising, and the birds went on dropping more of their feathers and scattered them everywhere. Then the flood began to recede. It was from this that people became aware of the use of down as a symbol of peace. This they learned from the birds at the time of the flood. The survivors drifted away in their canoes. When the flood waters had

gone, the people made their villages at the various places where they used to be.

The Flood, a Cape St. James tradition of the southern Haida, as related by Henry Young at Skidegate in the summer of 1947.

Behind Frederic Island [on the northwest coast of Graham Island], there was a village with very many people in it. The boys and girls in great numbers were playing on the beach, when they beheld a strange woman

coming there who was wearing a fur cape, such as they had never seen before. A little boy walked up to her to find out who she was. And the others did likewise. She was a very strange person. One boy pulled at her garments; they were like a shirt; he pulled it way up and saw her backbone, a funny-looking thing. "Chinese slippers," a plant which grows on the seashore, stuck out of her backbone. This made the children laugh at her and deride her. What kind of being was she?

The old people, when they heard their clamour, bade the children stop laughing at the stranger. At that moment the tide was at a low ebb, and the woman sat down at the water's edge. The tide began to rise, and the water touched her feet. So she moved up a little and again sat down. The water rose up to her, and again she moved back. Now she found herself at the edge of the village and sat down. The tide kept on rising; never before had it risen so high. The villagers grew frightened; they were awe-struck. Having no canoes, they did not know how to escape. So they took big logs, tied them together into a raft, and first placed the children on the raft. Filling baskets with spring water to drink, they put them on the raft, as well as dried salmon and halibut for food.

Meanwhile the stranger would sit down; and when the tide would come up to her, she would move away to higher ground, up the hillside, up the mountain. Many people had saved themselves by climbing on to the raft, hundreds and hundreds of them. There were a number of rafts afloat. The whole island now was covered by the sea, and the survivors kept drifting about without being able to stop anywhere; they had no anchor. And this lasted for a long time.

By and by the people beheld peaks sticking out of the ocean. One of the rafts drifted with its load to a point where its survivors stepped off on to the land. And other rafts were beached elsewhere. It was at that time that the tribes became dispersed.

One of the rafts found itself at Cape St. James; its people became the Ninstints. A descendant of these people, the chief's sister whose name was Grandmother-of-Nangke, gave me this story, as well as Thomas Natqaon, my father's relative. Many of our people know this story of the Flood, for it is the truth. It really happened, a great many years ago.



152. Raven inside Whale.



153. Raven inside Halibut.

Why the Great Flood Happened, in a Tsimshyan narrative given by Sam Bennett (Nispins, Killer-Whale phratry, of the Gilodzar tribe, 27 years old in 1951), who heard it from a former Nispins. It was recorded by William Beynon.

There was a great village with many people, and this was the largest in the world. Everyday the people of this place spent their time dancing and singing, and when they all sang, they made a great noise. This lasted all night. During the day they would sleep. In the olden days it was said, "The heavens are close to the earth." So the great chief of the heavens began to be vexed as he was unable to sleep because of this disturbance. Even the children would imitate their elders and play at being high chief (*hallait*). The noise they made during the day was so great that the chief of the heavens could not rest even by day. More and more he became annoyed with the village dwellers. The wise men cautioned their tribe over their self-indulgence and urged them to turn their minds to their other interests. But no heed was given their warnings.

The chief of the heavens was now angry and decided to punish this great village. So he caused the river waters to rise. Soon the rivers and creeks all over the country began to swell. Some of the people, frightened, escaped to the hills, while others embarked in their large canoes. Still the waters were rising higher and higher until only the high mountain peaks showed above the swollen waters. The people, animals, and birds who managed to climb to the highest peaks were saved. Among these peaks was Mount McNeil (*Kne-medeeek* Place of Grizzly). When the Flood was over, the lost stone anchors were found there, at the place where they had anchored their canoes.

The entire country for a time was covered with water. It was then that the Eagle, who was the largest bird, said, "Come, we will scatter our feathers on the waters as a sign of peace. The Chief of the Skies shall pity us, and the waters shall go down."

So all the Eagles began to shed their feathers on the waters. After them, all the other birds also shed their feathers. When they had all finished doing it, the people saw the waters beginning to go back to their beds. Soon they were down to the old level.

From this the people judged the powers of eagle-down for peace. That is why it was used to this day as a symbol of peace in times of strife. Whenever eagle-down is blown into the air, it is a pledge of peace. It was always the first thing shown at any gathering to give assurance that there would be no treachery. When it was withheld, then the people looked for trouble.

Raven, Beaver, and Salmon, Haida, as communicated by Archie W. Shiels to Edward L. Keithahn, of Juneau, Alaska. (In a letter of transmission, April 22, 1946, from South Bellingham, Washington, he stated: "I am now attaching the history of those poles, which was written by the man who made them over in the Queen Charlotte Islands.")

Raven, the hero of this legend, while on his travels, met two men whom he knew were Beavers in the guise of humans. He greeted them, acting



154.

155.

Raven inside Halibut.

like an old man, the better to hide his identity. He spoke to them just as if they were his friends, born and raised with him. So they invited him to come home with them. He accepted their invitation. When they arrived, they led him into the house. It was something like a native hut, such as was used before the advent of the white man. At the very end of the interior, there was a doorway leading into the back room, which was apparently a store-room. The curious feature of this doorway was a pair of mountain-sheep skulls fixed up on each side of the aperture. To this, one of his hosts went and flipped these skulls together, thereby causing sparks to fly. These sparks served to make a fire on which to cook their meal. When it was done, they sat down to eat. Then they brought a basketful of salmon-berries, which they also ate up. Raven, who was usually a glutton, was playing his role of an aged man. Therefore, much against his inclination, he had to eat sparingly.

They all went to bed and got up early. After breakfast, these two Beaver men told him they were leaving him until evening, for they were going away to gamble. They picked up their *lahal* gambling sticks and left him by himself. As soon as

they had left, he went through the aperture leading into what he thought was the store-room. Instead of a store there was a lake teeming with salmon. He took a couple of salmon and ate to his heart's content. As the salmon-berries were ripening in abundance along the lake, he picked a basketful and ate them also, but he was still hungry. At dusk, the Beaver then came back from gambling.

The next day they again left him, but this time he decided to steal the lake as one would steal a carpet. So he rolled it up to try. After he had tried, he unrolled it, as it was before, and waited for their coming. When he

saw them coming in the distance he again rolled the lake up and flew with it in his beak to a nearby tree.

The men, seeing what he was doing, began to cry in despair. They transformed themselves into their natural forms, to beavers. They went to the tree and began to fell it by chewing with their incisors. When the tree began to fall, the Raven flew to another tree. They felled several trees, on which Raven was perched, trying to get him. Finally they gave it up, because he was always flying to another. They sent the Marten and the Loon in pursuit, but they also failed to catch him. After annoying the Beavers this way, he flew away to the head of the Skeena River. This is why beavers are plentiful in the lakes of the mainland, and why there are none on the Queen Charlotte Islands, where the Raven stole the lake from.

The Raven on top of the totem signifies the Raven again acting as dead while drifting on the sea. He was wishing a whale would come along and swallow him. Finally a whale did come and swallow him. He began to eat at the insides of the whale, which caused it to die. He then wished that the whale carcass would drift ashore in front of the people. They were having a famine and very much in need of food. The wish was also fulfilled. The people came down, and when they cut it open, the Raven flew out.

The Raven and the Bullhead, a tradition of the family of Tsihlidorh in a Kanhada clan of the Ginaidoiks tribe, given by Mrs. Emma Musgrave of Port Simpson. Recorded by William Beynon in 1916.

One day Tsihlidorh called his cousin Mieng and went with him up into the mountain to hunt. This happened at the time when they were living at Klarhkyels. They arrived at a fine prairie and walked along a river. They came to a large boulder, and at this boulder there was a hut. There they spent the night. Next morning they went on until they reached



156. Raven inside Halibut.

a lake. In this lake they saw a large Bullhead (*kayait*). On each fin of this fish there was the head of the Raven. The tail was the whole Raven. The Bullhead became their crest, and it was known as Bullhead-in-lake, a proper-name (*kayædemtsindam-Kyadyen*). Later it was painted on the front of Tsihlidorh's house and on top of poles through which was the doorway. It was also painted on the robes used in assuming a personal name. From that time on, it was the leading and exclusive crest of this house.

Another time they went back to the same lake. After being out there five days, one morning they saw, rising out of the lake, a huge Raven with outspread wings and human beings coming out of his mouth¹. The Raven had a long, large beak, and his colour was black. They contemplated him, returned to their homes, and painted his picture on the front part of the house. When this was done, they called the people together and adopted the Raven as a crest. They painted his picture on robes used on great ceremonial occasions, and also on poles. The Raven sat on the end of the pole. The Raven was the exclusive property of this house.

Then they went out a third time. But this time they journeyed in another direction. When they arrived in the middle of a long valley, they beheld a large tree with a big Raven's Nest all covered with mother-of-pearl. They called it Nest-of-the-Raven-in-the-valley-of-Marengyairen. At once they took this nest as a crest and reproduced it on robes when assuming a name. They also painted it on the front of their house as their exclusive property. The Raven's Nest was also made to represent the same crest on their head-dress. It was used in assuming a name or when the chief of another tribe gave a *iyaok* feast. With these new crests were associated the older emblems of the Kanhada: the Starfish, the ordinary Raven, and the Bullhead.

¹ This is an allusion to the episode in the myth of Raven creating mankind out of a clam.

Illustrations

118. The argillite dish, in one of the most interesting carvings by Charley Edensaw of Massett, represents Rhausrhana, the blind halibut fisherman sitting in a canoe, wearing a conical hat on his head, holding a crutch paddle in his right hand, and resting his chin pensively in his left, while he tends his halibut (*sgandahl*) line. The flat stylized engraving at the bottom of the plate represents the Raven spread out under the canoe, at the bottom of the bay. (In the Rev. W. E. Collison's Collection at Prince Rupert, in 1939. Attributed by the owner to Charley Edensaw, about 1904. $10\frac{1}{2}'' \times 6\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3''$; the fisherman, 3 inches high. N.M.C., 87462, 87463, 87464).
119. The Raven, at the base of the argillite pole, holds his broken bill between his hands, tries to press it back into place, but it keeps falling off. The supernatural bird, disguised here as a woman of distinction, wears a labret in her lower lip. (Centre) The Raven holds the disk of light in his bill. Two Bears are one above the other at the top, the lower one bites at a fish. Attributed by Henry Young to Paul Jones. Skidegate. Jones's faces are characterized by large eyes, nose, mouth (In the Lipsett-Ryan Collection, Vancouver, 1939. N.M.C., 87288, 87289).
120. The Raven disguised as a woman, wears a labret in the lower lip; his bill dangles on his stomach. (Above) The Bear eating a salmon. This pole is of recent date and of poor quality (N.M.C. In the D. C. Scott Collection. VII-B-1414. $5\frac{1}{2}''$ high \times 1''. Photog. Div., M-197).
121. The Raven is here under the appearance of a man riding on the back of the Butterfly, his messenger (N.M.C., J. W. Powell Collection, 1879. VII-B-747. $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, in two pieces. By the same carver as the panel carved of argillite "The Woman in childbirth", also in the N.M.C. Coll. Photog. Div., 88957).
122. The Raven's right wing pinched by the Crab, while the bird groped for Rhausrhana's halibut hook at the bottom of the bay. Nowhere else recorded, this detail is nicely illustrated here by Charley Edensaw. This high relief was purchased by Walter E. Waters, of Wrangell, at Port Simpson many years ago (Walter C. Waters Collection, Wrangell, Alaska, 1839 and 1947. $8\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}'' \times 2''$. N.M.C., 87643, 87644, 87645).
123. Four representations of the Raven in various stylizations appeared as early as the 1830's, in two delicately carved panels of the Wilkes Collection, one of which is reproduced. Two Ravens, one of them holding up the pipe bowl; a quadruped with the Raven's head, the Wolf, the Bear, the Raven; a quadruped and a person linked together by their tongues and hands (Lieut. Charles Wilkes Collection, 1838, at the U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington. 34721-D. 2588, 13 inches long; and 2592, $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches long).
124. Mankind brought out of a clamshell into the world by the Raven, on the beach of Rosespit, on Graham Island. This carving, in the form of a lid for an argillite box, is by Charley Edensaw. The theme illustrated here seems to have opened up a new field for his gifts. Inside the lid we read the inscription "G. J. Salmon 66," presumably scratched by the owner of that name; and "66" may furnish a clue to the date and authorship. They fit in well with Edensaw's career, as in 1866, he was 30 years old. The Bear and Frog figures in high relief on both sides were his preferred crests, and the grooved godrooned borders of the shell and the lid, in the manner of a silversmith's work, were a familiar technique to him in his later productions (N.M.C., Aaronson Collection, VII-B-777. $13\frac{1}{2}'' \times 8\frac{1}{2}'' \times 6''$. Photog. Div., 89092).
125. Inside an oval dish, carved about 1904 by Charley Edensaw, an oblong clam is half open; in the opening, nine human faces in a row peep at the world outside, each countenance slightly different. Around the clam in the dish, the profiles of the Whale, and Wasko or Sea Wolf with the head of a whale and the curled tail of a wolf, are smoothly engraved. The clam and its intriguing faces, and the engraving surrounding it, are conceived and executed with mastery, in a piece which counts among Charley Edensaw's best. The contrast between this piece

- and his later work, showing his progress, is striking. Whale bone in triangular form is inlaid on the border. Rope and grooved godroons decorate the border, and cross-hatching fill the interstices (In the collection of the Rev. W. E. Collison, Prince Rupert, B.C. $8\frac{1}{2}''$ x $10\frac{1}{2}''$. N.M.C., 87461, 87478).
126. Argillite dish with the figures of the Raven and the Thunderbird, inside, facing each other. The border design of eyes, ears, and feathers, here is exceptional (McGill University Museums. No. 5050. $24\frac{1}{2}''$ x $11\frac{1}{2}''$ x $2\frac{1}{2}''$. N.M.C., 1951, 3-3).
 127. In this totem pole, the Raven, with folded wings and long bill bent down, sits over the Beaver who keeps a handsome boy between his hands and legs—the boy is the same Raven in disguise, better to deceive the Beaver. A medicine-man, at the top, sings an incantation to the accompaniment of a round rattle. This may possibly be by Charley Edensaw (N.M.C., VII-B- . Photog. Div., 89443, 89444).
 128. A pole with the Raven holding the little man (his other self), wearing a bear-claw necklace, in front of him. We see the Beaver beneath, gnawing a stick and the Frog, head down, in front of him. (Top) The Shark with protruding tongue, the gills, and other features. The style here is in the manner of William Dixon, of Skidegate (Univ. Brit. Coll., N.M.C., 87355, 87356).
 129. On another pole, the Raven, with two frogs sideways in his bill, sits behind a little paunchy man with a conical *skil* hat on his head. (At the base) The Beaver gnaws a stick. (Top) The Bear holds on to the *skil* on the Raven's head. This fine Skidegate carving is possibly by Louis Collison, about 1890-1900 (The Cranbrook Institute of Science, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. No. 3300).
 130. A carved and painted wooden helmet showing the Raven holding the Salmon on his head (Pruell's Photographic Store, Ketchikan, Alaska, in 1939. N.M.C., 87640).
 131. Wooden helmet or head-dress with the Raven sitting on the Sculpin carved out of wood and encrusted with copper (Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. *Ca.* 22 inches in length. N.M.C., 1951, 5-1).
 132. The Raven, whose eyes are inlays of abalone pearl, holds the fabled stone bucket crosswise in his bill, and stands, his wings folded, over the Beaver hut, with the Beaver inside. At the top of this pole, the Raven with two Frogs, head down, sits over the *skil* of the Raven below. The fur and the skin on the animals are represented by means of stippling. (Base) The Grizzly Bear, with eyes of abalone pearl and teeth of whale bone inlaid. One of the finest and most interesting specimens of its type (The Peabody Museum, Harvard University, R-168. $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches high. N.M.C., 1950: 97-3).
 133. The Raven, on a totem pole, holds the stone bucket across his bill and stands over the Beaver hut in which the Beaver sits. (At the base) The Grizzly Bear has a frog hanging, head down, from his mouth. (Top) A smaller Raven is perched on the head of the larger bird below. A fine Skidegate carving, fairly old (in the 1870's or early 1880's), probably from the same hands as No. 132 (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. No. 11304, 16/552. Collected by J. W. Powell in 1897 for the Jesup Expedition. Photo at the same museum).
 134. The Raven has taken possession, in his bill, of the panel or the Beaver hut. The Beaver (at the base of the pole) holds a stick. The Thunderbird with the Whale in his talons is perched at the top. In the Haida Genesis, the Eagle, perhaps assimilated to the Thunderbird by the carver, was long coupled with the Raven as his messenger (in the place of the Butterfly). This pole was attributed by H. Young to Thomas Moody, whereas Gladstone and Watson thought it was George Smith's, of Skidegate: "He always carved this story." Actually, it seems to be by Louis Collison (In the Rev. W. E. Collison Collection, Prince Rupert, 1939. N.M.C., 87430, 87431).
 135. The Raven both in his bird and his human form; the panel representing the wall or the Beaver's hut or fish trap; and, at the base, the Beaver holds a stick (N.M.C., VII-B . Photog. Div., 89380, 89381).

136. The Raven, on a short pole, keeps in his bill the panel representing the wall of the Beaver's house or the lake. (Base) The sitting Beaver clutches his gnawing stick. (To left) The Grizzly Bear by himself on a totem-pole-like carving on a square base (Cranbrook Institute of Science, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. Photo furnished by the Institute).
137. (Centre) The Raven holds the square panel of the Beaver hut in his bill. (Base) The Beaver and his gnawing stick. (Top) The Thunderbird with the Whale crosswise in his talons. By Arthur Moody, of Skidegate, who had just carved it at McRea's in Prince Rupert, 1939. At the time that it was carved, Moody was so short-sighted that he could hardly see his work. (At McRea's store, in Prince Rupert, 1939. N.M.C., 102063, 102064).
138. The Raven, on a short pole, holds a roll in his bill; this represents the Beaver lake, rolled up and removed to another site. The Whale is at the base; and a woman's face is at the top (Provincial Museum, Victoria. N.M.C., 102001, 102004).
139. The Raven holds in his bill the Frog, head down. (Base) The sitting Beaver has the chewing stick under his chin; a human face on his upturned tail. (Top) The Grizzly Bear clutches with both front paws the *skil* on the Raven's head. A totem pole of fine quality, attributed by H. Young to a leading Skidegate carver, Louis Collison (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16/1164 L. No. 11308. Photo from that institution).
140. On a pole of greyish argillite of the finest plastic quality—attributed by Henry Young to John Robison, of Skidegate, *ca.* 1875—the Raven holds in his bill a crescent representing the Moon. (Top) The Bear faces the Frog, which is upside down under him. (Base) The Beaver, with a human face on his tail, sits up with a chewing stick under his chin. The base of the pole is, by exception, part of the block and is not detached, mortised, and glued on. (N. M. C., Powell Collection, 1879, VII-B-835. 16 inches high. Photog. Div., 88948).
141. The theft of the Sun is the subject of this remarkable illustration by a Skidegate carver, presumably after 1900. A little boy sits at the top of the pole, holding the disk of fire and light between his hands; his uplifted face is radiant with joy. The disk is meant for the Sun. It is engraved with a human face: round eyes, eyebrows and lips firm, teeth exposed, and a godrooned border. As a second figure from the top down, the Raven is represented in full, with the disk in his bill, his wings closed, and his tail turned up decoratively in front of him. The monster under the Raven is Wasko, that is, the whale with several dorsal perforated fins. Carved by George Smith, of Skidegate. In the Lipsett-Ryan private collection, Vancouver. 12 inches high. N.M.C. (1939), 87288, 87289).
142. A carved dish of red cedar in the form of the Raven holding the Sun in his beak, encrusted with abalone shells. Said to have been carved by Amos Collison, of Kitkatla (Coast Tsimshyan) (Lipsett Collection, Vancouver. 17" x 10". N.M.C., 87370).
143. Wooden (red cedar) helmet representing the Raven, carved and painted (Walter C. Waters Collection, Wrangell, Alaska. N.M.C., 87566).
144. Raven helmet carved out of cedar and painted black (Vancouver City Museum. 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 7". N.M.C., 87326).
145. Raven helmet carved and decorated with abalone shell, brass inlays, and hair (In a collection at Juneau, Alaska. N.M.C., 1947, 133-4).
- 146-A, B. This is one of the outstanding Edensaw carvings and one of the largest argillite totems, 25 inches, at the National Museum of Canada. The little boy, who clasps the ball of light in both hands against his body, is firmly held sideways by his mother, and he seems to be struggling to free himself. These two figures appear in the middle of the composition, with others below and above—the Beaver gnawing his stick at the base; the Eagle, and the Bear in a halo (as in the Russian icons of Alaska), at the top. The boy's small figure expresses agitation, his head to one side, his eyes hollow, one shoulder higher than the other, the left hand

on the disk lower than the right, and his legs apart. This young body, while stylized, is one of the most realistic in all Northwest-coast art. And above all it portrays passion and action. The mother remains impassive, with a frigid face and the usual round eyes drawn with compass, with eyebrows in stencil form, ribbon-like circular lips framing two rows of even teeth, and a wide labret protruding in her lower lip, according to the fashion for a chieftainess. Under this group, the Raven is shown in full with the disk of light in his bill. The Frog squats on his head. (N.M.C., Aaronson Collection 1908, VII-B-792. 25 inches high. Photog. Div., 89094, 89096, 89097).

147. In this totem pole, the Raven has the Moon crescent, the points down, in his bill. The Beaver, gnawing his stick, sits at the base, with the Frog, head down, in front of him. The Shark, usually Shark-Woman, lets the Frog show its head between her teeth; her grills with stars show on the arch over her forehead, and her tail is raised like a pointed bonnet at the top. This fine carving seems to be from the hands of George Smith, a Skidegate carver (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16.1/2122. Photo from the same institution).
148. The Raven, with the ball of light in his bill, sits at the bottom of the pole, and the Thunderbird, holding the Whale in his talons, occupies the major part of the space over the Raven. This excellent composition is by a Skidegate carver. The Thunderbird and the Whale are like the signature of a craftsman of that Haida village (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16/1162. Photo from the same institution).
149. In the McCall collection of three poles, one much larger than the two others, the Raven is repeated three times. In the centre of the largest pole, the bird holds the disk of light in his bill; in the one to the right, he holds the square panel representing the wall of the Beaver hut, but in the pole to the left, he holds nothing. In the two smaller poles, the Beaver sits at the base, with the gnawing stick in his paws. At the top of the pole (to the right) two Bears sit, one over the other, the lower one clutching a salmon. Another Bear with a fish, head down, in front of his body, is at the top of the smallest of the three poles. The Whale, biting his tail, is at the base of the large pole; and Wasco, with the usual two whales held by his wolf tail, occupies the upper part, over the Raven. The central pole, of fine quality, may be the work of Louis Collison, of Skidegate. The two others are also Skidegate productions, the smallest one of indifferent quality (In the McCall private collection, Vancouver, 1947. N.M.C., 102111, 102112).
150. In this oval dish, the Raven is shown within the Whale, after he had caused himself to be swallowed, Jonah-like. The peculiar decoration of the Whale here consists in five feathers occupying the position of teeth on the upper jaw, and four salmon, head down, under the lower jaw. Two ear-like feathers fill the dome over the head of the monster, and a large side fin is stretched in front of the body. Another whale, bowhead-like and much smaller, occupies the rest of the space. The cross-hatching in the interstice is smooth and fine, like the rest of the linear engraving and design. They are from the hands of a master in the art (N.M.C. In the D. C. Scott Coll., VII-B-1405. Photog. Div., M-194).
151. The long-billed Raven occupying the centre of an old-fashioned, portal-like, argillite pole of the 1870-1880 period. The Whale is at the base, with four paws, and is showing his tongue, in the manner of the Grizzly. The oval perforation in his body represents the ceremonial doorway through the portal into the house. The pole is hollow-backed, like an actual portal for a house front. But the Whale's tail and the fins at the top of the pole reveal the identity of the Whale, often associated with the Raven. This piece is by one of the earliest Skidegate carvers who made totem poles, in the 1870's (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16/554. Photo from the same institution).
152. In this pole are seen (from the top down): the Grizzly showing his tongue; the Whale with tail emerging from his own mouth; the Raven hanging upside down on the Whale's body. This is meant to represent the Raven in the body of the Whale after being swallowed up. (At the base) The Beaver, sitting, shows his bulging incisors. This piece is the work of a Skidegate carver, presumably from one of the southeastern villages (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16/1166).

153. An oval dish decorated in low relief with the Halibut. On this fish, in higher relief, the Raven lies with his wings rolled up, to show that he is within the Halibut after putting on the fish skin. In this guise the Raven once travelled round the southern parts of the Queen Charlotte Islands, fighting monsters. The remaining space in the dish is covered with decorative designs: eyes, ears. Triangular inlays of abalone shells dot the ribbon border of the dish. This is Skidegate work (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington. 16½" long x 10" across, very shallow. The high point of the centre carries it even with the rim. No lathe marks. Bottom plain. 33722-G).
154. (From top down) The Beaver with a *skil* on his head. Upside down on the body of the Halibut lies the head of the Raven. Here again the southern adventure of the Raven wearing the Halibut skin is illustrated. The large figure below is that of the Whale, who on another occasion had swallowed the bird. A Skidegate carving of the 1890 decade (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16/544L. 11314 AJ. Photo from the same institution).
155. Here again the Raven appears (in the centre) with his head complete, holding the Halibut, head down, in his bill, and another Raven in miniature is upside down on the body of the fish. Bear holds the berry picker in his mouth as if he were devouring her—notice the realistic representation of her right arm. (At the top) The Eagle, in an unusually fine and realistic piece of work (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. AJ 16/546-C or 16/1169-2).
156. A totem pole showing Volcano-Woman with long tears dropping, the drops ending at the bottom with human faces. She holds in her hands the Halibut on which the Raven lies upside down. The Halibut was one of the main crests of Salmon-Eater, whose niece was Dzelarhons or Volcano-Woman. (At the base) Bear Mother and her two Cubs in her arms. At the top, the Thunderbird with the Whale in the form of a human being, the dorsal fin standing over his head. Carved by Thomas Moody, chief of Tanu, and a good carver, who spent the latter part of his life at Skidegate. An argillite box in the same collection is inscribed: "Carved by Thomas Moddy, Skidegate Mission, B.C." He was drowned with his brother in the past decade (McGill University Museum. 10½ inches. N.M.C., 92049, 92050).

THUNDERBIRD

After the Flood long ago, the land for a time was partly covered with water, according to a Haida legend (15). When the water receded farther, the face of the earth remained swampy and very hot and was infested with enormous mosquitoes, as large as bats, which flew about at night and harassed the few inhabitants that were left in the country. A bitter complaint rose from the depths, and Nekilstlas, the Raven, stopped to listen. Then he dispatched the Butterfly, his messenger. He wanted to find out what could be done to improve the lot of the living who were part human and part animal. The Butterfly brought back a woeful tale of misery. This tale aroused the Raven and made him summon the Skaimsems or Thunderbirds. These enormous birds belonged to an eagle-like tribe of sky and mountain. Their power was to produce thunder and lightning and to exterminate antediluvian monsters. They slaughtered the Whales by clapping their wings and casting bolts of lightning at them out of their curved bills. Then they captured their prey in their talons and lifted them to their aeries on mountain peaks, where they and their brood fed on the flesh.

This and other Thunderbird tales bring to mind the classical concept of Zeus or Jupiter likewise wielding thunder and lightning.¹ It is, indeed, part of an ageless myth which, like the Raven transformer, Bear Mother, Orpheus, and the Dragon, has travelled all over the northern world east and west and assumed a thousand different forms on its prehistoric trail. The North Pacific Coast and the New World have made ample use of it in the narratives, rituals, and plastic arts. The Thunderbird is a divinity familiar to the Dènè, Tlingit, Tsimshyan, Haida, Kwakiutl, Nootka, Salish, and other nations of the Northwest, just as it was to the ancient Mexicans. A Thunderbird with wings spread out and an eye graved on his body (according to Dr. M. W. Sterling of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington) was beautifully carved on a core of obsidian about 5 inches long, at Olmeck (Lavanta, Tabasco), in 600 A.D.

The Thunderbird *Adee, Idi, Iti*,² once lived alone in the pristine world, according to the missionary Petitot, among the Dènè of the frozen tundras (16). This great bird swooped down from the clouds, flew over the waters, touched them with the tips of his wings, and the earth rose from the bottom of the sea, floating on the water. *Adee*³ under this form reminds us of the giant Thunderbird of Siberia who, according to Bogoras (17), is the same as the supernatural Raven. But more frequently it is a kind of "giant eagle" of supernatural strength.

In one tale a female "giant eagle" appears as mistress of good and bad weather. When visited in her own world by two mortals, she undertakes, at their request, to clear the sky and begins to scrape it with a large

¹ Cf. Marvin, F. J. London, Dent: The Adventures of Odysseus retold in English. Zeus and two eagles seen flying overhead (p. 17). Zeus, the Lord of Thunder (p. 37). Zeus, his thunderbolt (p. 39). Zeus' white thunderbolt (p. 121). Zeus and a peal of thunder (p. 186). Zeus sends a peal of thunder (p. 202).

² Tonnerre: *edelyel*. Foudre: *iddi*. Globule de feu: *iddi, hkonen*. In Dictionnaire Français-Montagnais, par le R. P. Laurent Le Goff, 1916.

³ *Di* is the god of light among the ancient Chinese (Cf. "L'idée de Dieu dans les huit premiers classiques chinois, ses noms, son existence . . .") By Homer H. Dubbs, in American Anthropologist, N.S., 1947. Pp. 472-476.



157. Thunderbird in a dish.

brass scraper. Noticing that one of the visitors looks at her naked legs, she grows angry and hurls them both back into our world.

Even now the eagle is protected by a taboo, and the killing of one is supposed to bring on bad weather and famine. The Asiatic Eskimo also says that the Thunderbird is a giant eagle (18). Usually it is coupled (Cf. the next chapter on the Dragon) with the Big Snake, a reptile used as a belt by the eagle-like spirit of the upper air, to produce lightning.

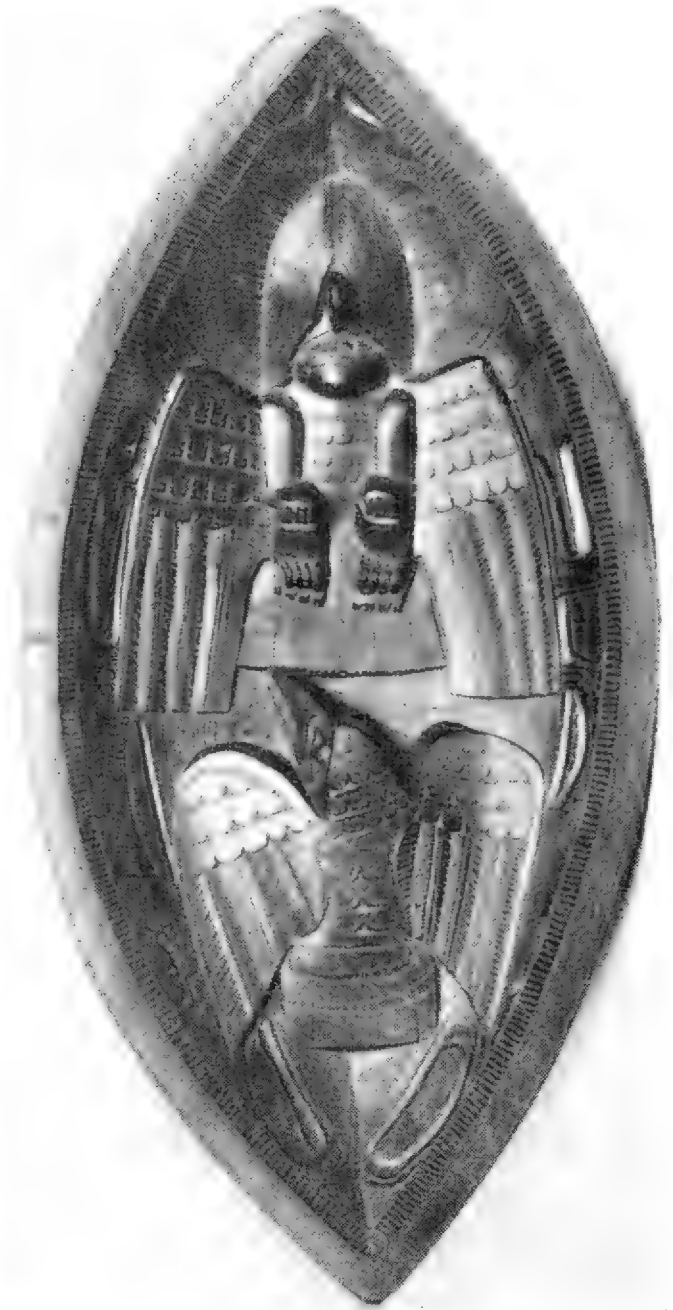
Whatever the local names and features of the Thunderbird on the North Pacific Coast may be, his character is everywhere consistent and his might is unchallenged. He is well-nigh supreme, like Jupiter in ancient Greece. On the whole he is kindly and helpful to man, who invoked and worshipped him. Several examples, drawn from the songs and rituals of the Tsimshyan, bear this out (19).

Big-Eagle, an Indian chief of the Pacific Coast near the Alaskan border, donned the kingly regalia that made him a noble of the earth: a Chilkat robe of white, blue, and yellow patterns of mountain goat wool, leggings of red flannel with beaded trimmings and a crown with long sea-lion bristles, from which hung a train of ermine skins as white as the new snow. On his forehead was the carved head of a proud eagle, with its beak half-open. This was his own clan emblem. Big-Eagle danced in a semicircle, shaking a bird rattle, a jewel-like thing, carved delicately and inlaid with shells from the sea. And as he danced, Big-Eagle sang:

“The Golden Eagle of the Mountains will spread his wings, as he sits among the chiefs on the hilltops.”



158. Thunderbird and Killer-Whale.



159. Thunderbird and Raven.

The natives who accompanied the chief beat their round drums, and the sound that came forth was a low rumbling voice, like thunder in the distance. In the background were women in blue and red blankets who danced, bending their bodies to right and left, with alluring grace. And the trees of the forest leaned one way and another with similar motion.

The chief continued his hymn:

"I have borrowed the skin of Skyamsem, the great Thunderbird. I don his garment as my own. I don it, and my voice sings above the noises of the valley. It reaches out into space like that of Thunder in the air."

He spread his arms, waving them under the Chilkat that heaved like wings. He was the mystic Thunderbird, ready to soar between earth and sky.



160. Thunderbird, semi-human. A white sailor.



161. Thunderbird inside a plate.

"The mighty Skyamsem crept into my garments, crept as gently as the day at sunrise follows in the wake of darkness. Behold him as he clears the trail for the great chief once more returning to our midst! The mountain tops are lost in the clouds; they are melting away under an avalanche of hail and rain. Soon they will flow down the mountainsides in torrents of water and mud and boulders; they will flow down the rivers into the sea. The Thunderbird now flashes lightning. The mountains brighten once more; they stand high above the clouds. Behold the flashes, behold the lightning! When the eagle spreads his wings over the valley, he loosens his Snake belt and whips the air with it. The shaft of lightning tears the sky asunder, and the thunderbolt hits the mountain peaks."

The belief that the Thunderbird casts thunderbolts at the whales and captures them has appealed to the tribes of the Northwest Coast, particularly to the Nootka and Kwakiutl, because their subsistence is drawn largely from the deep. The Nootka were bold whalers.¹ We read, in Haswell's First log(20) (*ca.* 1790):

¹ Cf. Sapir, Edward. Ms. on *Thunderbird topees*. See p. 126 and Bibliography.



162. Thunderbird with arrows, within plate.

... [About] their custom of whaling. They told me when the first whale was killed in a season, it was their custom to make a sacrifice of one of their slaves. The corpse they lay beside a large piece of the whale's head adorned with eagle feathers . . . They say it is particularly pleasing to their Deity to adorn a Whale with Eagles' feathers, for they suppose Thunder is caused by conflicts between that Bird and the Fish. An Eagle of enormous size takes the Whale high in the air, and when it falls causes the noise of thunder . . . (p. 78).

And still more about the Thunderbird is found in John Boit's Log of the Second Voyage of the *Columbia* (ca. 1791):



163. Thunderbird holding arrows.

They suppose Thunder to be occasioned by an Eagle carrying a whale into the air, and Lightning, the hissing of a Snake, which are exceedingly large in this country (p. 383).

Ritual songs put magical powers, like those of the lightning, into their whale harpoons. The Thunderbird became the symbol of the sea-coast people and of the families acknowledged as their leaders. The painted decoration of house frontals in the past hundred years has provided a medium for such symbols. And a fair number of Thunderbirds and Whales were painted on large cedar boards or carved on house posts or totem poles. They could be seen until recently in almost every native village from Tongas on the Alaskan border down to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The best known of the Thunderbirds on totem poles were those of Alert Bay, with curved beak and wide wings. They are now preserved in Stanley Park at Vancouver and are often reproduced in drawings and posters. Others, from various points on the Northwest Coast may be seen in Thunderbird Park in Victoria and elsewhere in various museums. The

American Eagle, with its proud head, outspread wings, and talons holding a sheaf of lightning arrows, belongs to the same mythological tribe; he is its last born. The Alert Bay Thunderbirds of Stanley Park and those of Victoria, it must be remembered, are the offspring of the Tongas or southern Tlingit monsters of the air; this, through a mid-nineteenth-century transfer due to the agency of the Hudson's Bay Company and its fur traders—especially of the Hunt family¹.

This mystic emblem of the North first became a crest among the Tlingit, the Tsimshyan, and the Haida, who used it extensively for many years, both on the Nass and up the Skeena River as far inland as Kitwanga, about 150 miles from tidewater. It has spread fairly early to the Queen Charlotte Islands, although we find it mostly on the totem poles and

¹ *Totem Poles*, II: 651-660.

argillite carvings of the last seventy-five years. Among its earlier plastic forms for trade purposes, we find it carved or engraved on Haida panels and argillite plates from Skidegate and its neighbourhood, in the southern half of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

The present-day Haida still believe in the existence and powers of the Thunderbird, as verbally described by "Captain" Andrew Brown of Massett in 1947:

The thunderbird comes flying to Neesto Island [on the northwest coast of Graham Island] from the ocean, towards the middle of September. He stays there all winter long and, by the middle of March, flies back over the sea. It is then that we hear the waters roaring *boom boom!*

Inside one of the oldest plates, oval and rather crude, made in imitation of English and American china, a handsome Thunderbird is graven in low relief, his head in profile turned to the left, his semi-opened wings drooping on both sides, and his tail feathers spread out. A leafy decoration inside a ribbon border, surrounded by cross-hatching, frames the bird, and under the dish a wheel is made of roughly incised pennate leaves swaying to one side. It was collected at Sitka, Alaska, in 1882 for the U.S. National Museum at Washington, but may be a little older (Plate 157).

The Thunderbird and Killer-Whale are found at their very best in an old argillite panel, probably of the 1840's and 1860's, at the Museum of the American Indian in New York. The composition is not surpassed elsewhere. It consists of the mighty bird, with straight beak open and wings spread forward, over the Killer-Whale in a bent-down position, being carried off by his captor on the outstretched perforated dorsal fin (Plate 158).

More recent by two or three decades, another striking interpretation of the Thunderbird was found in a semi-oval plate, pointed at both ends, in the Axel Rasmussen's Collection at Wrangell, Alaska (1939). The



164. Thunderbird with hooked bill.



165. Thunderbird with Whale in talons.

bird here faces the Raven, who is flying towards him with his head turned slightly to the left. The Thunderbird's countenance and body are different from the usual, as his face is human. His smoothly combed hair, parted in the middle, covering his eyes and drooping down over his ears to his neck, leave only the nose and the mouth exposed. The nose is projected forward into a hooked beak—the only Thunderbird feature left with the outspread wings and tail. The body is feathered, but the arms and legs are human, the hands resting upon the bent knees. A broad halo frames the head, as in the familiar pictures of Roman and Greek saints, with an outer band cross-hatched, and, inside a wheel, eight spoke-like rays resembling feathers. Here again it is obvious that the Haida carvers at times compared

their mythical beings to the saints, brought to them in icons by the Russians through their Greek Orthodox church in Alaska. Another odd addition is the whaler's steel harpoon surmounting the halo and fitting into the ogival end of the dish. This type of metal harpoon had been invented by a Negro blacksmith at New Bedford, Massachusetts, to replace the early "toggle" harpoon of the Indians (Plate 159).

Another early interpretation on an argillite panel of the Thunderbird among the Haida is significant, because the bird once more appears as a human being. Here a man is shown in profile with his arms and legs extended out horizontally, his arms fringed with a wide band of feathers, and a small wing-like spur at his ankles. This human Thunderbird is aflight, Mercury-like. A fine piece of plastic work, conserved at the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, it may go back to the scrimshaw days in the 1830's and 1840's, when the native carvers made pipes and varied figures for the sea trade. On the opposite side of the panel, we see a white man lounging, his legs and arms stretched out, with heeled boots and a tailored white man's suit. A few stylized four-petalled flowers and pennate leaves on stems are set in cross-hatching, which completes the decoration (Plate 160).

A small wood panel (Plate 192) for a plaque in a head-dress—quite exquisite, perhaps a Niskæ piece—is much less than a hundred years old, yet it reproduces the double-headed Thunderbird of the Old World in the imperial crests of the Tsar, the Kaiser, and a few other European



166. Thunderbird in centre; Whales outside.

potentates. Under this double-headed form the Thunderbird was a fur-trade innovation, due to the influence among the Tlingit at Sitka and elsewhere of the Russian American Company whose emblem it was by permission of the Tsar of all Russians. Even as a single-headed Thunderbird in plastic form and as an emblem, this crest seems to be a fairly recent importation, again from the Slavs engaged as early as 1741 (if not before) in exploration and the fur trade. Of this we find some evidence in the oral traditions of the leading Tsimshyan families claiming royal lineage, for instance that of Menæsk at Gitlarhdamks on the upper Nass River (an offshoot of the Salmon-Eater clan):

Still in the presence of the Thunderbird (on a huge house surmounted by a great eagle with outspread wings, which they were beholding for the first time), Menæsk summoned two of his nephews to draw its picture, so as to preserve it in paint. These craftsmen, after several days of effort, produced the likeness of the bird by painting its head, wings, and tail . . . It was the spirit of the deep sea. As soon as they had finished, the exultant chief proclaimed, "This shall be my totem." So it has remained ever since.



167. Thunderbird holding Salmon in talons.

As this native testimony indicates, the so-called totemic system on the North Pacific Coast is a foster-child of European heraldry, which appealed strongly from the first to the American natives and was appropriated, with or without permission, by the native middlemen in the fur trade. The Thunderbird, giving expression to a pre-existing native belief, headed the ingress of totems in their rapid progress among the scattered tribes down the coast. The closing chapter in this expansion, particularly among the Kwakiutl, dates back only to the 1850's and 1890's.¹

In three carved argillite dishes of Skidegate, a foreign origin is only too obvious in the process of "acculturation." In the first dish, at the British Museum, the Eagle aflight is holding in his bill a banderole, the surface of which is only cross-hatched (Plate 161). In outline, it resembles the Dove form of the Holy Ghost which usually decorates the ceilings in Greek Orthodox and Catholic churches. At an early date, a few such churches had been erected by the Russians partly for the spiritual benefit of the natives on the Aleutian Islands and at Sitka, Alaska. This assumption is supported by the bold Roman lettering in two rows framing the bird in a halo-like centre, with a straight celestial beam above. This is an Indian icon, no less. And the words read: HALL'S YELLOWDOCK SARSA-PARILLA, apparently a trade-mark on imported goods. The second ring of letters inside, some upside down and all thrown together without a meaning shows that the Haida craftsman really could not read his script.

A second Haida dish also belongs to the derivative period with patterns borrowed at random. On the obverse side, the Thunderbird, under a dome, stands defiant, wings spread, holding three arrows in his right talons. A broader arch is turned upwards under him and is dented. The decoration is completed by four disks, two on each side near the ribbon-like border, with

¹ Cf. *Totem Poles*, I: 63, 64.

a button-like centre quadrified. Cherry-like fruits and bilobed flowers on long bent stems are added, with a few leaves, and again a long word simulating an inscription. Here the letters, nearly all recognizable, are backwards or upside down. The maker was obviously illiterate and merely had a European model in his memory. On the reverse side, this plate rests on a low rim, and a six-petalled rosace, within twin circles drawn by compass, holds the centre. Four rosettes of two different types, some leaves and fruits, and two lyra-like patterns with bars and buttons complete the ornamentation. Here, as elsewhere, the embossed repoussés and cross-hatching technique is that of a silversmith (Plate 162).

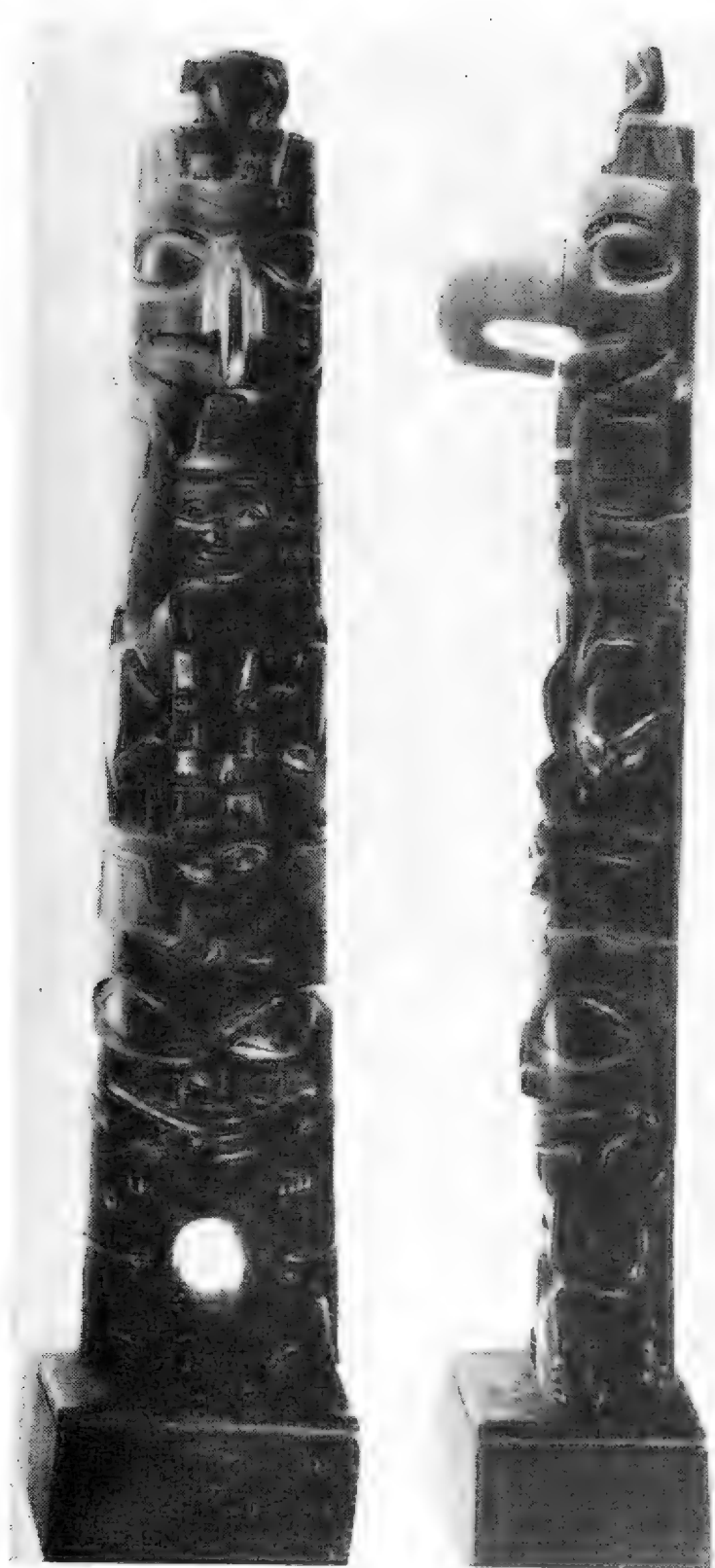


168. Thunderbird with Whales.

A third plate, round in shape and of the same exotic type, is filled to the rimmed border with the Thunderbird grasping the three arrows of lightning, repeated on both sides. The large arrowheads are the shape of a Boston whale harpooner's, as they were hammered out of iron in the 1840's. The engraving in the background within the plate and round the border is linear and made with a ruler, roulette-like, skilfully dented and beaded—all of it in the European or white-American style. The under side of the plate is covered with admirable compass-drawn rosettes with nine points, within an overall six-lobed geometrical design, rounded out with palmettes outside. Apart from the two main notched circles in the centre, a rope border, beautifully executed, gives to the whole the appearance of silver repoussé. Indeed the assertion by some present-day elders here is confirmed, that the old carvers found inspiration in the table silver they occasionally saw in the captains' cabins on board ship (Plate 163).

One of the two earliest appearances we know of the Thunderbird's most distinctive feature—the crooked beak—is found in the centre of a pipe panel, quite elaborate, of the Wilkes Collection, 1838, at the United States National Museum at Washington. The Thunderbird is coupled with archaic figures which are non-totemic and meaningless, such as the long protruding tongue linking two animals or people together; a frog; a bear swallowing a human head; one or two eagle, bear, or human profiles, together with stylized eyes and feathers; these were already part of the common stock (Plate 164).

Older by nearly fifteen years, in 1825, the hooked-bill symbol of the Thunderbird in an elaborate pipe panel of the Haida was brought back to Paris by John Scouler. It is preserved with a few contemporary argillite pieces at Le Musée de l'Homme. The incurved beak is in the place of the nose in the mask-like face of a being whose body is human. The Thunder-



169. Thunderbird_(at the_top).

bird's profile is juxtaposed to another mythic bird, which the Niskæ call Sasaw, with a long protruding tongue. This bird usually figures on the Niskæ wooden rattles for ceremonial purposes. Its further association here, in the middle of the group, with the elephant's trunk tightly coiled, more than hints at an Asiatic derivation. On the same side of the compact group, a Haida chief wears a tall hat with four symbolic *skils*. Back to back with these, a carved spoon handle is reproduced. Such spoons were made on the mainland by the Tsimshian and the Tlingit. At the upper end of the spoon handle is a fantastic bird, and at the other end, a man with a long sharp nose, usually called the Cannibal, wearing a cap. (21).

A third elaborate pipe panel of the early period, with the Thunderbird profile and other contemporary figures, is in the collection of the Museum of the American Indian in New York. Here the mythic bird of lightning and thunder is presented under an unfamiliar garb. Without a hooked beak, his profile is midway between that of the Raven and the Eagle. We might not recognize the Thunderbird, were he not coupled with the Whale in his talons—

here the Killer-Whale with a perforated dorsal fin. The exquisite quality of this piece depends upon its surface decoration, imitative of wood and metal engraving, but still quite appropriate. This specimen, called a pipe, although it has no bowl, was secured by exchange from England, without further data as to date and place of origin.

Returning to the plates and dishes, we find an oval dish of a more recent date. Going back to about 1870, it shows the Whale in the clutches of the Thunderbird, in a splendid argillite engraving. Here the mythological



170. Thunderbird (in centre).



171. Thunderbird and Whale.





group fills the whole space within the ribboned edge of an oval plate. Inlays of polished whale bone dot the edge just outside a godroned inner band, and fine cross-hatching fills the remaining empty spaces. The technique is again of foreign importation, that of silver or metal engraving with a sharp metal graver made out of a file. Its mixed sources are further pointed out by the lettering on the underside: *Terf Washton & Co* accompanied by four dots in a square, plus one in the middle (Plate 165).

The Thunderbird at the centre and two Whales in the outer part are the theme of the engraved decoration of a round plate, one of the finest pieces from the hands of a past master—Tom Price of Skidegate. Strangely enough, one of the Whales is composite; the fin and blow-hole belong to the Killer-Whale, whereas the tail is like the Shark's, one-sided. The Thunderbird with a hooked beak is compressed within a narrow sphere, but most skilfully, around a small disk of polished ivory. The fairly wide rim in this remarkable plate is decorated with engraved patterns. This is exceptional. The inner sphere and the outer band, as well as the border, are separated into three areas by a rope design in low relief (Plate 166).

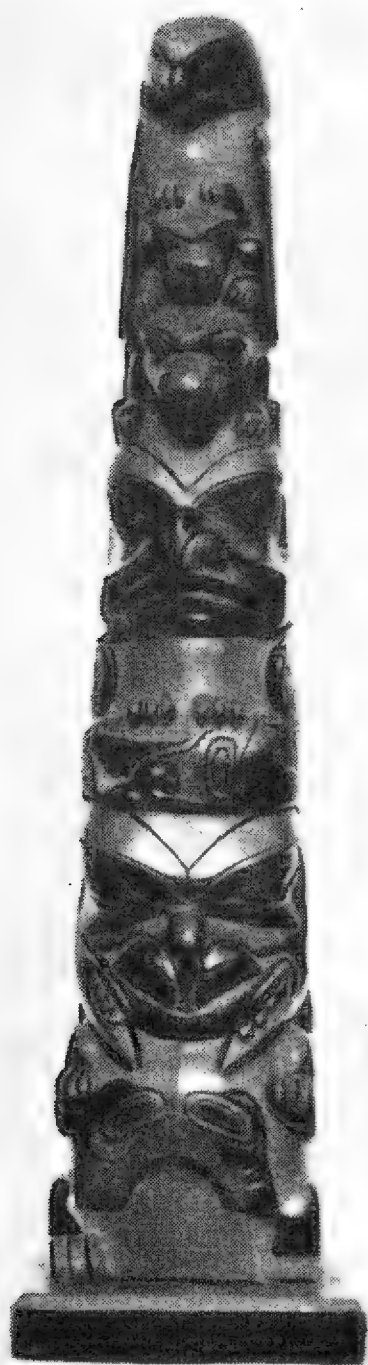
Another plate of exquisite workmanship, by Charley Edensaw of Massett, is more elaborate still, because of the figures in the round affixed in the oval space—the Eagle aflight, carrying a salmon in his talons, and two Frogs standing by on both sides. The carver, whose main crests were the Eagle and the Beaver, saw fit for once to appropriate the Thunderbird, which was not his property; but he did it only in half, as it were, for he substituted the Salmon for the Whale. And then he fell back upon propriety, by using one of his own crests.



173.

Thunderbird and Whale.

174.



175. Thunderbird and Whale.

The Beaver with the *skil* or disks on his head fills the flat space in the plate about the figures. The engraving and the cross-hatching are exquisite, and the inlays for the eyes of the totemic animals, also in the border, are of abalone shell, all excepting the eyes of the salmon, which are of whale bone (Plate 167).

A last plate, recently made, in the Lipsett-Ryan Collection at Vancouver, is of inferior workmanship, yet it embodies an interesting subject—again the Thunderbird with two Whales. If the art of engraving and carving reached its peak from the 1870's to 1900, it quickly declined in later years, except in so far as the old carvers and a few of their disciples are concerned. Some of the younger generation lapsed into a sterile realism, and this is true of the round dish in Plate 168. In this specimen, the Thunderbird is clothed with tiny feathers, all realistically drawn in rows. The stubby bill, too large in proportion to the body, holds up a Whale in front, and the talons clutch a second Whale at the rear, rather awkwardly. Inlaid opercula and cross-hatchings decorate the rim. In spite of good burin work, the design has become loose, and the space is no longer compactly filled. Whatever was gained in resemblance was lost in creative style, and the loss far outweighs the gain. This plate was made, presumably at Skidegate, two or three decades later than the previous ones (Plate 168).

One of the many occurrences of the Thunderbird in argillite work is found in a panel or group carved out of a block, in the McGill University Museum. Here, combined with the Beaver and Bear Mother, but on the opposite side, a rather sad-looking Thunderbird with his hooked beak sits, his hands drooping on his knees and his wings stiffly draped down his sides. The remarkable feature consists in a halo with heavy cross-hatching surrounding his head and face. The carver obviously intended to adapt, as was occasionally done, the haloes he had seen in the Russian icons of Alaska to the Thunderbird and other mythical beings, which he considered equally holy.

In the following series of argillite poles, all of them after 1869, the Thunderbird and the Whale figure prominently in the company of other mythical personalities. If the poles of the first period were hollow-backed,

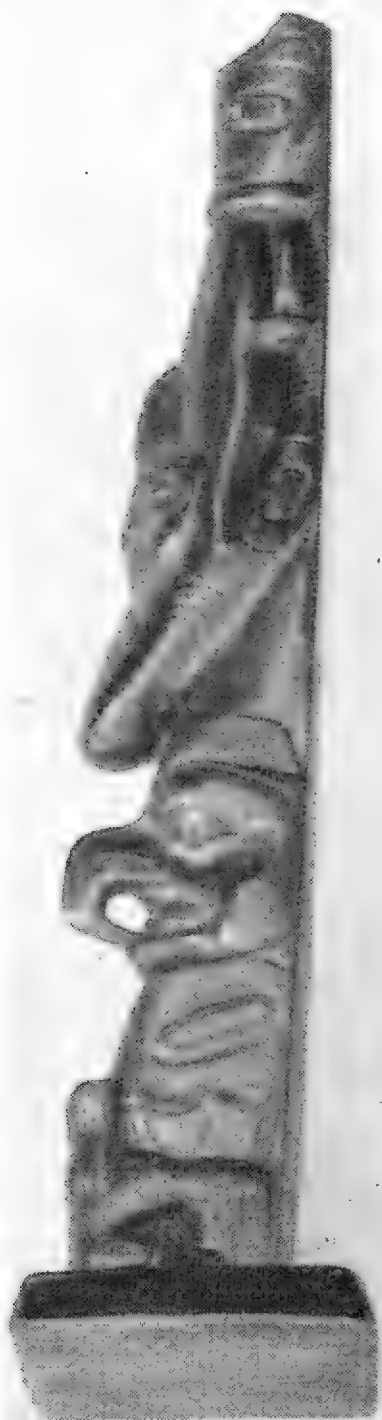
more slender and lighter than those of later years, it is because the tall wooden poles standing at the time in the villages of the North Pacific Coast were also hollowed out behind. Hewn out of red cedar logs, the weight of those large poles was reduced to the utmost before they were raised and made to stand up by primitive means. Their heavier end was lowered first into the hole where they were planted, and the smaller top was pulled up by means of ropes and props in many helping hands. The only way of making a pole sufficiently light for planting was to split the tree trunk in half before it was carved with adze, chisel, and mallet, and to cut out the heart of the tree to its outer shell until its concave shape at a cross-section was that of a thick fingernail. The early miniature poles were likewise hollowed out. Yet there was no reason for this, as it made them unduly fragile. Not a few of them as a result have been broken or have lost their projecting parts.

The Thunderbird was the second crest, next to the Moon, of He-whose-voice-is-obeyed, Haida chief of Pebble-Town at the former village of Coal Harbour in Skidegate Inlet. This chief and his family claimed for additional crests, the Rainbow, the Killer-Whale, and the Sea-Lion (22). The Thunderbird was also the second ranking crest at the village of Sqoahladas in the neighbourhood, where The-Successful-Fishermen placed the Killer-Whale first; and, next to the Thunderbird, the Sea-Lion, the Rainbow, the Snag or Tsamaos, the Dog-Fish, and the Yagi Tree. A northern offshoot of the clan, The-Rear-Town-People at Naikun or Roses pit also owned the Thunderbird as a minor emblem, in their list of the Killer-Whale, the Hawk (another form of Thunderbird), the Grizzly Bear, the Thunderbird, and the Cumulus-Cloud.

The Thunderbird in argillite poles seems to have been used at first only by carvers who claimed it as a crest. For this reason, it has always been a distinctive trade-mark of the Skidegate or southern group of Haida, who had initiated argillite carving in the earliest quarter of the same century. One of the oldest poles embodying it, collected by S. H. Harris in the early 1870's, is preserved at the National Museum of Canada. Its style is rather unusual, the only one of its type in the Museum, with the edges of the

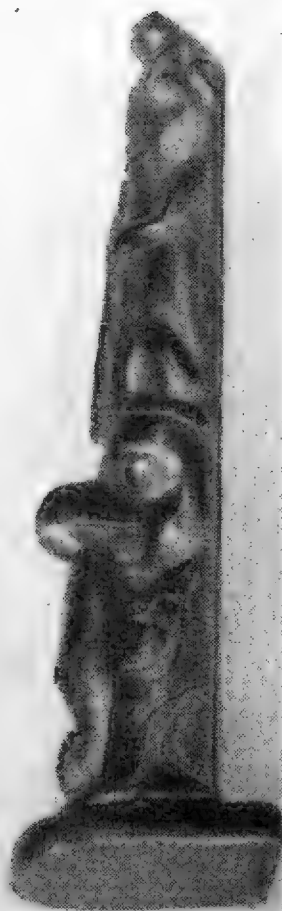


176. Thunderbird and Whale.



177.

Thunderbird and Whale.



178.

sits a chief with a conical hat and *skils*; his feet rest upon the head of a small Grizzly Bear. Under the wings of the bird on either side, the Frog appears, head down. The figure squatting at the bottom, through whose body the small oval doorway is cut into the house, is the Grizzly Bear. His forepaws are turned down on his chest, and lower paws point inwards. The base of the shaft, glued on, is square, solid, and without ornamentation (Plate 169).

A third argillite pole with the Thunderbird, whose incurved beak is pegged on, forms part of the J. W. Powell Collection acquired by the

triangular base marked with godroons, to which it is glued. The Thunderbird, holding the Whale in his talons, is the bottom figure on the pole. Above it appears Moon-Woman wearing a labret, with a small Bear turned upwards towards her, and at the top, the Raven holding the Frog, head down. These crests, including the Raven and incidentally the Frog, were the possession of the Raven phratry in its Pebble-Town location at Coal Harbour and elsewhere. They were presumably carved by one of its members who initiated this style of carving among the Haida (Plate 172).

One of the two or three oldest argillite poles with the Thunderbird was collected by J. G. Swan, apparently in 1874. It is of the portal or house-front type and is preserved at the United States National Museum in Washington. As in the previous specimen, the compact grouping of its figures and the finish are remarkable; it is highly stylized. Its main totem, at the top, is the mythic bird with long incurved bill, pegged on, whose wings droop down the sides. On his head sits a small human being, with hands on his knees. As his head has fallen off and been lost, we presume that it was of ivory, as in other early totem poles. In front of the Thunderbird between his wings,

National Museum of Canada in 1879. Its bird totem occupies the centre of the shaft. It stands over a Bear, which is repeated above, and a small human figure, with hat on, sits at the top (Plate 170).

The Thunderbird in all his feathers and holding what seems to be a salmon, at the base of a fourth pole, is also of the Powell Collection (1879) at the National Museum of Canada. The two other beings above are the Bear, and the Whale with his tail turned back on his stomach. A chief with the conical hat and *skil* at the top holds a smaller man in front, perhaps his chosen nephew. This again is a fine example of the work of the period of 1870-80. An old Skidegate informant, H. Young, thought it had been made by a southern Haida of Cape St. James (Plate 171).

In a fifth pole, at the American Museum of Natural History, N.Y., the Thunderbird sits at the top of the pole, with the Whale suspended, head down, in front of him, between his wings. The other figures below are apparently two Grizzly Bears, the one above holding on to the *skil* on the head of the lower animal. This is the work of a southeastern Haida—Tanu, Skedans, or Cumshewa (Plate 173).

A sixth pole of high quality, perhaps from the same hands at a different moment of the maker's life, is planned somewhat differently. The Thunderbird and the Whale in front are placed in the middle of the composition. Here, for the second time, the beak of the bird has lost its vicious hook and is hewn out of the block. The figure at the base is the Whale with a halibut in his mouth, and at the top stands the Grizzly (Plate 174).

The Thunderbird and the Whale, on a seventh pole, at the Denver Art Museum, sits in the middle, with his hooked bill, and the Whale crosswise in



179. Thunderbird and Whale.



180. Thunderbird with curved bill.

181. Thunderbird (centre).

Price . . . At least one of the poles (Plate 184) was carved as late as 1920. (Plates 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184).

his talons. Another Whale, much larger, occupies the base, and the Eagle, at the top, rests upon two Bears facing forward. A fine carving from Skidegate, it was collected at Sitka, Alaska, in 1886 (Plate 175).

In an eighth pole, in the Hugh McKay private collection of Winnipeg (about 1920), the Thunderbird, coupling teeth with a crooked beak, grasps the Whale crosswise in his talons. A chief, with his *skil* conical hat, sits on the bird's head. The Raven is shown with a Frog hanging (affixed) from either side, and the Bear crawling down his forehead. This good carving is attributed by a Skidegate elder to Amos Collison, brother of Thomas Collison, of Skidegate (Plate 176).

In seven more totem poles of a later date—after 1900—the Thunderbird is coupled with his usual quarry, the Whale. The Whale is repeated twice in three instances, once small and placed crosswise, and the second time larger, with face forward and tail turned back on his stomach. He appears three times with his hooked nose in the other carvings and looks like the Eagle. Thrice he is shown with the Shark (Plates 177, 181), and in another small totem he holds the Whale upwards in his arms—an unusual posture—with Volcano-Woman standing on his head, a cane in her hands, while the Frog squats on her head (Plate 178). The other totems were made by Skidegate craftsmen — Thomas Moody, Tom

Some carvers of the last few decades, including Chapman the cripple, and Andrew Brown belonging to the Eagle phratry, have taken advantage of the collapse of custom and annexed the Thunderbird and the Whale to their repertory, although these crests were not their own to use; they had belonged to the Ravens. No less than twenty-one occurrences of the Thunderbird can be counted in the Chapman totems in the Cunningham Collection at the Municipal Museum of Prince Rupert. In these delicate carvings, the mythic bird is often associated with the Eagle, which is a new turn. In most instances, however, Chapman left the heraldic bird in its former surroundings with the Whale, the Raven, the Bear, and sometimes the Wolf. Andrew Brown, an Eagle of Massett, an old craftsman who was still at work in 1947, also trespassed upon the preserves of another phratry and village, when he availed himself of the Thunderbird. In Brown's individual treatment, the bird is placed at the top of the poles, with outspread wings, clutching the Whale. His manner yields to the trends of modern times, away from stylization towards realism, and his Thunderbird looks like an Eagle, the American Eagle.



182. Thunderbird and Whale (top).

The use of totems and myths in plastic illustrations for the trade of argillite and wood carvings is intimately related to their practical function in the social life of the Haida. The returns of the annual sales were invested in the advancement of the carvers, who built new houses, erected totem and house poles, and boosted their prestige in the eyes of their own people. This production, besides, served in the training of craftsmen and led them a long way in the stylization which characterizes and differentiates them from their mainland neighbours who were less keen about the trade.

Many examples of the Thunderbird, both in myth and in totem poles, are given in the author's *Totem Poles* (I: 134-165). A few more



183. Thunderbird and Whale.

in the forms of paintings, wooden head-dresses and house posts, may complete the picture here.

The Tlingit Thunderbird with the Whale, as a myth, is illustrated in a large wall painting inside a community house belonging to Waskitan, at Klukwan, Alaska, a division of the Cankukidi (Two-storey-house or House-on-another). This habitation is also called Thunderbird House. The owners belong, within the Wolf phratry, to the clan that has raised the Killer-Whale (*kit*) to the standing of a crest, and own no other. The Killer-Whale originally was not their property, but they acquired it by becoming "grandchildren" to the clan, a branch of the Kagwantan, whose main crest was the Thunderbird (quarrels over its possession are not yet forgotten).

The painted wall inside the Waskitan house of Klukwan (12 feet high by 25 feet wide) is made of detachable boards of red cedar, coloured dull ochre red, blue, buff, and yellow. Some abalone shells, as ornaments, are inlaid at the sides. A majestic Thunderbird occupies the upper centre almost to the top, and he clutches the Whale in the talons of his right leg. His wings are widespreading, and his face is turned to his right. Almost as big, the Whale is turned to the right. In a distinct group repeated on both sides, the jacksnipe is shown, within a circle, flying with an oolachen (candle-fish) in its beak. Under it, as if in a square box, the large head of a whale with open mouth swallows oolachen; a number of small fish swim about. The space-filling designs—eyes, eyebrows, heads, mouths, fins—all over, represent the spume or foam caused by the Whale breaking water. The wolf's head to the left is a reminder that the owners belong to the phratry of this name. The reason why the jacksnipe and oolachen are brought into the composition is that the jacksnipe in springtime feeds on oolachen, just as the whales do. But the whales are said to depend on the jacksnipe to discover the location of the shoals of candle-fish (Plate 185).

This Thunderbird wall was carved and painted in 1907, to replace an older one, which had been destroyed by fire. The maker was Rudolph (a family name), and his tribe was Hlinaide (a Raven). Some of the original

boards were saved and kept as a token of authenticity. (*Information from Mr. and Mrs. William Paul, Juneau, Alaska, 1947.*)

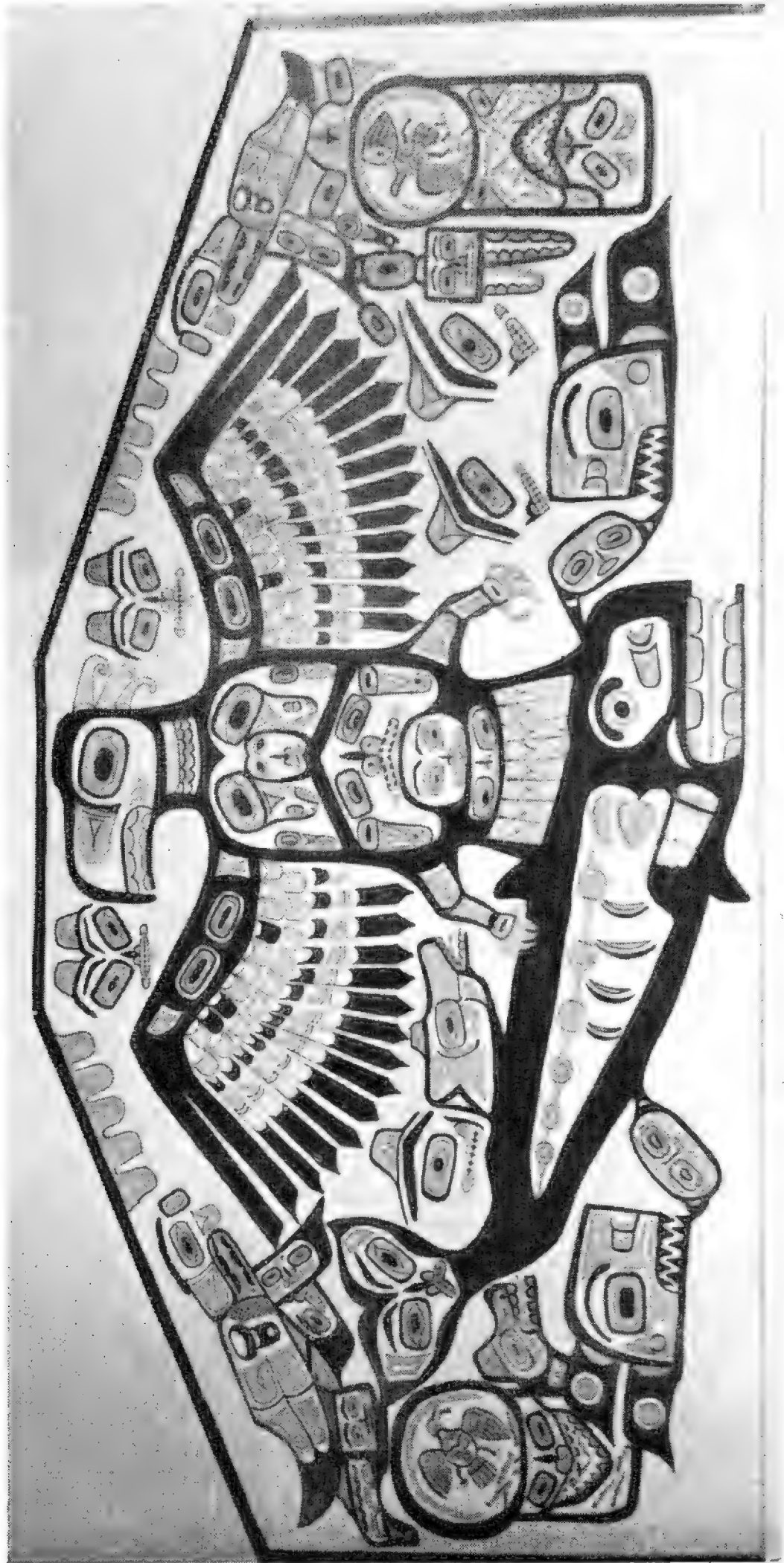
A head-dress of the type used by every clan leader among the northern nations of the coast served as a crown to a head-chief of the Thunderbird. Here the totem has a hooked bill (Plate 186). The plaques or front of these crowns were carved out of red alder and profusely decorated with inlays of abalone shells—in the border, the eyes, the teeth, and even the feathers on the breast. Red-flicker feathers adorned the top and sides of the head band or cap, and a long trail of ermine skins completed the finery. These insignia of high rank, together with Sasaw bird rattles, were the specialty of Niskæ craftsmen (Nass River Tsimshyan), who were unsurpassed. Their work usually was made on order with definite directions as to the crest. That is why we often find it disseminated all along the North Pacific Coast. The Thunderbird head-dress here, for instance, was found in the Walter C. Waters Collection at Wrangell, Alaska, in 1939.

A spectacular mask with the Thunderbird surmounted with a set of pointed blades like rays came from the Kwakiutl and is preserved at the Municipal Museum at Vancouver. It was used, no doubt, in their winter ceremonies, and the appearance of an impersonator with this mask on, while a song accompanied the rhythm of the dance, must have been marked by gun shots representing thunder and lightning (Plate 187).

Two wooden house posts, presumably of the northern Kwakiutl, at the Brooklyn Museum, N.Y., stand for the Thunderbird (with a large hooked nose or bill; one of these bills has been lost) holding a man in front of him on a copper shield. This seems to be the image of the chief who owned a shield (the most valuable Indian currency) and the house as well, of which the posts helped to support the roof beams in a large potlatch hall (Plates 190, 191).



184. Thunderbird and Whale.



185. Tlingit painted wall-decoration with Thunderbird and Whale.

NARRATIVES

The Thunderbird of the Lake, by Mary Adurhgerho, of the household of 'Nagapo, Gitrhahla (Tsimshyan), or myth of Gusgedemti, Lightning-Robe. Collected in English by William Beynon in 1916.

Nagapt and Gomasnerhl set out to hunt and went to the Ktai River, which was their hunting ground. When they arrived there, they went up the river until they arrived at a lake on the head of the river. There they made their camp and prepared a meal. As they had finished eating, Gomasnerhl said, "What shall we do? We have no robes with us to sleep in."

Nagapt answered, "Let us turn the sod over and use it for a blanket. And we shall call this river *ktai*" (*kto* means sleeping robe). They slept here; and while they slept, a frightful noise awoke them. This noise was coming from the lake. They looked into the lake, and they saw emerging from the waters a monster. It resembled a huge bird. When it spoke, a flash of lightning issued from its beak, while two children stood on it. The monster bird then spread out its wings, which emitted a sound of thunder. Lightning flashed from its mouth. Then it slowly sank into the lake. When all but the beak was submerged, it emitted another flash of thunder and lightning.

Nagapt and Gomasnerhl had been gone some time, and the people at their village thought something had happened to them to keep them away so long. Their two sisters, Nawaiyorhs and Larhgeo, went out to hunt for them. They also saw the huge monster and thought it had destroyed their brothers. So they sang dirge songs (which are still remembered). They had brought their canoe up to look for their brothers on the lake, for they thought they were now dead somewhere. They left their canoe and went up into the valley known as Ktsimknapins, and here they met their brothers. They all travelled together and went down towards the lake. There they came upon a large copper dish and also a stone dish. The copper dish was taken by Larhgeo, the woman of his family, and the stone dish became the property of Nawaiyorhs. The stone vessel was left behind, and it may be seen there to this day. The copper dish owned by Larhgeo became a special



186. Head-dress with Thunderbird.

crest of this household and was known as the Gailo-maseen. The stone vessel was taken as a crest by Nawaiyorhs and was known as Gailom-lawp. Nagapt had the privilege of using these two crests; but upon his return to his village, he made a copper hat out of the copper dish, and he adopted it as a crest, so as not to interfere with the crest of Larhgeo.

They now went down from here, and between them they carried the copper of Larhgeo. Before they reached the lake they rested twice; and when they arrived at the edge of the lake from which the lightning monster had been seen, they found the canoe still tied safely; they thought it had been lost.

Having prepared a camp and meals, they were startled by a frightful noise on the lake. There they saw a huge Bullhead (*Gayait*). In its fur along its back were human faces, four in number. After swimming at the surface, the monster Bullhead sank into the water. This the four people beheld, and they sang dirge songs [also still remembered].

The Bullhead returned to view again a second time, and it had Ravens (*Qærh*) on its side fins. The monster swam round and then sank into the lake. The four witnesses thought that it had disappeared for good and that they would be safe to go out on the lake in their canoe. But as soon as they had embarked, the monster emerged. This time it had two Ravens, one above the other. Then the Bullhead turned over on its back, and on its belly three Ravens sat in a row on a Starfish. The Bullhead sank from view again and rose for the last time. This time it had on its head a Raven with outspread wings. In each wing were small human beings. The Bullhead then dived under and disappeared for good.

The four people then sang another dirge song, and they journeyed on until they were at Lkohodgar near the River Ktai. Here they built a hut and stayed for one day. Then they left for their home village of Gitrhahla. With them they had the large copper dish.

When they were half way to Gitrhahla, they met a canoe and paddled up to it. It was Gaosemnæq accompanied by his nephew, who had just gone out to hunt for them, for they had been away for some time. They now all met, and then Nagapt related to Gaosemnæq all that had happened to them and what they had seen, and showed what they had taken back with them. They all sang dirge songs; and when they had finished, they saw on the waters, close by, a huge Frog. It was sitting with uplifted feet at the surface of the water. In each foot and each ear, it had abalone pearls.



187. Mask of Thunderbird (Kwakiutl).



188. Thunderbird mask with human face and hooked nose.

The nephew of Gaosemnæq was enraptured by its beauty, and he said, "I will catch it." So he jumped out upon the waters to swim for it, but the Frog sprang upon the young man and drew him down into the sea. Gaosemnæq and the other four people then paddled to the spot where he had disappeared and sang dirge songs. They made offerings of fat to the monster, for it to release the young man.

A blackfish, hearing the lament, took pity on the mourners and dived down into the monster's dwelling under the sea and brought back the captive on his back; but before he could bring him to Gaosemnæq, the Frog caught up to him and again took possession of the young man. After this the victim never reappeared.

So the five people returned to River Ktai; and after preparing their meal, they spent the night there. They went to sleep, and very early in the morning they were awakened by shouting and splashing in the lake. They saw a monster man who gazed in all directions. Under his left hand was a Bullhead. This was termed a Ligidihl, another kind of Thunderbird. It differed from the Ligidihl crest of Neeswærhs (Gispewudwade, of the Ginæhdoiks tribe). The crest of Nagapt had a Bullhead under its arm, and the figure revolved at all times; while the crest of Neeswærhs had a ceremonial copper under its left hand and looked in one direction only.

The Thunderbird of Asewælget, related by Sam Lewis of Gitrhahla (Coast Tsimshyan), in 1916, and recorded by William Beynon.

After Gunarhnotk had arrived from Temlarham in company with his brothers and nephews, he set out from Gitrhahla village one day, his nephew Larhot with him, to hunt for land otter (*watserh*). Having tried all over his hunting grounds, he could not get any. Then they came to a large inlet on the mainland. There he made his camp. He wanted land otter, because he was going to give a large *iyaok* (feast), and in order to please his Kanhada royal chief he had to give away land otter garments to his guests, especially the royal Kanhada chiefs. They had wanted these garments in payment for the garments of ground-hog given to him at a previous feast. These were to be compensated for in land otter robes, according to their expressed anticipations. So Gunarhnotk began to hunt in this large inlet.



189. Thunderbird and Beaver.

He set his traps and stayed here for a time. A little later, he went back with his nephew Larhot to inspect his traps. They found many land otters in the traps, so they decided they would stay at this place. Here they built a lodge and found out by casting their halibut hooks (*'nu*) into the waters of this salt-water lake that they caught a great many halibut. These they dried. They also erected salmon traps and caught a great number of salmon, which also they dried.

They had stayed here for some time when, one day, while they were up in the hills, they were startled by a huge bird-like monster which arose from the ground and emitted a loud noise like that of thunder. The Thunderbird sat up and spoke in a thunderous voice accompanied by lightning. The great bird arose and flew away, while the two men contemplated the vision. They sang the dirge songs of this great monster and then returned to their camp.

Then they made preparations to return to Larhklen, their village at Gitrhahla. It was so called on account of the two hills at the back of the village. The larger one has, at a distance, the appearance of a human being sitting in the stern of the canoe (*temlen*: a person sitting in stern of boat or canoe). The Gitlen tribe had lived here in former days. So they had taken their name (people of *len*). This name is still used, instead of Gitrhahla, which is seldom spoken.



190. Thunderbird and man (Kwakiutl).



191. Thunderbird and man (Kwakiutl). →

Upon arriving at Larhklen, Gunarhnotk called his household together and then prepared to give a large feast. After he had summoned all the people, he showed this huge Thunderbird crest called Asewælget, and he told how he had seen this supernatural being towards the hills in a long inlet. This territory he now proclaimed to be his own (it is still to this day) and gave it the name of *Kmawde*, place of the Spirit. It became known as *Ktsem-knawde* (now Lowe Inlet).

The Three Thunder Brothers, as told by John Brown, a Gitksan of Kispayaks, in 1920. He had heard it told by his father and repeated by others. William Beynon acted as interpreter.

There were two brothers living together with their wives on the mountain, and three men came along to see them. They also were brothers; one of them was named Ma'al;¹ the second, Ligitqalprh (Rays-of-the-Sun); and the third, Wæih. They were entertained by the two brothers, who asked them where they came from. They answered, "From the village called Right-along-without-a-stop" (*wisenskit*). After this, they went back home.

The two brothers then beheld on top of the mountain the three strangers crossing over to the other side. Two days later they heard rumbling noises in the direction where the three visitors had disappeared, just as if many boxes were being moved about. Soon after they saw a black cloud coming from there. A man then appeared. The middle part of his body was very large, and he had wings. The two brothers approached, to get a closer view. Then they noticed at a short distance a large fly which flew up and kept flying upwards into the mountain . . . It made a great noise and was about to vanish from sight. Then the *haiwis* (heavy rain) began to pour down, and they barely had time to regain their houses.

They were so exhausted that they nearly died, heavy with water as they were. The name they gave to this noise was *tiyé'et* (Thunder). They went back to their village and informed the others of what had happened. That was the thunder and lightning which from that time was called *Tiyæ'itu*.

Thunderbird topateehs among the Nootka (Recorded by Edward Sapir among the Nootka at Alberni, Vancouver Island, in 1910. XVIII, p. 36a).

¹ The full name is "The Little-Frog-that-almost-got-across" (*tsin-ma'aksuhkwaganaao*).



192. Double-headed Thunderbird.



193. Plaque with Thunderbird.

William obtained a Thunderbird *topateeh* from Lalaaqok'waph (a Tsis-yath) before he left for 'mukwa'ah. While out whaling, four brothers after killing a whale heard a thundering noise and saw a big hail shower. Their four canoes were tied together. The three younger brothers and all *kwak-waqo'ih* covered their heads with 'yakhahl, so as to escape hailstones as big as eggs. Only Lalaaqok'waph looked out from under the bow-board (*hlots'yanim*) in the bow of the canoe, where he was bundled up. First he saw the *He'itlikh* (the Thunder Snake) on the water, then the Thunder himself (a big man to our likeness with rough face, hooked beak, red paint, and wearing *hinikitsim*) appeared in the midst of the hail. He had on a thunder blanket and lifted the whale slightly, four times. Every time, just before he touched the whale, it thundered. Before it thundered, the *He'itlikh* dropped onto the water, and there was

lightning. After dropping the whale, the Thunder would mount up in the air a little ways, but he was visible only as a dark mass, because of the thick hail by which he was surrounded.

All this took place four times. The bird did not take the whale away, but he made Lalaaqok'waph lucky (*tcammi'yaph*). Then the bird flew to shore, leaving the whale behind.

Lalaaqok'waph made a painting of it inside of his house (on his *'aitsa-qhso'ihlim*). He had had his vision of Thunder only once. He put on two birds (*hitsnuph*) and two *He'itlikh* (one on each side), each bird holding the whale. The hail was also represented. Lalaaqok'waph made no painting on his housefront, nor did he get a name or a dance connected with The Thunderbird.

Le Grand Oiseau Idi (Le Rev. Père Emile Petitot: Monographie Des Dènè—Dindje, p. 71¹).

La tradition des Dènè de Churchill nous montre au commencement des temps le grand oiseau Idi qui produit le tonnerre, seul vivant dans le monde et planant sur les eaux qui couvraient tout. Il descendit sur la mer, la toucha de son aile, et aussitôt la terre s'élança du fond des eaux et surnagea à leur surface. L'oiseau Idi en fit alors sortir tous les êtres à l'exception de l'homme, qui naquit du chien, comme nous l'avons dit. C'est pourquoi les Dènè ont horreur de la chair de cet animal.

¹ Charlie Blackman Legoff, of Alberta, a Dènè, called: *Aidee*, lightning (the accent and raised pitch on *Ai-*), and *Aideeliel*, thunder (the accent and high pitch on *-dee-*.)

Illustrations

157. An oval plate with the Thunderbird in low relief inside, and a foliate wheel on the obverse side (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington. Collected by J. J. McLean; acc. 1882. $9\frac{5}{8}$ " long diam. x $8\frac{1}{4}$ " short diam. 34722-F, 34722-C. Photo from the same institution).
158. Panel with the Thunderbird and the Killer-Whale, of the 1830-40 period (Mus. Amer. Indian, N.Y. N.M.C., 87229).
159. Oval dish with pointed ends, showing the Thunderbird and the Raven, inside. The Thunderbird is human-like, except for the wings, tail, and hooked bill in the place of the nose (In the Axel Rasmussen's Collection, Wrangell, Alaska, 1939. Photo by the collector. N.M.C., Photog. Div.).
160. The Thunderbird, semi-human, in an argillite panel; on the obverse side, a white sailor in European clothes. Flat decoration of flowers and leaves, and cross-hatching (Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. H.N. 1299, or 344. $3\frac{1}{3}$ " x $7\frac{1}{2}$ ". N.M.C., 100045, 100046).
161. A plate with the Thunderbird carrying a banderole in the centre. Two rows of Roman letters thrown haphazardly together, except for a few words obviously copied from a trade-mark: Sarsaparilla. . . Presumably carved about 1840-50 and traced first on a lathe (British Museum, 7685/12).
162. An oval plate with the Thunderbird holding arrows in his talons, in the centre, and a mangled inscription in Roman (?) letters. A few inlays of polished whale bone. The scrimshaw influence is obvious here. Made about 1850-60, perhaps a little later (Peabody Museum, Harvard University, 38-12-10/9726. Received in 1928. $14\frac{1}{2}$ " x 10". Photos from the same institution).
163. A round plate with the Thunderbird with wings spread, holding arrows. Rosettes and rope border on the underside (Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. N.M.C., 100045, 100046).
164. Old pipe panel with a number of stylized figures of animals and birds, including the Thunderbird with curved bill and closed wings (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington; Lieut. Charles Wilkes Collection, 1838. Half of the natural size. Photo from the same institution: 34721-).
165. Oval dish engraved with the Thunderbird clutching the Whale; its border inlaid with polished whale bone (N.M.C. Aaronson Collection, 1908. VII-B-824. $9\frac{1}{4}$ " long x $7\frac{5}{8}$ " wide. Underside with an oval foot. Photog. Div., 88946).
166. Round plate decorated with engravings of the Thunderbird in the inner circle, and, in the wide outer band, the Killer-Whale with a Shark's tail, and the Whale. Rope border; button inlay in centre (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington. Collected by J. R. Swanton, ca. 1903; acc. 1904. 34723-D. 10" diam. x 1" deep. Photo from the same institution: 231009).
167. Oval dish with Eagle or Thunderbird and Salmon in his talons; and two Frogs in high relief; the Beaver engraved in the plate; border inlays in abalone shell.
168. Round plate with engraving of the Eagle and two whales. Fairly recent (Lipsett-Ryan Collection, Vancouver. N.M.C., 87319).
169. Totem pole of the 1870 decade showing, at the top, the Thunderbird with a hooked bill (U.S. Nat. Museum, Washington. 34722-a. Collected by Swan in 1874. 24 inches high. Photo No. 23339, from the same institution).
170. Totem pole with the Thunderbird in the centre; the Thunderbird is characterized by his hooked nose and wings (N.M.C., Powell Collection, 1879. VII-B-786. 19 inches high. Photog. Div., 88948).
171. Totem pole with the Thunderbird and the Whale next to the base (N.M.C., Powell Collection, 1879. VII-B-781. 21 inches high. Photog. Div., 88944).
172. Totem pole with the Thunderbird and the Whale next to the base (N.M.C.; S. H. Harris Collection, ca. 1870, VII-X-307. $19\frac{1}{4}$ inches high. Hollow back, triangular base. Photog. Div., 88961).

173. Totem pole showing the Thunderbird and the Whale at the top. Of the 1870-80 period (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., New York. 16/553. No. 11345. Photo from the same institution).
174. Totem pole with the Thunderbird and the Whale in the centre; the Whale swallowing a halibut, at the base (N.M.C., VII-B-*ca.* 788; Powell Collection, 1879. Photog. Div., 89443).
175. Totem pole showing the Thunderbird holding the Whale in his talons; the Whale is repeated at the base of the pole (Denver Art Museum. xx/212. Collected at Sitka, Alaska, in 1886. 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ " high x 4". Photo from the same institution).
176. Totem pole showing the Thunderbird with the Whale in his talons, in the lower part of the pole. Attributed to Amos Collison (In the Hugh McKay private collection, Winnipeg. Collected about 1920. Photo given by the owner).
- 177, 178. Two totem poles, both with the Thunderbird next to the base. First pole: Thunderbird, Shark, and man on back (9 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Acquired from the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, Seattle). Second pole: Thunderbird, Volcano-Woman holding a cane, with the Frog on her head pulling up her eye-lids (N. 279 $\frac{1}{2}$) (Both in the private collection of Michael Ash, Detroit, 1950. N.M.C. 1950, 212-4).
179. The Thunderbird clutching the Whale, in the lower half of a short pole (Clyde Patch's private collection, Ottawa. Purchased at Massett about 1920. Photog. Div., 89380, 89381).
180. The Thunderbird with curved bill and wings folded, next to the top of the totem pole; the Thunderbird with the Whale crosswise in his bill; the Whale, at the base (Clyde Patch's private collection, Ottawa, *ca.* 1920. Photog. Div., N.M.C. 89377).
181. Totem pole with the Thunderbird repeated twice: with the hooked bill next to the top, and, the next below, with a slightly curved bill. And the Whale at the base (Clyde Patch's private collection, Ottawa. *ca.* 1920. Photog. Div. N.M.C., 89377).
182. The Thunderbird (like an eagle) with the Whale crosswise in his talons, at the top of the totem pole; the Raven and, under him, the Bear (N.M.C., VII-B-1417. Photog. Div., M-203).
183. The Thunderbird (like an eagle) at the top of the pole; the Thunderbird holding the Whale crosswise in his eagle-like bill, in the centre; the Whale, at the base (N.M.C. Collected about 1940. Photog. Div., 94256).
184. The eagle-like Thunderbird holding the Whale in his talons, from the centre of the pole to the base; the Bear eating a fish, at the top (Hugh McKay private collection, Winnipeg, *ca.* 1920. 89379).
185. Very large, painted wall-decoration in a Tlingit house at Klukwan, Alaska, showing the Thunderbird with wings spread, holding the Whale in his talons. Jacksnipes with oolachens or candle-fish in the rings on both sides; below them, in the squares, the heads of whales feeding on oolachens (Photo by William Paul and Mrs. Frances L. Paul, Juneau, Alaska).
186. Crown with carved wooden plaque, flicker feathers, and ermine skins, of a chief, presumably Tlingit, whose crest is the Thunderbird, profusely decorated with abalone shells. Made, many years ago, by a Niskæ carver (Walter C. Waters private collection, Wrangell, Alaska, 1947. N.M.C., 103001).
187. Wooden mask of the Thunderbird with a human face and a hooked nose, and with movable rays on his head, presumably Kwakiutl (Municipal Museum, Vancouver. N.M.C., 102515).
188. Thunderbird mask with human face and hooked nose (Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, N.M.C., 100051, 100052).

189. Wooden dish with the Thunderbird and the Beaver (Provincial Museum, Victoria. 5½" x 12" x 7½". N.M.C., 1947, 29-5).
- 190, 191. Large wooden house posts with the Thunderbird in human form, except for the hooked bill instead of a nose, holding a man in his hands (The Brooklyn Museum, N.Y. 197.92. Photos from the same institution). (Right) The second of a pair (05,287).
192. Carved wooden plaque of a chief's head-dress showing two Eagles or Thunderbirds, back to back. Carved by Livingstone, of Kitlope (Kitamat), a sea-coast Tsimshyan village of the south (The Rev. G. H. Raley's private collection, 1939; now at the University of B.C. Museum. N.M.C., 87236).
193. Carved plaque of a chief's crown, adorned with abalone shell inlays, paint, flicker feathers, sea-lion whiskers, and ermine skins. Carved by a Niskæ. Representing the Eagle and the Thunderbird (Portland Art Museum, Oregon. Presumably from the Axel Rasmussen Collection, Wrangell, Alaska. 8" x 6". N.M.C., 1951, 4-1, 4-2).

TLENAMAW OR THE DRAGON

The Dragon has travelled the world. From his unknown cradle in prehistoric Asia, he soon adopted China as his chief stronghold. The Chinese and, after them, the Japanese imagined the Thunder god as having the shape of a Dragon or a Hydra. He assumed various forms in their art and mythology. Authorities on the subject affirm that "in all probability he is a creation of the Chinese themselves." The Book of Rites (Li Chi), "one of the five Confucian classics, contains a list of four Supernatural Creatures. They are . . . the Phoenix, the Tortoise—*Lung*, the Dragon, and *Lin*, the Unicorn . . ." The Unicorn has often been confused with the curly haired mythical Chinese Lion, which is the emblem of royalty(24). Associated with the sky and thunder god, the Dragon's kindred was Osiris in Egypt. There the sky, the rain, and the fertility of the earth were under his control. In India, the Thunder God, Indra, secured his powers to release the waters from Vrtra or Ahi, the Snake of the Veda. In Orissa, India, at the centre of the Rahanari temple (Bhuvanaskvara), a serpent goddess (Nagani) twines herself round a column with her five-hooded heads forming a canopy. This temple dates back to the 10th century after Christ. Wintenberg (25) says, "The Mongol Tribes, many Altai peoples, and some Eastern Tungus tribes, such as the Goldes, believe that the phenomenon of thunder is caused by a large flying dragon [the Double-Headed Snake of the North Pacific Coast]. The Mongols say that this dragon has wings and a body covered with fish scales. At times it lives in the water, at times flies in the air. When it moves in the sky the rumbling of thunder follows. In some places the rumbling is explained to be the dragon's voice, and every movement of its tail to be a flash of lightning. It never comes sufficiently near to the earth for people to see it, and in the winter it hides in lofty mountains.

"A similar conception of the nature of thunder is found among the Chukchee and all the primitive peoples of the district of Turukhansk. The Eastern Samoyeds liken the Thunderbird to a duck [like Horhoq of the Kwakiutl], whose sneezing is the cause of rain."

The European branch of the Dragon myth is no less cosmic in its symbolism. It has descended from prehistory to classical antiquity, and it is also a familiar feature in the folk tales and folk-lore of modern Europe, France and England in particular, and in America, French Canada has inherited it from the motherland in its folk tales of "Le Dragon de Feu" and the "Bête-à-Sept-Têtes."

The fabulous many-headed snake of the marshes of Lerna in Greek mythology was almost like the Seven-headed Dragon of our folk tales, but it had nine heads, which grew again as fast as they were cut off. In the end he was slain by Hercules(26). To quote from Murray (Same reference): "The serpent Idre . . . Like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine That great Alcides whilome overthrew" (Spencer, *Færie Queene* 1604). And "As great honoure . . . it was to Saint George that noble Captaine, to slea the great Hydre or Dragon at Silena" (1546 Bale, *Victories* . . .)

In Homer's *Adventures of Odysseus*, the story is told of Scylla, a she-monster with several heads, who snatched six sailors of Odysseus's crew. He wanted to fight her . . . In a Cretan statuette at the museum of Candia,



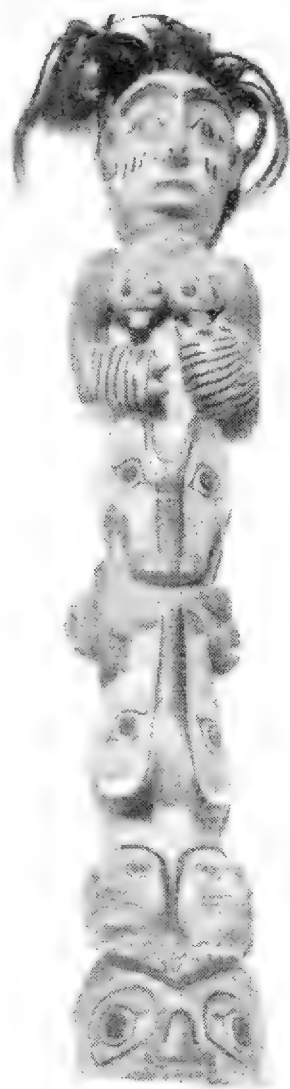
we find the Snake Goddess (*Déesse aux Serpents*) Scylla's contemporary, if not the very same. This Scylla is described as having been a nymph of great beauty whom the sea god Glaucus loved, to the great displeasure of the goddess Circe who was jealous. Circe, whose gift was to metamorphose people into beasts and restore them to their former selves—she once changed Odysseus's sailors into swine—transformed Scylla the nymph into a monster with twelve legs and paws; six long necks held up as many frightful howling heads. Doomed to remain a monster to the end of time, Scylla dived into the sea and riveted herself to the reef that assumed her name. There she devoured the sailors whose misfortune it was to fall into her hands when they steered clear off Charybdis (27).

The same sea god Glaucus lingered in the folk memory of western Europe, where he must have escorted Mercury and other Mediterranean divinities in their trek northwards at the turn of the first millennium of the Christian era. Marie de France, in a lay of the XIIIth century, wrote of Glaucus, the Snake that brought back to life a dead maiden.

The myth of Perseus and Andromeda of ancient Greece contains the most familiar account of the Dragon, stripped of higher functions and merely greedy for human life. A monster with seven heads, two front legs, a forked tail, and a reptilian body covered with large scales was incorporated in classical literature and sculpture, for instance, in Laocoön (Second Book of the *Æneid*) of the Roman poet Virgil (d. 19 B.C.) and in the famous statuary group of the same period in the Vatican museum. Laocoön, son of Priam and priest of Apollo at Troy, and his sons were smothered to death by serpents that surged out of the sea and forced their mighty coils about them.

Of a higher lineage, Perseus was the son of Zeus, the Thunder god, and of Danaë, a goddess. His rank, however, did not save him from being put into a casket and cast from the realm into the sea, where he was rescued by the King of Seriphos. His human saviour, for fear of him, soon plotted his destruction by bidding him go and cut off Medusa's head, which had snakes for hair and which changed all who looked upon it into stone. But Perseus, who retained his supernatural attributes, killed Medusa. After his victory he took to flight on Pegasus, the flying horse, and turned Atlas to stone by showing him the dead Medusa's head. From there the young hero proceeded on his predestined errand to deliver the beautiful maiden Andromeda, whom the Dragon was about to devour. Having slaughtered the Dragon, he married Andromeda and continued on his worldly mission to redress wrongs, establish a new kingdom, and found the town of Mycenæ. These epic deeds have found their way into the plastic arts of great carvers, painters, and weavers in the last two millennia. Benvenuto Cellini, in 1554, fashioned his monumental Perseus, at Florence, out of legendary fragments. The hero stands unclad on the crumpled body of Medusa; his head is covered with a feathered helmet; his heels are winged, like those of Mercury, and he holds his trophy, the head of the Gorgon, in his left hand. An ancient painting in the Museum at Naples shows Perseus freeing Andromeda. The list of painters and sculptors who availed themselves of this theme in the past five centuries is impressive: Canova, P. Puget, Paul Veronese, Ann. Caracci, Guido Reni, Rubens, Titian, Coypel, and others. Perseus was also the object of a lyrical tragedy in French by Quinault, with the music by Lully (1682).

Variants of the myth of the Hydra or Dragon, greedy for human flesh, also exist in the same Mediterranean backgrounds—for instance, in the tale by Pausanias (I, 41, 4), of the king of Megaris who promised to marry his daughter to whoever would slay the Lion, another demi-god of the same ilk, who was terrorizing his kingdom (28). In the French folk tale of the "Fils du Pêcheur," the hero killed the Beast with Seven Heads and freed the King's son from its clutches, just like Perseus who had slain the marine monster and saved Andromeda, daughter of the King of Ethiopia. Both legends coincide in all their main features (29). "Le Dragon de feu," "Ti-Jean et la Bête-à-sept-Têtes," and other still unpublished variants in the repertory of French folk tales, recently recorded in Canada and the United States, provide us with similar but independent elaborations on the Dragon or Hydra of the immemorial past (30). The northeastern Indians, in contact with the French colonists and *coureurs-de-bois*, have not missed their chance to assimilate it, the more so perhaps because they had their own traditions about the Great Snake. These had descended to them through



195. Maiden with
Scrubworms.



196. Woman and Scrubworms.

their native ancestors and, indirectly, from Asia across Bering Sea long ago. Thus two branches of the Hydra myth of Asia and Europe had independently circled the globe in opposite directions and met in the New World, particularly on the St. Lawrence and about the Great Lakes.

The same monster was a favourite folklore theme in medieval France, both in imagery and architectural carvings. In Emile Mâle's XIIIth Century are reproduced: "La Bête menaçant la femme et l'enfant" (p. 365), "Apocalypsis in pictura facta Carolo Magno" (p. 364). Mâle adds that¹ "the Anglo-Norman Apocalypse, after having inspired the painters and sculptors of the Middle Ages, became a source of ideas with the wood engravers of the XVth century" (p. 364). In medieval painting, this author explains that the same theme reappears "in the famous frescoes of [the cathedral of] Saint-Servin. There a young woman turns her face away from the Beast, while she raises her child towards an angel."

In the tapestries of Angers, on the Loire River in western France, begun in 1375 by Hennequin of Bruges, who made the drawings, we see the monster with six heads and an additional head at the end of his tail, with a bird's wings, legs, feet, and claws, and with a body coiled like a serpent's. These unique tapestries (twenty-one in all) were exhibited after the last war at the Metropolitan Museum in New York; they vividly illustrate the visions of the Apocalypse of St. John. In them you see the Dragon with seven heads in his fight with angels in the sky. The rains, released, pour down in torrents. The angels behead the Dragon, cutting one head, then a second, then a third, and so on until the monster is destroyed. Here, seeking to devour yearly a princess, the Dragon is shown as the enemy of humanity. In the Apocalypse, the throne of God in Heaven is surrounded by four mysterious figures. Of these, one is the Eagle (our Thunderbird); another, the Lion or Griffin; a third, the Ox; and one like a man. These features, almost inseparable in ancient mythology, have travelled together from Asia not only into Europe, but also into prehistoric America.

¹ Translated from the French.

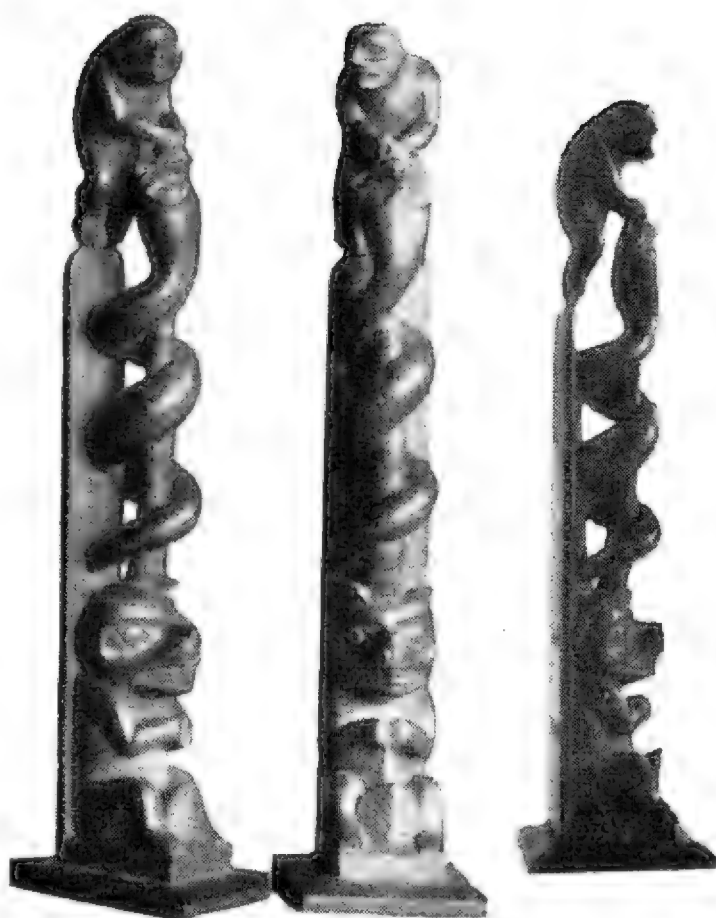
Before leaving the European and Asiatic fields of the Dragon for the New World, we may pause another moment to consider, in Emile Mâle's XIIIth Century, the portal of the Moissac cathedral in France. There we behold in a stone carving the fallen woman, naked and emaciated. Two snakes hang from her dried breasts, and a toad is devouring her genitals. She was the Serpent Woman of the folk beliefs, familiar at the beginning of the XIIIth century. In her we cannot fail to recognize Mélusine who has become the symbol of French folk-lore, for she, too, was a Serpent Woman, though belonging at the same time to humanity as a whole. And Mâle is far from the truth when he states that she was a creation of "art languedocien" Languedoc art; this only because the porticoes of the cathedrals

of Moissac and Saint-Servin have preserved for us the oldest French samples of her misfortune. Other medieval churches have also commemorated her fabled downfall. For instance in the church of Sainte-Croix de Bordeaux, she is represented twice: once as a woman with snakes suspended from her breasts and, a second time, as another woman afflicted with toads. Both of them are escorted by a demon (p. 375). The French author was far from suspecting that the same theme was also current on the North Pacific Coast of America.

Without a transition, we may now cross Bering Sea eastward into Alaska, with the prehistoric tribes of Siberia and Mongolia, who became our Indians. In their oral traditions of the New World we shall be struck by the similarity of theme and accessories in their own myth of the Dragon or Serpent and by the European and Asiatic parallels we have just surveyed.

The chief's daughter at Quqarhdun in Alaska had a woodworm (*tluqurh*) for a pet—this, according to Dr. J. R. Swanton, who recorded the tale among the Tlingit (31). She fed it from her breasts and out of the food boxes of her parents. When it reached the length of a fathom, she composed a cradle song: "It has a face already. Sit up right here!" Another day, her song was: "It has a mouth already. Sit right up!"¹ After her people had heard the same songs ever so often, they began to wonder, and her mother spied on her. She saw a frightful worm between the boxes in the seclusion hut and became alarmed.

¹ These songs have become traditional and were later used in rituals.



197. Woman and Scrubworms.



198. Woman and Scrubworm.

is here associated with the Frog, above her head on the pole. Below her, the Cannibal monster with wings or the Mosquito with a long proboscis also grasps a Frog. Abalone pearl inlays profusely decorate all the figures carved in high relief (Plate 194). The full-sized Tlingit post is elsewhere reproduced¹. There the two young dragons are crawling down her head to her shoulders.

¹ *Totem Poles*, I, Plate 151.

Meanwhile the people in the village found their oil boxes empty, as the big worm had been stealing the oil. The chief tried to induce his daughter to come out of her seclusion. Her aunt, who was very fond of her, he said, wanted to see her, for she needed her help. That day, the song she sang to her pet was: "Son, I have had a bad dream." To her mother she asked, "Give me my new marten robes." Then she walked out of the hut with a rope tied like a belt around her waist, and sang a new song: "They have begged me long enough to come out. Here I am, just as if I were about to die. Parting with my love means death."

A great uproar broke out. She cried, for she knew that the people were slaying the great worm which she had fed from her breasts. After a long struggle had ended, she heard that the monster had died. She cried out mournfully:

"I had to leave you, my son, and they have killed you. I was blamed for bringing you up. It could not be helped; it was not my own doing. Now you shall be heard of all over the world. You shall be claimed by a great clan as its own and be looked upon as great."

In another Tlingit narrative, also taken down by Dr. Swanton, it is said that a girl once had offended the Snail. The next morning the people saw her at a distance, as she stood on the face of a high cliff with the big Snail coiled about her. Her brothers, bent upon rescuing her, carved wings, dressed up like birds [Eagles], flew up to her, and brought her down. But henceforth they remained birds. They were the Thunders (32).

In a small but exquisite carving reproducing a house post at Klukwan, Alaska, we find the maiden holding the Scrubworm, head down, in front of her. Two other Scrubworms meet head on, on top of her head. She

Another miniature pole of the Tlingit at Klukwan, quite recent but of good quality, at the Washington State Museum of the University of Washington, Seattle, shows the same young woman feeding from her breasts her apparently two-headed pets; even her breasts have taken the shape of young monsters thrusting out their tongues (Plate 195).

In a new Tlingit pole, the Dooktul at Klawock, southern Alaska, the young woman holds her pet, the Scrubworm, up to her breast. Large spearheads, pointed upwards, decorate her skirt. These were used by the brothers to slay the monster after it had grown to an enormous size and threatened the existence of the whole tribe (Plate 196).



199. Mask with Scrubworms (eyebrows).

The Haida argillite carvers enter the scene at this stage, although the Dragon myth really never was wholly their own. They only borrowed it under three different forms from their mainland neighbours both from the north and the south. Their name for the glowing scrubworm that won the fancy of the young Massett woman was Tlenamaw. It was called Tsenawsuh among their neighbours, the Tsimsyan. In the Massett version given by J. R. Swanton¹ a woman of the Stikine family, Datlawadis, suckled a woodworm which grew to enormous proportions and, coming up to the houses from beneath, used to steal food. Finally the people banded together and killed it. The woman's father would not give her in marriage for a long time, until at last an old man married her, when she became old like him. Her husband gave the people a great deal of food; but when he went away for good, the food all changed into snails, worms, and frogs.

In a Skidegate variant recently recorded,² a girl had a white worm as a pet, a worm such as is found feeding on wood underneath rotten logs. She would let her pet suck from her breasts, which made the worm grow fast. Then she hid it, and it made its way down underground. Nobody knew about it. When hungry it stuck its mouth up. By and by it had grown to a large size, quite long, and made its way under the houses of other people to feed from the food boxes containing oolachen oil and dried wild berries preserved in grease. Before the people knew it, their food was gone and their food boxes had holes in the bottom and were empty. Thus in every house throughout the village they were near starvation and still in ignorance of the thief's identity.

One night an old man lying down in his house heard something eating wood. Next morning he too found his food boxes empty, and he noticed a

¹ *Totem Poles*, I: 369.

² *Loc. cit.*, I: 369, 370.

hole at the bottom. The women in the house saw this but could not say who the thief was.

Later the villagers discovered a great big worm while it was gorging on stolen food. They wanted to kill the beast, but on learning that it was the young woman's pet, they hesitated to hurt her feelings. A fellow went and told her: "You are invited to the village." So she went there, a good distance away.

They had their chance during her absence. Taking large knives, they tied them on long shafts (*tcatehl*) in the manner of spears. With these they pierced the monster after much trouble and difficulty. It was a huge worm, and only by destroying it could they save their lives.

The only Haida carvers so far known to have illustrated the Tlenamaw or the Weenamaw myth in argillite are the cripple Isaac Chapman, of Massett, and his relative John Marks, of the same tribe. But we cannot forget that earlier carvers of argillite at Skidegate—among them Georges Gunya, the carver of flutes—had introduced into their repertory the Great Snake



200. Woman, Dragon, and Frog (Kanaka).



201. Kanaka statuette.



202. Two-legged Dragon.

with harpoon tongue and broad coils, and the double-headed monster on pipes and totem poles, this at a time when they derived their inspiration mostly from foreign models.

From 1820 to 1860 or 1870, they were still scrimshanders or carvers of scrimshaw in the manner of American whalers, whose pastime work on board ship bore this strange name. Never did the Weenamaw or Tlenamaw, so far as we know, figure on actual totem poles or house poles of the

Haida, and rarely among the Tsimshyan who possessed a striking version of the myth—that of Caterpillar-Woman. They call it *Rhtsenawsuh* or single-headed Caterpillar, and *Larahwæse*, the double-headed Snake. A single double-headed Dragon of the Haida—a heavy horizontal wood carving, painted—is now preserved at the Pitt-Rivers Museum, at Oxford (*Totem Poles*, I, Plate 153). Yet the Tlingit, the Kwakiutl, and the Nootka made the double-headed Snake or Dragon, usually coupled with the Thunderbird, their most favourite emblem.

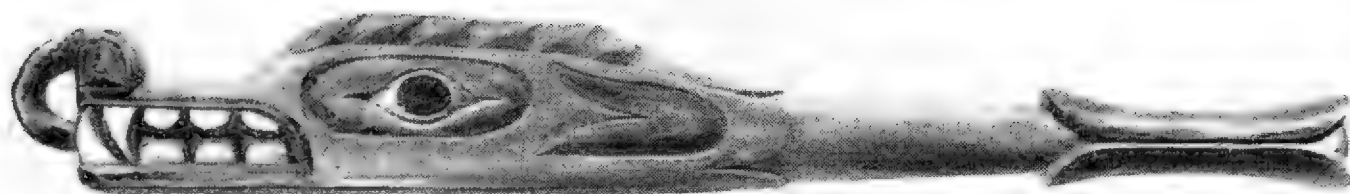
Among the northern tribes, especially the Tsimshyan and their neighbours, the Dragon has become a charm in the sacred bundles of the medicine-men. Made of ivory, it is either single or double-headed, the heads being placed back to back. Or it appears in the shape of wood carvings illustrating the familiar myth. These carvings (when they are not mere miniatures for sale to white people) stand inside the houses as corner posts, or in front as totem poles.

The Tsimshyan know the Caterpillar (*Rhtsenawsuh*) very well; its home formerly was Krhain Island, where the town of Prince Rupert now stands.

When the folk were gathering wood and piling it up in the chief's house, a glowing grub fell upon the ground near the chief's daughter. Unaware that it was a monster in disguise, she picked it up, took it as a pet, and lavished her affection upon it. She suckled it, and the pet at once grew much larger. Her parents, who guarded her closely, as chief's daughters always were, urged her to part with the strange creature, but she resisted and became more secretive.

While she took care of it as her child, it began to burrow a hiding place under the house and kept growing and burrowing. Ever hungry, it scented the food boxes wherever they were stored. Gnawing its way to them it bored through the bottom and emptied them all. The Caterpillar now of huge size, stretched underground from one end of the village to the other.

Famine-stricken, the people at last caught it draining the last food box at the rear end of the village. They dug it out and found that it had a head at both ends of its snake-like body—double-headed it was like the



203. Dragon head (Kwakiutl).

Larahwæse. They chopped it into segments and decided to leave their ill-fated village and abandon the young woman there to her fate. Even today, the Indians at Prince Rupert point to the dented depressions in the mountain behind the town: these are the segments of the double-headed monster.

In the myth of Skawah or the Downfall of Keemelay among the Gitksan of the upper Skeena River, the Rhtsenawsuh or Caterpillar of the Coast Tsimshyan reappears with the significant feature that it is coupled with the rain that pours—a Mongolian and Siberian trait, as follows (33):

The Sun [god] presented [the children of Skawah before he sent them back to earth] various sacred gifts . . . His grand-daughters received from his hands the lodges known henceforth as Tsenawsu, the Caterpillar house, and Huktasneks, Rain falling like a mist while the sun shines; on their walls appeared the coloured profiles of Caterpillars and of clouds pouring rain in showers.

On a delicately chiselled totem of argillite in the Cunningham Collection at the Municipal Museum of Prince Rupert, the cripple Isaac Chapman of Massett has shown the great Snake coiled up a slender pole to be fed from the hands of the young woman who stands at the top, her head turned sideways, her mouth gaping—seemingly distressed (Plate 197).

On the argillite pole produced by John Marks (still living at Massett in 1947), the young woman, standing with bare breasts, holds the Caterpillar or Scrubworm in her hands. On her head the Eagle with open wings pauses a moment with his prey, the Whale; and at the base of the totem the Raven without his bill keeps the Butterfly, his messenger, on his knees (Plate 198).

A Tlingit mask at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, collected by Lieut. Emmons in Alaska, presumably represents the face of the chief's daughter at Qaqurhdun, at the time when she nursed the Woodworm. Two Woodworms, neatly carved and facing each other, form her arched eyebrows, and she bites her tongue (Plate 199).

A wooden statuette representing a woman in a standing position, in the Walter C. Waters Collection at Wrangell (1939-1947), belongs to the South Seas rather than to the North Pacific Coast where it was found. It forms part of a small lot of statuettes of the same type on the coast which are Polynesian-like. Realistic, they lack the usual facial and body stylization of the Northwest Coast. The whites of their eyes usually, but not here, are represented by inlays of white shell. Yet the Frog here is Haida-like and bears the distinctive mark of local art; it could not be from the tropics. Head down and tongue protruding on the lower part of the stomach, it



204. Dragon head on wooden pipe.

evokes significantly the memory of the toad of the thirteenth-century cathedral of Moissac in France, which was devouring the fallen woman's genitals, while two snakes hung from her dried breasts. Here the Snakes hang head down, sideways, from her head, and she stands on a monster whose mouth is gaping (Plate 200).

Various forms of the Dragon, called Sisiutl among the Kwakiutl, and Heitlik among the Nootka of north and western Vancouver Island, appear in numerous wood carvings, some of them small, others of large size; in totem poles, house frontals, inside or outside wall decorations. Some of them are snake-like with a single head—others are twin-headed—with a long bulging snout, inflated nostrils, vicious pointed teeth incurved, and a long protruding tongue.

The Mountain-Snake of the Nootka, double-headed, reminded those whale hunters of the times when their ancestors attacked the fierce monster in its lair. This reptile is still supposed to be the maker of lightning when it is associated with the Thunderbird. The Kwakiutl of Cape Scott, just north of Vancouver Island, give a striking account of the Tsiakish or a Hydra-like monster living beneath the sea and swallowing canoes, with all aboard:

When, one day long ago, a chief was walking eastward close to the sea-shore, he met Kosa, a young girl, and bade her go and fetch water for him to drink. She refused, because of the dreaded monster with a huge mouth guarding the spring and swallowing all intruders. As soon as she agreed to obey, she put her Sisiutl belt on, and the vampire instantly killed her. The chief, a wizard, sang an incantation which caused the beast to burst open and disgorge all the people it had devoured. Coming back to life, they limped forward or tripped sideways; their bones were all mixed up. But the chief soon sorted them out, and they became the present Koskimo tribe.¹

Among the small carvings of the southern tribes of the Northwest Coast, now in various museums, we find a one-headed and two-legged Dragon with a reptilian body and a long tail, carved out of a root (Plate 202); a ceremonial wooden club with a stylized Sisiutl head of the Kwakiutl (Plate 203); a wooden pipe with elaborate bowl and stem ornamentation—a human-like face on the bowl—the Raven facing a man who holds up his bill with his hands, and near the mouthpiece a Dragon-head similar to the previous specimen, obviously by the same carver (Plate 204); and a wooden

¹ *Totem Poles*, I: 370-377. Several variants of the Sisiutl and the Heitlik's myths, of the Kwakiutl and the Nootka, and illustrations.



205. Four-legged Dragon (Kwakiutl).

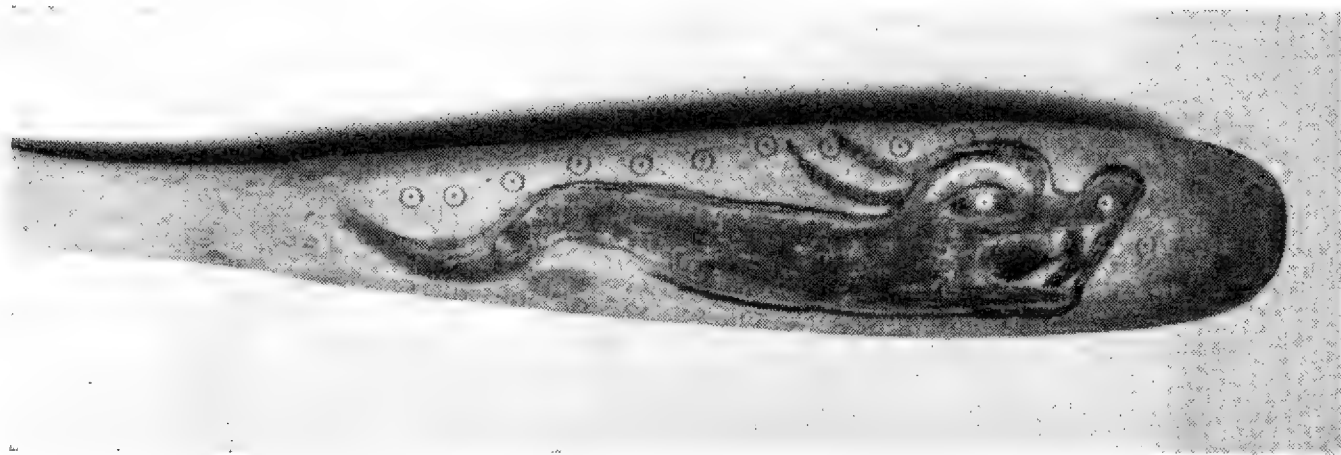
box or chest of the Kwakiutl, with a lid, plain but painted to the likeness of the Dragon, here with four legs, bird-like and with claws, a long tail turned back, and a huge mouth with serrated teeth, a high snout with two feathers, and the head feathered likewise (Plate 205).

A club made of the bone of the whale, for ceremonial use, at the Cranbrook Institute, Michigan, is Eskimoid-like. Compass-marked round the edges and at the front end, it is painted with a single-headed Dragon that may have conferred magical power upon the weapon. His head is large in proportion to the eel-like, legless body. It shows four vicious fangs, bulging nostrils, and two feathers or horns behind the head (Plate 206).

Two small amulet-like carvings out of stone, the first a tiny greenish pendant, may be much older than the specimens above. One of them shows the Scrubworm whose segmented body is curled upon himself (Plate 207); the second, a small plaque with the legless Dragon in low relief. What characterizes the monster here is the bulge or ball in the middle of his elongated body. The tail is turned backwards; it tapers down and is covered with fish scales (Plate 208).

With the ball-like peculiarity of the last reptile, we come upon a few scrimshaw presentations of the same mythic monster by Eskimo scrimshanders of Bering Sea. This and the following specimens form part of the Constantine Collection at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. They were obtained at Nome, Alaska, about 1895. On an ivory walrus tusk, the slim body—gigantic—of the Hydra or Snake stretches from one end to the other with three round protuberances evenly distributed in space. As a human being is recognizable in one of these stomachs, we presume that these balls are as many well-filled paunches containing undigested meals. The teeth are many and sharp, the tongue long, slender, and forked, and the two little horns on the head lean back. Such mythic carnivores were dreaded everywhere for their destructiveness, for they swallowed whole towns. They belong, in the mythology of all nations, to the small class of monsters that are destroyers of mankind (Plate 209).

A Mongolian-like pipe of ivory carved out of a walrus tusk, from the same Arctic area near Bering Strait, is decorated in high relief with bears,



206. Dragon on bone club (Kwakiutl).

walruses, and a kayak, also with engravings of Eskimo hunters in kayaks. And here again, a Hydra of the same kind, with three round stomachs, turns with an open mouth to swallow an Eskimo in a kayak. Limbs of a human being can be seen in the stomachs (Plate 209).

The same Hydra of the sea—the serpent rides the waves—occurs in an argillite high relief carving in the form of a panel or a pipe, at the British Museum, London. The two coils in the monster's body remind one of the bulges or stomachs of the Bering-Sea Hydra. The tongue, in this last, reproduces the shape of a Boston whaler's harpoon made of steel. The other features on the panel are scrimshaw of the 1830-50 period: two white men lying on their backs, one smoking his pipe, the other holding on to a pole, which has volutes at the far end; a ship's block and tackle; a fine rosette within a compass-drawn double border; and a bunch of oak leaves. Within the band in the lower half, patterns repeated four or five times contain stylized leaves and flowers, four-lobed rosettes, tassels, and rope or thistle blossoms (Plate 210).

Two similar Hydras—one on each side, also with double coils, their tails intercrossing, a harpoon tongue also in the whalers' style, and a foliate tail—decorate a flute of the European type, with five holes, ending with pewter and brass rings. The flute was made by George Gunya of Skidegate, whose specialty they were. The panel may also have been carved by Gunya, although this piece is in a somewhat older fashion, of the 1820's and 1840's (Plate 211).

Although the double-headed Dragon in wood carving and painting is far better known in the south than in the north on the Pacific Coast, it happens occasionally in argillite work among the Haida, the Tsimshyan, and other mainland nations. There we find it in ivory or bone charms; these are sacred medicine for the medicine-men. These have been called "soul catchers", and a number of them, some of them exquisitely wrought, are found in the collections of most museums (34).

The Sisiutl of the Kwakiutl Indians usually bears two heads, just as in some of the Aztec carvings of the Dragon in Mexico. Elsewhere its kindred are either single or many headed. Among the Koriak of eastern Siberia, under a different name, it holds up several heads. But among the tribes of the North Pacific Coast it is also well known with only one head.



207. Scrubworm or Dragon.

In the village of Fort Rupert on northern Vancouver Island, a huge totem pole (now removed to the University of British Columbia) embodies several carved figures, foremost among them the Sisiutl or Dragon, head down. This single-headed monster stands over a double-headed Serpent or Dragon which has been changed into a man holding up a copper shield. At the top of the pole, 60 feet high, stands a mythical woman, and below her the Qolus, a minor Thunderbird.

The other tribes of the same sea-coast know the Dragon under various names; for instance, the Nootka of western Vancouver Island call it Heitlik and believe it to be the Mountain-Snake. A number of illustrations and traditional accounts about them are given in the author's *Totem Poles*¹. A good description of their features was written by G. M. Dawson, as follows (35):

The double-headed serpent, *si-si-ootl*, evidently plays an important part in the myths of these people. It is represented as with a cylindrical body, terminating at each end in a serpent's head, and with the appearance of a human face in the middle. It is said to be often quite small, and at times to be found in the sea, but at will can increase to an immense size. To see this creature is most unlucky, and may even cause death. Kan-e-a-ke-luh's brother once saw it, and in consequence his head was twisted to one side. To possess a piece of the serpent, on the contrary, brings good luck and good fortune in fishing and hunting.

Sometimes, according to Daniel Cranmer of Alert Bay², the Sisiutl appeared to the people just as an ordinary salmon swimming up a river. Then in a flash it changed into the Sisiutl, double-headed, with tongues protruding and horn-like protuberances on the head. They say that the Thunderbird lives on the Sisiutl and always looks for it. Sometimes, it is said, if a fisherman tries to cook this salmon for eating, he dies as if poisoned.

The Sisiutl blood is strong, according to a story of the Rhwiuksutinarh (close to a narrow passage near Gilford). Here a trap was once set to capture a Sisiutl. They meant to get the blood of the monster and had long prepared for the affair, the warriors undergoing trials to make themselves tough. After they caught the Sisiutl, they killed it and drew its blood. There was only a little flesh around its throat. They bathed a new-born child in the blood as a test, and it turned to stone. It was called Stone-Body (*taisemsyet*).

¹Vol. I, pp. 370-377.

²*Totem Poles*, I: 375.



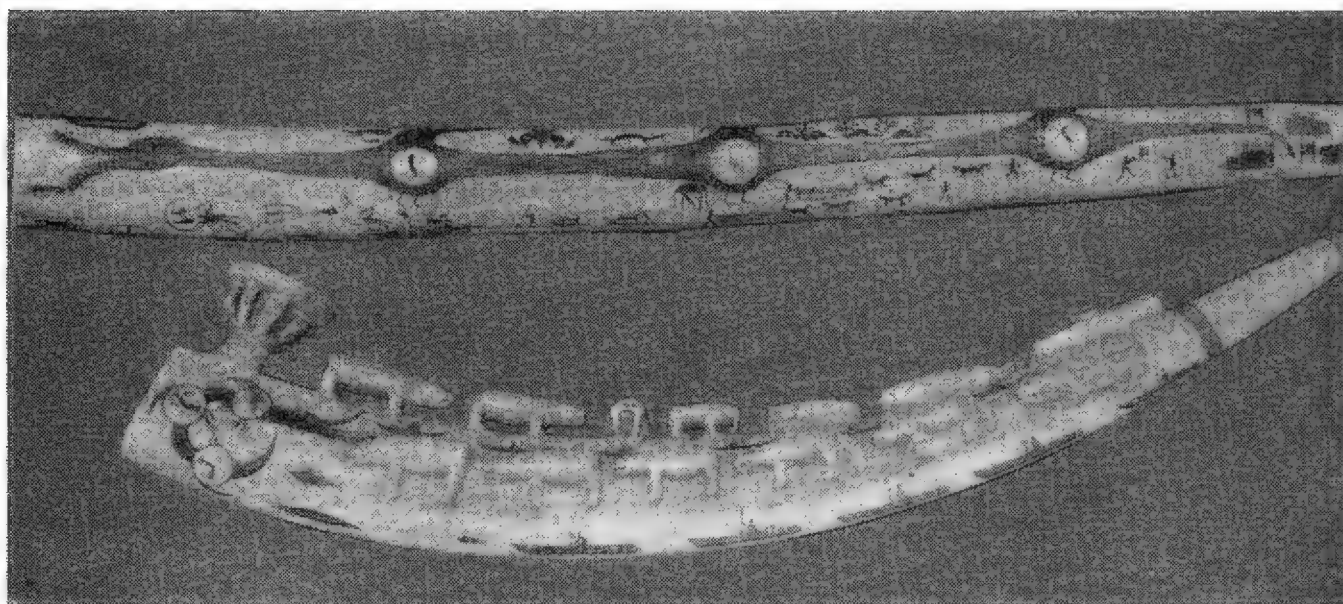
208. Alaskan Dragon with bulge in body.

That the Heitlik of the Nootka and the Sisiutl of the Kwakiutl go back to prehistory, as a verbal tradition, cannot be doubted. They were more than once mentioned in the Voyages of the end of the XVIIIth century, for instance in John Hoskin's Narrative of the Second Voyage of the *Columbia* (1791), its editor, F. W. Howay, added in a footnote (p. 250): "Like a serpent it is called by the natives a Hieclick . . . and is much revered. A piece of this magic animal insures success."

In an old-fashioned argillite pipe by a Skidegate Haida, the double-heads of the Dragon buttress the bowl (Plate 212). In a totem pole of the same mineral, the double-headed monster, with the halves opposed—one turned down and the other upwards—is placed over the head of the Thunderbird, with which it is implicitly coupled. Here it imitates the sacred charms of the Tsimshyan medicine-men on the mainland. The Sisiutl, with its wolf-like head, is also part of the Thunderbird notion; it is the mystic Snake belt with which the mighty bird, in a storm, causes the lightning by flinging it down onto the Whale. The smaller bird with a human face at the top of the pole is no doubt a repetition of the Thunderbird motif (Plate 213).

As samples of the many ceremonial and commemorative uses of the double-headed Dragon amongst the Kwakiutl tribes, we find a sacred puppet and a memorial in the cemetery of Fort Rupert. Both of these consist of the two heads, back to back, and a human figure separating them.

In this complicated puppet, which once was moved by strings to great effect in a winter ceremonial at night, the figures with flexible parts simu-



209. Dragon of Bering Sea with three bulges.

lated the mythic Sisiutl with protruding tongue and feathered ears. Presumably the show, in the flickering light of the central fireplace, was accompanied by ritual songs, and flashes were produced by powder and gun (Plate 214).

The memorial intended for the native cemetery consists of a human face with owl-like ears between two dragon heads, showing savage teeth and thrusting flamboyant tongues right and left. These are painted on a large assemblage of carved red-cedar boards (4'10" high and 19'6" wide). The whole flat surface on the human face and the dragon heads is fitted with stylized hands, ears, fins, feathers, eyes, backbones—all of them typical of Haida carvings and of Chilkat blankets made by Alaskan Indians. Wide open and palms out, the hands are raised upwards under the human face; they remind one of a similar pattern in Egyptian hieroglyphs. This work of art, native American yet quite modern, is a strange paradox. Primitive, it is from the hands of a Kwakiutl fisherman of the salt waters—Yahung-walæ or Ookelackelice (Dick Price)—yet it belongs to our time both in date and spirit. Its date is 1920, and it was meant as a memorial for a leading chief at Fort Rupert on northern Vancouver Island. Actually it never stood over the grave of the deceased, as his family was unable to muster the price. So the trader Cadwallader purchased it from the maker and stored it in his hen-house close to the tidewaters, where the artist Arthur Price found it while engaged on research for the National Museum of Canada. Its style is akin to the abstractions of our painters, yet it belongs to the totemic art after it had freed itself from crude realism. Because of its large size and obscure source, it is with some difficulty that it could find its berth in an art gallery. Now it hangs on a wall in the Pre-Columbian Gallery of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

It might have stood as impressively beside a Dragon head of the Mexican pyramids, or with the Plumed Serpent of North American mythology, or together with the towering monster of Chinese art, or the Hydra in the Greco-Roman statuary. It belongs to the same cycle in words and plastic form as the dragon with nine heads called the Lernæan Hydra once slain by

Hercules. When one of its seven or nine heads was cut off by the hero, two twice as terrifying at once replaced it.

Elsewhere the same myth becomes the "Dragon de Feu" or the "Bête-à-Sept-Têtes" of French and other European folk tales, just as it is a striking feature in the Apocalypse tapestries woven at Angers in France at the end of the fifteenth century. These famous tapestries, recently exhibited in America, show the apostle St. John confronted by a seven-headed Dragon; the Dragon holds a beautiful young woman, called the Harlot, under his magic spell.

In a Tournai tapestry of the same period at the Cleveland Art Gallery, illustrating a similar tale, that of the "Dragon de Feu," a beautiful girl is chained to a pillar in the mountain, where she will soon be devoured by a monster. At the last moment, the hero rides up the mountain, cuts off the head of the Dragon, frees the princess, and brings her back to the castle of her royal parents, where with great pomp, she is married to her triumphant champion. In other words, this universal theme is the same as that of the classical Perseus and Andromeda. Ageless, like Asiatic and European culture, it has travelled east and west, out of the cradle of civilization in the Far East, until it had visited every country in Europe, and at the same time crossed Bering Strait into prehistoric America. It also escorted some of the white settlers across the Atlantic into their new homesteads in the woodlands.

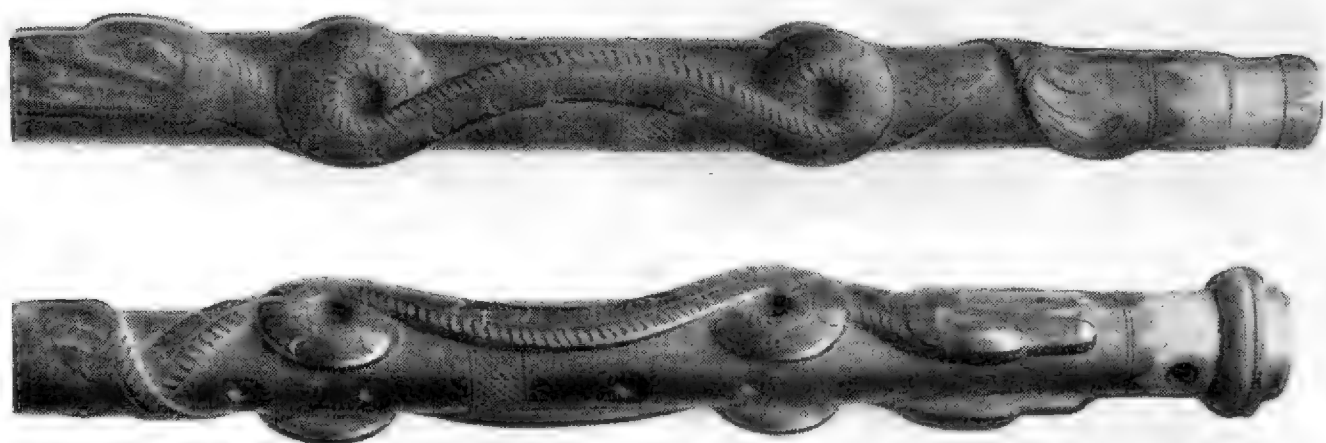
Whatever his local name happens to be, Tlenamaw among the Haida, Rhtsenawsuh among the Tsimshyan, Sisiutl for the Kwakiutl, and Heitlik for the Nootka, the ever-recurring Dragon or Hydra of the Old World is plainly recognizable. It belongs alike to Europe, Asia, and America.

After the monster with one or several heads had crossed Bering Sea into America, he speeded on his way across the whole continent, east and south. He surrounded the Mexican pyramids of the Aztecs, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—no less than 150 dragon heads, showing their fangs, shield the single pyramid of Tenayukan (1143-1507). The ancient Maya of Mexico and Central America



210. Dragon on pipe.





211. Dragon on Haida flute (carved by Gunya).

previously had known of the Dragon under the name of Ah Vuc Chapat (Book of Chilam of Tizimir), which was worshipped as a sky deity. Vuc and Chapat mean Centipede, according to some; but elsewhere it is given as Seven-Headed Serpent or Dragon and is said to lie overhead by day and by night¹.

The same monster became the Plumed Serpent of the Southwestern desert, where he was propitiated as the Rain God. The Iroquois-Hurons of the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, and what are now the states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Michigan, also made him their own.

The very names of two of the Great Lakes are Iroquois and refer to the Dragon and associated features. Ontario means "Beautiful", and this lake was the home of the Great Serpent or Dragon. It was made in mythic times by the Serpent or the Dragon as an abode for himself and a maiden who had fallen under his power. Its neighbouring lake, Erie, is named after the mythic Lion, who is often associated with the Serpent or the Dragon, even in America. The Niagara River and Falls, in Mohawk (an Iroquois dialect), is named *Oñangaray*, which means the Serpent's Roar. It is believed that, in prehistoric times, the monster was proceeding from his home in Lake Ontario to Lake Erie, the abode of the Lion to the West, when he was hit by a bolt of Hion, the god of Thunder. He died there in his tracks, which form the Niagara Falls, and his roaring has been heard until the present day. The name of Niagara still bears this meaning to a Mohawk Indian. Here, as in Asia, the Great Serpent is associated with the sky or thunder god, and the Lion comes in second place, not far behind. This mythical trilogy of the Snake, the Thunder, and the Lion belongs to both the New and the Old World. Upon studying in detail the Iroquoian Great Serpent, one becomes aware, for instance, of his kinship with Osiris in Egypt. Rain, the sky, and the fertility of the earth are under his control. Similar concepts also prevail in Asia Minor and many other parts. These are almost exactly the same as those of the Iroquois and many other Indian nations on our continent.

The Iroquois and the Hurons have preserved, like the natives of the North Pacific Coast, the dual concept of the benevolent and the malevolent

¹ Personal communication from Miss Maud W. Makemson, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., in 1949.



212. Dragon heads on pipe (Haida).

Dragons or Hydras. Among the Hurons and the Wyandots of Ontario, a myth prevails in which you hear of two events, one concerning Yenrish, the Lion whose home is Lake Erie (Erie is derived from Yenrish or Kenreks), and the other, the Great Serpent of Lake Ontario. These two narratives are of the same type, or patterned one on the other. In these the monsters are shown as helpful to the Indians. I have recorded a number of versions of these tales among the nations of the Iroquois-Hurons and many songs—well over a hundred—which accompany the rituals of the Dragon and the Lion. Other versions have been taken down by a few American ethnologists, among them Dr. W. N. Fenton and Mrs. Gertrude Kurath.

In one of the two main forms concerning the Great Serpent and Lake Ontario, we hear of a grandmother, long ago, who had taken her granddaughter to the wilderness, near a swamp, for her puberty training. The grand-daughter was expected to see spirits in visions at dawn. Of several she would see, one was to become her guardian spirit and help her throughout her life, for according to a general belief all over North America, young people at puberty get a guardian spirit.

On the first morning of her seclusion, her grandmother came and asked her whether she had seen anything. She had seen a little bird. This was abruptly rejected by the old matron. The next thing was a squirrel. Then day after day, the maiden had visions of all the animals in turn, from small to large. The grandmother still was dissatisfied. She was too ambitious.

The morning after she had refused one of the largest quadrupeds as a guardian spirit for her grand-daughter, she arrived at the swamp, which had become a lake. There she saw her grand-daughter half changed into a snake and within the coils of a huge snake, just above the surface of the water. It was too late now for the old woman to change her mind about a guardian spirit. That time had passed. The maiden said to her, "Bring the tribe with you to-morrow, for I will have become a serpent. Then the hunters must kill me and the Great Serpent together, and gather our blood. This will be a powerful charm to be treasured. The Great Serpent and I shall be the guardian spirits and protectors of the whole nation." It truly happened.

The next day the hunters had made bows and arrows of yew, according to advice given by the maiden for her own slaying and that of the Dragon. Such was the beginning of the Snake clan of the Huron-Wyandot. This clan seems to have spread to the neighbouring Ojibwa along with the belief in the Dragon or Great Serpent as the protector or totem of the nation. The medicine-men treasured a little of the blood which they had drawn with their arrows; they kept it dry in little leather bags as a potent charm for the welfare of their people. This of course illustrates the benevolent nature of the Iroquoian Dragon.

The ritual songs accompanied by sacred dances form part of a set which was and is still performed all through the night among the Long-House Iroquois of Ontario and western New York and Pennsylvania. To those people this ritual was most significant. From year to year it brought and still brings the clansmen together for their spiritual welfare. To the Wyandot, it was like a sacrament.

The Lion once came to the ancient Wyandot in a similar manner, and, ever since, this benevolent monster after capturing a young man during his puberty training, became the protector or guardian spirit of the Lion fraternity—a medicine society. Rituals, songs, and dances of the Lion were held yearly, the same as were held for the Dragon by his clan. A wild beast of the same kind, called Hawaao among the Tsimshyan of the Upper Skeena River, is also known among at least a few of the Northwest Coast tribes.



213. Double Dragon heads.



214. Kwakiutl puppet with Dragon heads.

As for the darker side of the Dragon nature, every mythologist knows the myth of universal death and destruction. It is one of the fundamental themes in the mythology of the Old and the New World. Among the Iroquois of the Five Nations, in particular, this myth is of outstanding importance for its religious or magical implications. Among the Cayuga and Seneca, its rituals are still held every winter. Among the two dozen variants that have already been recorded, you may find a number of stories in different forms: A young man, instead of a maiden, once adopted a pet, a pretty little snake, and began to play with it. He put it in a tub with some water and added more water to the tub every day. He fed the reptile and said, "Eat, eat!" The more the Snake was fed, the more and more it grew and grew and grew.

In the end the young man could hardly hide it from the sight of the people, so large had it grown already.

The chiefs began to chide the boy and to say, "Get rid of it, it is dangerous!" But he would not listen. Finally the monster crawled out of the palisade one night and surrounded the whole town to swallow it down.

A chief said, "Now let us go out of here with our belongings, all we can carry, or we shall all die here." So the tribe formed a procession and stepped out of the town in Indian file. It was the whole of "Canada" (for Canada means "town", in Iroquois). As soon as they were outside the gate, the people walked into what seemed to be a rocky cavern. Actually it was the mouth of the Dragon open for all of them. So the whole tribe was gulped down and destroyed by the Dragon. Only a pile of desiccated bones was left.

That is the form of the myth of universal destruction among the Iroquois. It reminds us of a Kwakiutl variant on the Northwest Coast of the same myth, previously quoted.

Eventually wild hunters of a nomadic tribe of the north ventured into this forest and heard underground singing in the cave. They stopped, listened, and stayed there a long time to learn those mysterious songs. They made up their minds to use them for their own advantage. Eventually [the myth goes on] those survivors of an unknown age spread out on the great island that is North America. Some of them at one time went back to the cave of the Dragon and the dead. The Dragon in every land eventually falls to the hands of Heroes [better known to us under the names of Heracles or Hercules, Perseus, or St. George].

Then the nomads gathered heaps of bones, the bones of the ancient Canadians who had been destroyed. But the medicine-men, in their haste to bring the people back to life, did not allow enough time for the bones to be sorted out, as they should have been. As a result, some people at first went about limping because of a short leg and a long one; sometimes, their arms were ill-assorted. As all these deformities had to be remedied to make the people fit to live, the medicine-men went to work with more incantations until the bones went back to their first owners.



215. Lion or Hawao (Skeena river).

Illustrations

194. Miniature house post carved out of wood and decorated with inlays of abalone shell. The maiden, in the centre, holds the Scrubworm, its head down. The Frog turned upwards, at the top, and, at the base, the Cannibal or Mosquito and the Frog. It reproduces a Tlingit house post at Klukwan, Alaska (Photo taken by Mrs. Frances Paul and William Paul, Juneau, Alaska. N.M.C., Photog. Div., 101378).
195. Wooden totem pole in miniature, quite new, from Klukwan, Alaska, showing the Scrubworm woman; Bear Mother, in the centre—two Grizzlies holding between them the prostrate woman in their mouths; twin human heads, below. Green predominates on the faces; the Caterpillars are green and black (Washington State Museum, Seattle. 1/265. 21 inches high. N.M.C., 102611).
196. The new Duk-tul totem poles at Klawock, with the young woman and the Scrubworm at her breast (Photo by William and Frances Paul, of Juneau, Alaska. N.M.C., Photog. Div., 101379).
197. Small argillite totem pole showing the young woman feeding the Scrubworm; at the base of the pole, the Beaver sitting up (Cunningham Collection at the Municipal Museum, Prince Rupert, B.C. About 10 inches high. N.M.C., 87404, 87405).
198. Argillite totem pole with eyes of inlaid abalone shell. The Thunderbird and the Whale, at the top; the young woman feeding the Tlenamaw worm at her breast; the Raven without his bill, holding his messenger the Butterfly on his knees. Described in Webber's booklet (Vancouver, a curio dealer's item): "Frog with Butterfly." Attributed by Mr. Webber, curio dealer of Vancouver, to John Marks, of Massett. But Luke Watson, of Skidegate, thought it was by "Captain" Andrew Brown, of the same place, who was a contemporary of John Marks (Lipsett Collection, Vancouver. 12 inches high. N.M.C., 87368).
199. A Tlingit wooden mask with the face of the young woman. Her arched eyebrows are two Scrubworms facing each other, and their bodies are long and segmented (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist. Emmons Collection, E-2350, with the following description: "Doctor's head-dress Take-cheence, formerly the property of a Doctor of the Chilkhatqwan... from Kluck-qwan. Represents the spirit of a man, with eyebrows carved as wood worms, plaits of human hair... Practising about the sick and bewitched." 6" x 4". N.M.C., 1950, 125-3).
200. Wooden statuette carved on the north Pacific Coast presumably by a Kanaka (an imported South-Sea islander) who retained the realistic Polynesian manner in all except the Frog, which is unknown on his native islands. In the Frog he reproduced the stylization of the Northwest Coast. The two canes represent, one (left) the Sea Otter, the other the Whale, repeated twice, and a human figure (N.M.C.; from the Walter C. Waters private collection at Wrangell, Alaska (1949). 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 9" x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Of red cedar. VII-A? N.M.C., 87603).
201. A wooden statuette representing a mother with her nursing child in her arms. A similar one, from the same hands, forms part of the collections of the Museum of the American Indian, in New York. Like No. 200 they must have been made by a Kanaka or South-Sea islander, transplanted, like many others, by the fur traders on the Pacific, to Vancouver Island possibly early in the 19th century. The eyes, in the Polynesian style, consist of Chinese blue beads for the iris, and sea-shell for the white parts of the eyeballs. This device was never used for this purpose by the true natives of the north Pacific Coast. The well-sustained realistic style confirms this attribution, except for the stylization of the eyebrows, which are like ribbons or stencil-made in the manner of the Northwest Coast. The Kanaka carver had assimilated this prevalent local feature in carving and used red cedar. A few half-breed Kanakas and Indians, in particular Oyai of the Nass River, at the end of the 19th century, were craftsmen. Oyai, of mixed Kanaka and Tsimsyan descent, carved a number of the finest and tallest totem poles in the country (N.M.C., Powell Collection 1879, where it is labelled "Aht Vancouver Island" (Nootka). VII-B-362. 20" x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Photog. Div., 20069).

202. A two-legged Dragon carved out of a root and painted (In the private collection of Mr. D. F. Harris, Vancouver. 19½ inches. N.M.C., 103240).
203. A ceremonial wooden club with the Sisiutl head of the Kwakiutl (N.M.C.; the Walter C. Waters Collection, 1947, Wrangell, Alaska. 24" x 3¼" x 1¼". Photog. Div., 99514).
204. Wooden pipe with the Sisiutl head, the Raven and the man; carved and painted (Peabody Museum, Yale University. No. 30892. M/21½/G.CV. OE.C. Shop. N.M.C., 1950, 32-4).
205. A wooden box, painted. On the front, a four-legged Sisiutl or Dragon of the Kwakiutl (Municipal Museum, Vancouver, where it is called a "soul-catching box of red cedar", carved out of a single piece of wood, excepting the cover. The sides are painted red and black. 9" x 4½" x 3½". N.M.C., 102512).
206. Club made of the bone of the whale, with the Dragon engraved and painted on one side (The Cranbrook Institute of Science, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. No. 1715. 19" x 3¼" x 1½". N.M.C., 1950, 209-1).
207. The Scrubworm or Dragon carved out of a greenish mineral, from Alaska (1¼" x 1¼". N.M.C., Photog. Div., 102135).
208. High relief of the Dragon with a bulge in the middle of his body, carved out of stone, painted red. The Crab, on the opposite side. At one end, a double SS. At the opposite end, a European escutcheon, with a human face (Washington State Museum, Seattle. No. 4645. Written on back: Neah Bay. N.M.C., 102604).
209. (Upper) The Dragon of Bering Sea, with three bulges in his long body, engraved in black on a walrus tusk. Also, engraved on the opposite side, Indians in a battle, igloos...
(Lower) An Alaskan Eskimo pipe of ivory, with a similar engraving, also with three bulges (Museum of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario; Constantine Collection, about 1895, presumably obtained at Nome. The tusk: 25" x 2"; the pipe 20" x 3½". N.M.C., 1950, 127-4).
210. A Haida pipe panel of argillite with various designs, including the Tlenamaw with two coils, of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and a tongue in the shape of the steel harpoon of a New-England whaler. *Ca.* 1830. (British Museum, London. 22 inches).
211. An argillite flute, presumably carved by George Gunya, of Skidegate, *ca.* 1875-1890, showing a similar Tlenamaw in low relief (Peabody Museum, Harvard University. R-202, Rindge Coll. 13½" x 1". N.M.C.).
212. Argillite pipe with two Tlenamaw heads, back to back, supporting the bowl (N. M. C.; Hirschfelder Collection, acquired in 1884. VII-B-772. 8½" x 2". Not practical. Photog. Div., 88943).
213. Argillite pole containing two Tlenamaw heads back to back, and the Thunderbird repeated twice, with hooked bill and with the Whale (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y., 16/1153-2. Photo from the same institution, 11308).
214. A wooden puppet of the Kwakiutl, with elongated movable limbs controlled by strings, consisting of two Sisiutl in opposite directions; painted red, blue, and yellow (Provincial Museum, Victoria, B.C. 31" x 13". Label: "Mask-Sun with Sisiutl. Part of elaborate equipment to which were attached wings of cloth with painted figures. Representation: the Sun [clan] married to the Sisiutl family. Tloitsis. Kwakiutl." N.M.C., 102575).
215. The Hawaao or Lion monster of Kitwanga, a Gitksan tribe of the upper Skeena River, B.C. (Cf. the author's *Totem Poles of the Gitksan*, Plate XXVII, fig. 4. N.M.C., H.I. Smith's, 65171).

NANASIMGAT, THE NATIVE ORPHEUS

The myth of the native Orpheus on the North Pacific Coast was first collected among the Haida by James Deans in the 1870's (36). He called it: "The adventures of Nuch-noo-simgat in search of his lost wife," and added that the meaning of the name is, "Hearken what I say!" and that the Hyderys [Haida] pronounced it Nah-nah-simgat. If the tale has long been told by the Haida tribes, it was none the less borrowed from the Tsimshyan of the mainland whose country was the scene of the following mythical events.¹

In a small Indian town near the Narrows (Metlakatla, facing the present Prince Rupert at the mouth of the Skeena River) Nanasingat lived with his wife long ago among other families of the same nation. One day a beautiful white sea otter came into their bay and swam about in front of the habitations. At once the hunters ran for their bows and arrows and tried to shoot it, but they were warned by Nanasingat's wife to be careful how they shot, for they must not spoil the fur. "Shoot it," she said, "on the end of its tail, where there is no risk of doing damage." So they did, and the sea otter was dragged ashore and skinned.

When the hunters spread out the skin, they saw that blood stains smeared the beautiful fur. In order to wash them off while the hunters went back to the lodges, Nanasingat's wife spread the pelt out in the salt water as the tide was rising.

Time passed without her coming back home, and her husband went out to look for her. The skin had been washed ashore, but his wife had disappeared. Nobody had seen her anywhere. So Nanasingat called on a *skaggy* (a seer) to consult him about his wife's disappearance. The news was that the Scannahs—Killer Whales—had captured her while she was wading in the sea and had taken her to their home under the ocean.² Now she was living with the king of the Whales as his wife.

Nanasingat decided to journey to the underworld and overtake the shade of his wife, if he could do it with the help of his guardian spirits. These were the Marten and the Swallow. The Marten would go forward and smell out the trail, and the Swallow was to fly overhead and guide him watchfully. They started all three together on the fateful journey, the spirits constantly going and coming as they moved out to sea, and followed the directions given by the seer. As they had been told, they found a canoe a long way off. In it they sailed forward until they came upon two heads of kelp. There they halted, tied the canoe to the heads, and together held a council.

The Marten said, "From here you go on by yourself. Try to find the trail onward while I take care of the canoe and wait for you until you return. All the Swallows can do is to go back to shore and tell the people of our doings."

¹ Cf. *Totem Poles*, I: 269-282, for the world-wide diffusion of this myth.

² Other versions have it that she had broken a taboo by urinating in the sea while facing away from the land, thus offending the animals of the sea.



216A. Sea-Lion wooden head-dress with Gunarh on top.

Nanasimgat, now endowed with supernatural power, went down under the water and looked for the path leading out to the palace of the Scannahs' king, where he expected to find his wife. With the long kelp lines to guide him, he travelled down and down until he noticed something like worms wriggling and digging up roots. As he approached, he realized that they were a flock of Blind Geese. In their blindness, they jostled one another while they kept burrowing. Aware of his coming, they stopped and cried together, "Helloah! Here he comes for his wife. His name is Nuch-noo-simgat [Gunarhnesemgyet]. We smell him." From then on Hearken-what-I-say! was to be his name.

As he stood there gazing at them, he saw strange men coming along, three slaves sent by their master to get dry hemlock for his fire. One slave

exclaimed, "Look! Here is a dry tree. Let me find out how suitable it is!" It was old, dry, hollow, and very large. The slave saw a hole in the trunk; he crawled in, sat down inside, and went to sleep, while the other two approached and began to fell the tree. When it was about to fall, one of the slaves gave a strong blow and sent the stone axe through the hard shell. It hit the mouth of the sleeper inside and woke him up. But the axe was broken. He crawled out, and they all three grieved over the broken blade. They said, "What can we do? Our master will be angry with us, because of this accident."

Nanasimgat tried to console them, saying, "Listen! I can mend your broken axe if you help me in my search. I am travelling about, looking for my wife. She was lost along this path." They agreed to the bargain, and Nanasimgat spat on the broken pieces and placed them together. After a few passes he returned the axe to them as good as it ever had been. In gratitude the slaves told him that they knew where his wife had gone and were quite willing to show him the way. They led him to their master's lodge and pointed to the fire inside. A woman was standing there, warming herself. He saw the woman, but he did not recognize her, because a long time had elapsed since she had departed from among her people.

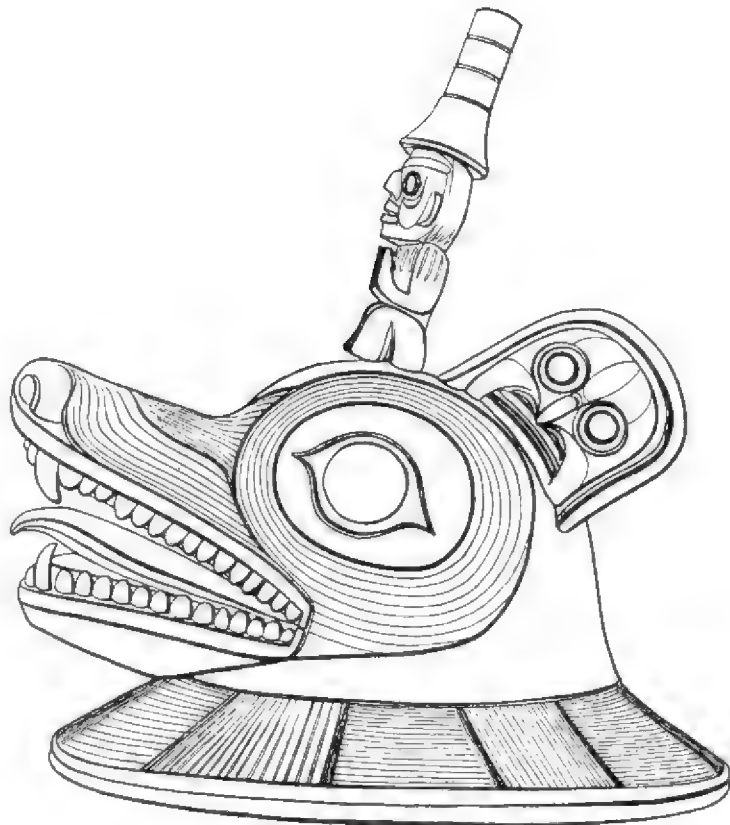
In a plot to help him recover her, the slaves went in as he waited outside. They hung a large kettle filled with water on the fire and piled dry wood on the brazier. When it was boiling hard, one of them pretended to fall

down and upset the kettle. The hot water turned to steam and extinguished the fire. While the place was befogged with white vapour, Nanasimgat rushed forward, captured the shade of his wife, and made her understand who he was, and ran away with her, back to the trail homeward. "Hold her fast," the slaves had warned him. "If you have a good hold on her, they will not be able to take her away from you."

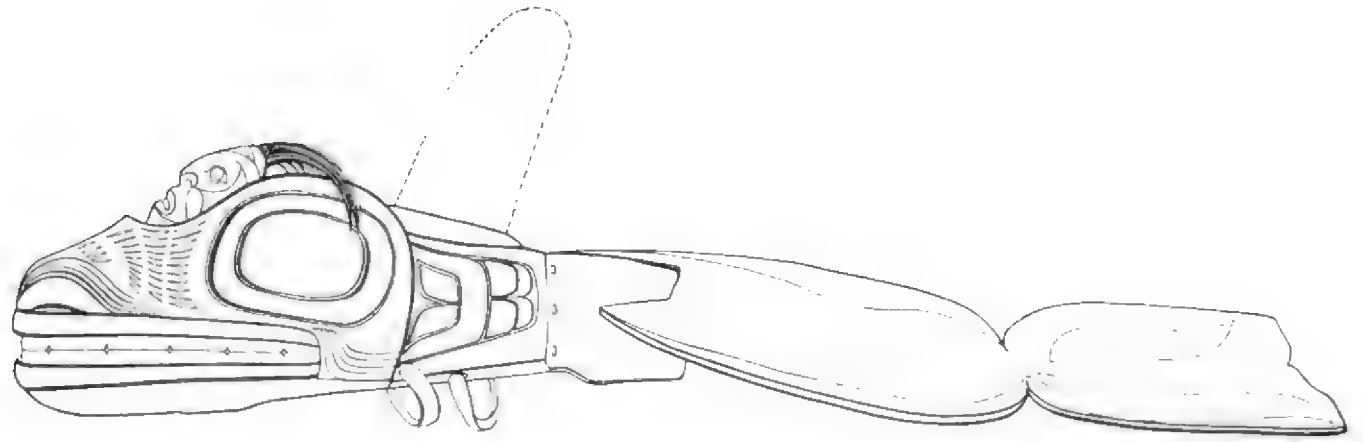
This form of the myth is only one out of several among the Haida, the Tsimshyan, and other coast nations. They call to mind many kindred narratives in other parts of America, and in the South Seas, Asia, and Europe; for this is one of the most widespread of all traditional tales.

Its classical name in Greece was Orpheus, and the beloved bride whom he had lost and was seeking in the nether world is known to us under the name of Eurydice. But the names of the ancient lovers are many. They vary with the country of their passing adoption, and they have criss-crossed the continents east and west. Everywhere the essential plot and the complex details of the adventure are recognizable. A few other names for the separated couple in ancient Greece are—Theseus and Corè, Pollux, Heracles. Among the Romans, Aeneas is guided on his errand by the Sibyl (instead of the Marten and the Swallow, among the Haida). Asia and Oceania likewise took to their heart the tribulations of the greatest lovers the world has ever known. In Hindu folk-lore, the roles are reversed; it is the aggrieved wife who survives and seeks the soul of her lost husband. In Japan, the goddess Izanami died, and her husband Isanagi went to recover her shade in the Land of Gloom (*Yomotsukuni*). On the islands of the coral seas in Oceania, Mataora found his departed wife in the undersea regions of Po and coaxed her back home. Hiku, in another form of the Polynesian tale, at Hawaii, disguised himself as the Butterfly, to capture the soul of his wife Kawalu.

When we look for the same tale in Europe, even modern Europe and its extension into French America, we find the same lovers in their tale of woe—under the form of Jean de l'Ours, who visits the lower world to the same end. The literature of ancient and medieval Europe contains further traces of this classical myth, in Dante's descent to hell in the *Divina Comedia*; in the legend of Saint Martial de Limoges, where Christ is shown in miniature visiting Limbo and stepping, like St. George, on the Dragon (a vampire with gaping mouth was the horrible doorway to a burning



216B. Sea-Lion wooden head-dress with Gunarh on top.



217. Whale head-dress with Gunarh.

inferno), and in the adventure of St. Patrick, retold by the medieval writer Marie de France in the tale entitled "Le Purgatoire de Saint Patrice" (St. Patrick's Purgatory).

Like the other narratives of the mythic Creator the Raven, Bear Mother, or the Indian maiden wedded to the Supreme Bear; the Thunderbird wielding thunder and lightning like Zeus; the dual-natured Dragon, good or bad, controlling the rains and the sky or destroying mankind; like so many other ageless themes: Jonah and the Whale, Pygmalion and Galatea, the Gorgones, Hermaphrodite, and the double-faced Keeper of the gates Janus or Cerberus; like the familiar Sky-ladder of Jacob, the path of souls to the upper world on the Milky Way, and the Promised Land luring the tribes on a fruitless migration; like the belief in the cosmic Sky-Tree holding up the world, or the Turtle on whose back the earth rests, and the Flood which submerged the land and engulfed most of humanity; and like a host of minor folklore themes to be traced with a wealth of detail in both hemispheres, the myth of the great lovers Orpheus and Eurydice, or the West-Coast couple engaged on the sea-otter hunt, Nanasimgat and his wife, stands as a landmark on the trail of wandering mankind across continents, even beyond the salt seas from the Old to the New World.

Orpheus, no less than the Dragon and the Thunderbird are symbols of everlasting faith and of folk themes which, even though most remote and of no actual common origin, connect, chain-like, the scattered tribes of the white and "yellow" races in a pattern of cultural diffusion or borrowings.

Within North America the Orpheus myth is represented in recorded variants and versions more often than anywhere else. In other words it belongs here as well as to other continents. Its occurrences begin with Father Brébeuf's account in *The Jesuit Relations* (Ca. 1636) of a Huron who went to the Village of Souls. There he found his lost sister, whose shade was so small that he could imprison it in a pumpkin to bring her back to Ontario (the Beautiful Lake).

In the Northeastern Woodlands and on the Great Lakes, the Algonkin possessed the same legend, called "Qu'Appelle" (Who Calls)! Other Algonkins of Lake Superior recited it to the explorer J. G. Kohl (Cf. *Kitchi-Gami* . . . 1860). On the river (known in classical Greece as the Styx)

which the Indian had to cross before reaching the upper world, he had to use the bridge of souls which looked like a tree stump but really was a great serpent, its head resting on one side and its tail on the far shore. Beyond the bridge he encountered, guarding the path, a dog as large as a house which allowed everyone to pass into the realm of shades but forbade anybody to return to the living (the classical Cerberus or the Minotaur).

The mere list of Orphic items on this continent stands impressively before us, folklorists and anthropologists having already compiled several scores of versions from all quarters. Franz Boas quotes a Tsimshyan version of Gunarhnesemgyet in his *Tsimshian Myths* and studies a number of Tsimshyan, Haida, and Tlingit variants. Stith Thompson's compilation extends to other American fields in his *Tales of the North American Indians*,¹ where he refers to more than a score of versions (38). Miss A. H. Gayton, in her "Orpheus Myth in North America" (39), produces a map of the geographic mosaic of the myth and its elements, and studies its framework and variants. These surveys do not exhaust the field.

The essential features of the myth in all its parts remain identical, and the accessories buttress the central theme. But the individual narrators everywhere vary. They have adapted the story to their own surroundings and understanding. No fixed standard in human memory ever stopped the growth and variation of this fluid tale. For instance, the lost soul among the Huron and Algonkin had to travel, according to prevailing local notions, on the Milky Way to the Happy Hunting Grounds in the upper world. This could not happen among a seafaring people in Oceania or on the North Pacific Coast, where the nether world is believed to be under the sea. Yet both the upper and the lower world, it was commonly agreed, were situated in a land towards sunset. So the Haida pursuer of the soul of his wife had to seek her under the sea, where the Whales are supreme.

Even such apparently trifling details as the musical gift of Orpheus, a Thracian artist, to play to perfection the lyre or the pipes of Pan and to enchant the monsters barring the path, are duplicated in a Wishram tale recorded near the mouth of the Columbia River by Edward Sapir. Here the Eagle—one of two friends, the other being Coyote, seeking their wives in the nether world—picked up a flute and blew into it. The Coyote also blew into the flute. Then they looked across the river and could see the ghost tribe moving on the far shore. Music and incantations on the lyre or on the flute are the apanage of both the European Orpheus and the American one. Although far apart now on the face of the globe, they hark back to a single incantation in the remote ages.



218. A Sea monster with Nana-simgat.

¹ Orpheus "occurs in all parts of North America"; also the "Visit to the Land of the Dead," and The Woman stolen by Killer-Whales.



219. Helmet with Whale and Gunarh.

Nanasimgat of the Haida will not fail to sing a magic tune to the keepers of the trail to put them to sleep and let him go by. The carvers of the Haida and the Tsimshyan will now convey to us their own peculiar way of illustrating the episodes which have caught their fancy. In yielding to that impulse in the nineteenth century on the western shores of our continent, they were unaware that they were repeating in wood and argillite the creative gesture of Praxiteles and his Greek contemporaries in the VIth century B.C., who with mallet and chisel transferred the immaterial into plastic terms for posterity to behold.¹

On a Tsimshyan head-dress carved out of wood, painted and decorated with shell inlays, Gunarhnesemgyet or his wife ride to the lower world on the head of the Sea Lion. The man wears on his head a *skil* helmet in the Mongolian style, and the monster's mouth is open, showing two long rows of teeth. Birds' faces—perhaps those of the Marten and the Swallow—peep out of the sea-mammal's ears. (Plates 216A, B).

Another head-dress, also Tsimshyan, displays the head, back fin, body, and tail of the Whale. The front or top part of it is carved out of wood, and the rear is cut out of leather and intended to fall on the wearer's shoulders. The head of Gunarhnesemgyet or his wife leans back on the Whale, and tufts of his hair flow backwards (Plate 217).

A third head-dress of perhaps a puppet-like hand device is more elaborate. It consists of the "Water-Blower," a horned monster resembling a bullhead fish, carrying on his head a person, Haida or Tsimshyan, who sits eagerly, mouth open, holding his bent knees between his hands and wearing on his head a three-tiered headgear from which a tuft of long hair dangles (Plate 218).

Another ceremonial helmet of wood, to which a perforated dorsal fin is attached, is carved to represent the Killer-Whale with abalone pearl in his eyes, ears, and nostrils. At the base of the fin, also chiselled out of wood and painted, is the face of the rider to the lower world, with his black hair waving in a whirlwind (Plate 219).

Two other helmets of like description embody the same features. In the first, the wooden helmet is also carved in the form of a Mongolian hat, with, on top, four sections of a *skil* woven out of spruce roots, and above, the complete little man within the Killer-Whale's fin, to the rear of which the hair is attached. Again the eyes and the ears of the sea monster are abalone inlays; so are the teeth (Plate 220). The small head of the Whale,

¹Cf. *Totem Poles*, I: 269-289, for nine more illustrations on totem poles.



220. Whale and Gunarh.



221. Whale and Gunarh.

carved out of wood and painted, is affixed to a headgear tailored out of trade cloth and on which rows of abalone pearl squares are sewn. On top, the fin chiselled out of wood, with a perforation indicating the Killer-Whale, projects with the rider's human face and his hair falling behind (Plate 221).

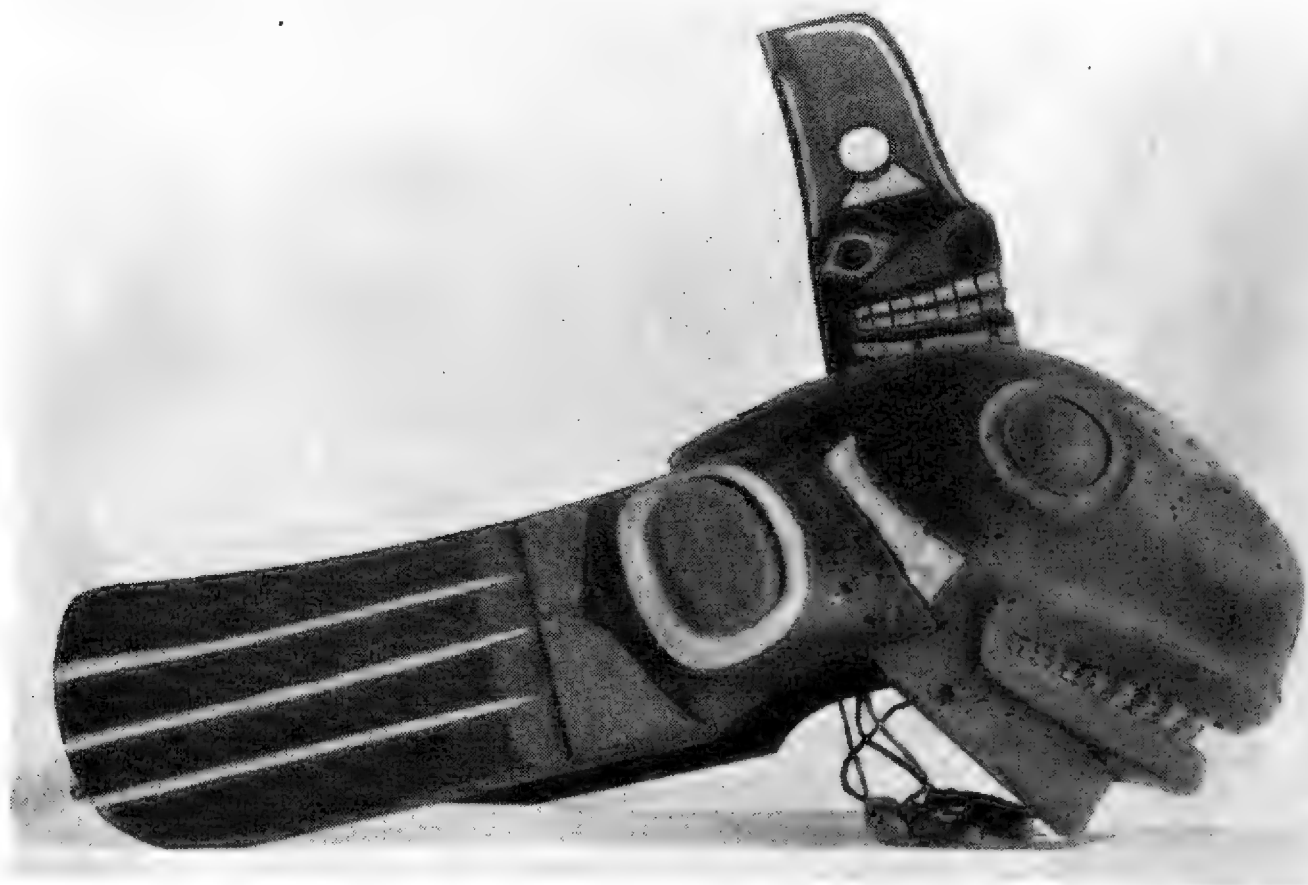
A different head-dress, in the Rasmussen Collection, is carved out of wood and made to represent the head of the Killer-Whale with inlaid teeth. Two side-fins are affixed to the rear of the head. On top, the dorsal fin with perforation stands erect and at its base is the face of a person (Plate 222).

A fairly large dorsal fin of the Killer-Whale, with its usual round perforation, carved out of wood and painted, and decorated at the rear with tufts of hair, was shaped to fit the back of the performer, a Tlingit of Yakutat. Within the outlines of the fin, a face, that of the rider, is placed at the base, and on it a complete man sits, with his hands uplifted (Plate 223).

A Tlingit wood carving with inlaid abalone shells frames the profile of a man, as if he were behind bars or a fence; and his hair flows behind (Plate 224).

Another fin of the Killer-Whale was fashioned out of a large slab of cedar. Its lower end was to be held in the hands of the Tlingit performer. The upper part, broader and flat, in the shape of a blade, shows a human face at the base, the round hole of the fin, and, above, the profile of the rider cut out in the usual crouched position, with hair dangling behind. The Whale and the man with his feet resting on the head of another Whale are incorporated in a cane; they may represent here the same mythic personalities (Plate 225).

A small carving of argillite—the first and only one of its kind in this chapter—obviously Haida, is in the shape of a sea-monster's head surmounted by the perforated fin of the Killer-Whale. It is affixed to a flat



222. Head-dress with Whale and Gunarh.

striated base which, if it were ever used, was tied to the head of a performer in a ceremony (Plate 227).

A ceremonial rattle of the Niskæ, collected by Powell in 1799 and preserved at the National Museum of Canada, is perhaps the most significant and most beautiful carving illustrating the native Orpheus myth. It shows in high and low relief, with the help of rich ochre colours, the figure of Gunarhnesemgyet riding the Killer-Whale. He sits, holding his knees between his hands, and sings an incantation as if to subdue the sea monsters. The Killer-Whale is wrapped round the rattle, which is hollow inside and contains shot to make a rattling noise when shaken in the performer's hand. The fin of the whale rises out of the head of the rider to the lower world (Plate 228).

Two small ivory or bone carvings, amulet-like, their top piece inlaid with abalone shell, are presumably Tlingit, since they were found in Alaska. Exquisite in workmanship, they represent the Whale carrying a person. In the upper one, the rider is on the Whale's back, clutching the fin with both hands; he or she and the fin almost merge in outline. In the lower one the person is incrustated, as it were, on the stomach of the sea monster. On the back, behind and above, the bird seems to be the Eagle (Plate 229).

Another bone carving, old and decaying, also from Alaska, illustrates the story of the Whale, with a dorsal fin, carrying a person who lies down on his back; they are head to head. Another person, the man or his wife, rides here to the nether world, half way in and out of the cetacean's mouth, with the head duplicated on either side and the tiny hands prying the large mouth open (Plate 230).

The Whale with a human face on the back of his head, in a bone charm, beautifully carved and decorated with inlays of abalone shells, is to be found in the Delano Collection of scrimshaw at the U. S. National Museum. Although its source is not indicated, it is undoubtedly Tlingit or Niskæ, and of the 1840's-1860's (Plate 231).

The Whale carries the man and his wife who are returning together from the nether world. The man sits holding the fin on the Whale's back, and the wife lies inside the Whale's body with her eyes closed and her head at the tail. The two heads incrustated under the Whale at the rear are the Swallow and the Marten (Plate 232).

A wooden box with a lid (carved on the North Pacific Coast, probably by a northern Kwakiutl) shows the Sperm Whale carrying the seeker of the soul on its back, who wears on his head a conical Mongolian hat. His wide-open mouth indicates that he is singing an incantation. This box is at the Municipal Museum, Vancouver (Plate 234).

Another Whale, at the Peabody Museum, Yale University, is made out of wood and is painted. Here the man holds on to the dorsal fin with both hands (Plate 235).

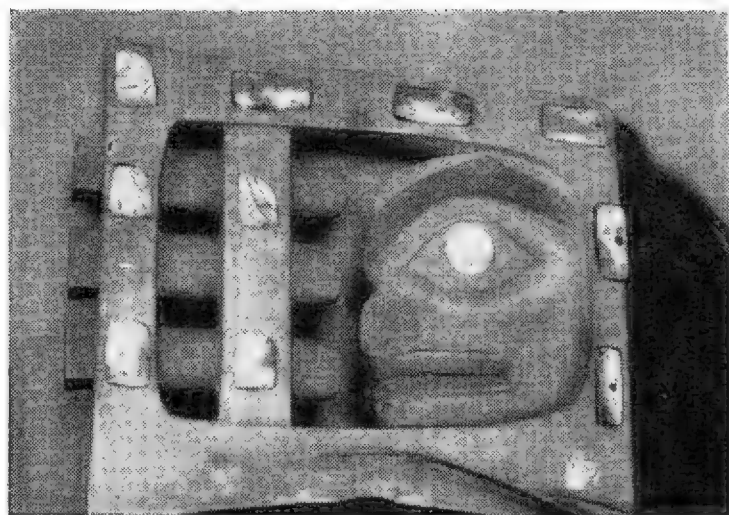
In a Tsimshyan wood carving representing the Killer-Whale in the form of a box with a lid, Gunarhnesemgyet rides on the top of the Whale's dorsal fin (Plate 236). His wife, with long flowing hair, lies on her back on top of the Killer-Whale in another wood carving, and with her hands she supports the dorsal fin which rises from her body (Plate 237).

A Haida argillite carver, in a fragment of a panel, shows Nanasingat on the head of the Whale between its ears. Another human face appears at the back, and the two hands of the woman rest on the lower lip of the sea monster (Plate 242).

The Whale in miniature, bent forward with its mouth open, is pursuing a person in flight and is about to swallow him or her; this on a panel of the



223. Gunarh in Whale dorsal fin.



224. Head-dress with face of Tcheene.

early period of 1830 or 1840. Here these figures are associated with the mosquito, whose proboscis is like an elephant's trunk and is curled up at the end; and with the Frog, the Bear, the Eagle or the Raven (Plate 238).

A rather crude stone carving shows the same mythical hero riding out to sea, clinging with both hands to the dorsal fin of the monster. Its date and origin are uncertain, although it bears the mark of Northwest-Coast stylization (Plate 243).

An argillite pipe, at the Peabody Museum of Yale University, which may go back to the 1850's or 1860's, contains several figures elaborately stylized, among them the Whale with a person lying face upwards and, close by, a bird, the Swallow (Plate 239).

Another argillite pipe at the Peabody Museum of Salem, Massachusetts, is decorated with similar figures: the Whale carrying a person in his mouth (in the manner of the berry-picker when kidnapped by the Grizzly Bear). Here again we see the bird guide, the Swallow, this time on the head of the Whale (Plate 240).

An argillite pipe at the National Museum of Canada is decorated with a sea monster whose huge mouth contains a Whale and which carries on its back a human being—presumably the woman in the story—lying face upwards. A man wearing a *skil* hat sits behind, his back to the group, his mouth wide open. He is singing an incantation to the accompaniment of a rattle (Plate 241).

The following series of argillite poles also illustrate the myth of Nanasimgat, mostly in the same episode of the voyage to the sea bottom on the back of the Whale or the Sea Otter, which obviously appealed to the seafaring Haida. On a splendid carving of the 1875 period, at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, a person (Nanasimgat or his departing wife) rides on the back of the Killer-Whale, holding the perforated fin with both hands. A bird in semi-human form stands behind as a guide and protector. This miniature piece is from the hands of the craftsman of Old Gold Harbour who carved the stately totem pole of Gunarh in the rotunda of the National Museum of Canada (*Totem Poles*, I, Plate 121, p. 277). The composition and style for both are similar (Plate 244).

The Woman of the Frog clan (two Frogs are with her), wearing a labret, and the Grizzly, face each other in the upper half of another argillite pole at the American Museum of Natural History. This illustrates the divergent version of the Gunarhnesemgyet myth among the Tsimshyan of the upper Skeena River. In the lower half of the pole, she or her pursuing husband sits upon the head of the Whale (Plate 245).

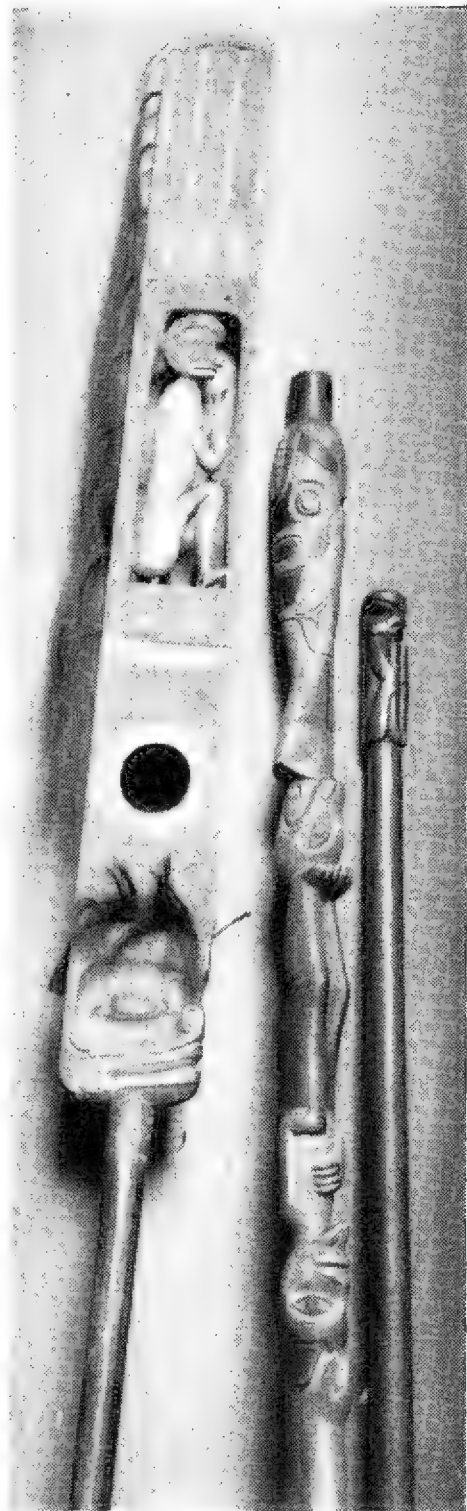
On another pole by the same carver of Skidegate, at the same museum, the face of the woman with a labret rests upon her Grizzly-Bear husband; and another human being, presumably Gunarhnesemgyet, sits on her head. The canoe, at the top, refers to the episode, nowhere else illustrated, of the human husband journeying to sea in a dug-out, seeking the portal for the abode of the Killer-Whales at Kwock (Plate 246).

On a fine argillite totem at the British Museum in London, the Killer-Whale with the characteristic dorsal fin is at the base, carrying the Grizzly Bear on his back. The Bear is shown here, no doubt, in place of the deserted Bear husband who pursued his wife to the edge of the sea (Plate 247). The smaller pole of an older type, to the right, illustrates the journey to the nether world on the Killer-Whale. The face of the departing wife is under the chin of the monster, and the pursuing husband, with a high *skil* hat, is affixed in miniature to the top (Plate 247).

On two of the finest poles of the 1870-80 period at the National Museum of Canada, both by the same carver of argillite, we find the Sea Otter or the Sea Lion, the Whale, the Woman, her husband with the *skil* on his head, the Grizzly Bear, and the Bird guide, all associated in the two different compositions which once more illustrate the voyage to or from the other world (Plates 248, 249).

Another totem at the U. S. National Museum, Washington, offers one of the earliest and finest illustrations of the same episode of the journey on the sea. It was collected at Skidegate by J. G. Swan in 1874. Here the Eagle, at the top, shields with his wings and his bill the departed woman who wears a *skil* hat and a labret and who holds on to the dorsal fin of the Killer-Whale, which makes up the lower half of the composition (Plate 250).

Seven more argillite poles, all of them of exquisite workmanship, six of them at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and one at the National Museum of Canada, illustrate the same fateful journey: the man and his departed wife, the Whale to whose dorsal fin the riders of the deep cling fast, the bird guide or protector, and occasionally the Grizzly Bear, figure in most of them (Plates 251 to 256). In the last two are introduced extraneous elements: two Grizzlies and the Raven and the Frog (Plate 256); also a chief, at the top, wearing a Russian-Siberian cap; two valuable copper shields are under his arm, and he holds the Eagle and



225. Staff with Whale fin.



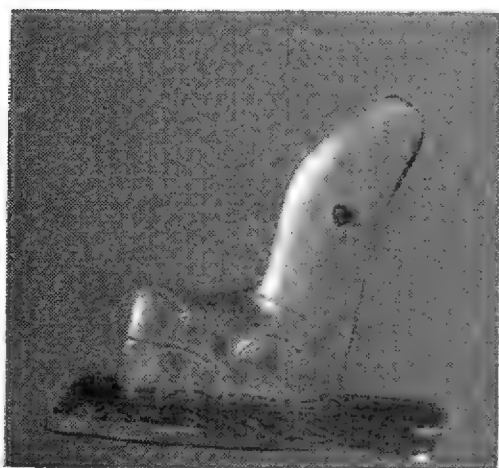
226. Stone carving with Whale fin.

three Frogs. The Woman below with the labret grasps the Whale, head down, with her left hand, while she holds a cane in her right hand. At the base of the cane are three small Frogs; they seem to bring in the theme of Dzelarhons, ever familiar on the North Pacific Coast (Plate 256).

The Eagle stands with his wings semi-open at the top of another argillite pole, which is the work of one of the southeastern Haida master craftsmen, and is now at the Peabody Museum, Harvard University. The woman, just under the bird guardian, lies with her head down on the back of the Whale. At the bottom sits the Beaver. This is one of the most original presentations of the woman in relation to the Whale; apparently she holds the tail of the monster in her hands (Plate 258).

Four more argillite poles of a recent date and lesser quality paraphrase the same theme of the voyage. They are explained in detail in the list of illustrations for this chapter (Plates 257, 259 to 261).

The Killer-Whale conveying Nanasingat or his departed wife to the home of the Killer-Whale spirits at the sea bottom was the theme for the large and elaborate painted wall-decoration inside an Eagle-Wolf house in the Tlingit village of Klukwan, Alaska. The dorsal fin of the mythic monster in this painting contains the profile of the human rider to the nether world like the Haida and Tsimshyan interpretations. Another much smaller whale and three other animals occupy the marginal space, and a seal and other faces, eyes, legs, and fins fill the huge body with stylized decoration (Plate 262).



227. Whale fin and Gunarh.

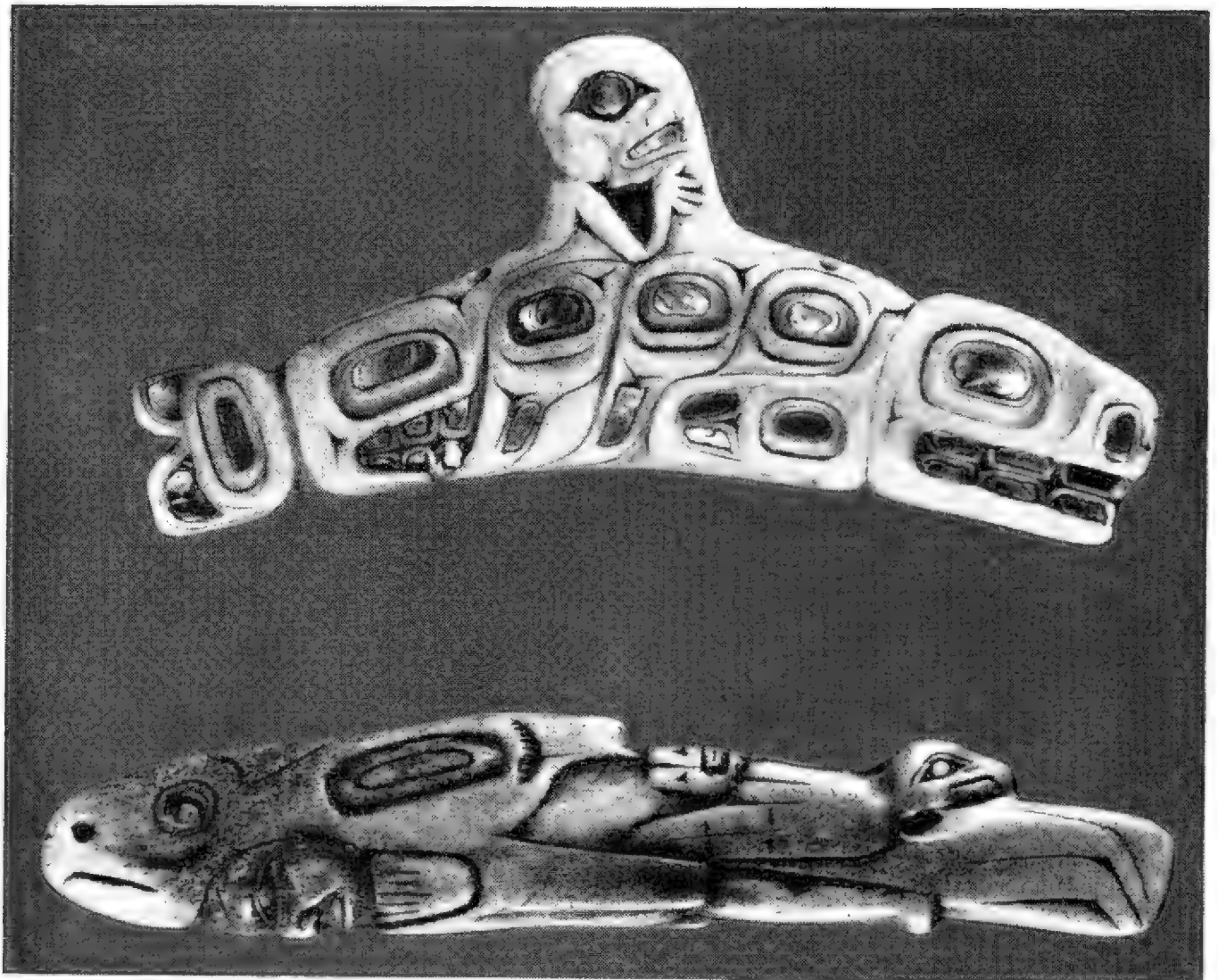
Nanasingat singing an incantation, between two birds, apparently Eagles, appears on a miniature post in front of the model of a Haida house, which has two Whales painted on it. This model together with a number of others was made for the Field Columbian World Exhibition at Chicago in 1893. Nanasingat is near the top and just behind a *skil*-like horn on the head of the sea monster—apparently a dogfish—which is carrying him on his back. Over his head stands another human being with conical hat, on whose shoulders two bears meet face to face. All these figures illustrate characters in the myth (Plate 263).



228. Niskæ rattle with Gunarh singing, on Killer-Whale.

The same theme of the rider on the back of the sea monster is beautifully incorporated in three small wooden totems of the Raley Collection. These were carved about 1899 by Wesley, a Skidegate Haida living among the southern Tsimshyan at Kitamat on the mainland. The Whale holds the departed woman's face between its fins. Another fin is on her head. Above her we recognize Nanasimgat sitting with a conical hat with *skils* on it. The Grizzly Bear, his crest, is at the top (Plate 264).

On the back of the Killer-Whale, represented on the second of the wooden poles, three human faces, some of them with semi-open mouths, as if singing, appear in front of as many short dorsal fins, and at the top on the tail of the whale a man watches over them all (Plate 265).



229. Bone carvings with Gunarh on Killer-Whale.

The third wooden pole is still more elaborate, with the head of the Killer-Whale at the bottom between the knees of the Grizzly Bear. On the head of the Grizzly, Nanasingat squats and looks down at the lower figures. At the back of his head the tail of the Whale appears, turned backwards. The Bear and the Eagle sit above, one on top of the other (Plate 266).

The most comprehensive of all the illustrations of the Nanasingat myth among the Haida is also the most recent. It was carved out of wood and painted on a six-foot wooden totem as recently as the 1930's by George Smith and his nephew Luke Watson, of Skidegate. From the base up, it shows the Killer-Whale, to whose dorsal fin Nanasingat is clinging eagerly, while he sings with his mouth partly open. From the mouth of the Whale the white Sea Otter is hanging, head down; and the Seal or another Sea Otter lies at the bottom, under the Whale, upside down. Just above the rider on the Whale, Nanasingat is repeated, crouching in a canoe and holding in his right hand a war club with a Dragon head. Obviously this refers to the part of his journey in a dug-out at sea when he was seeking the two kelp heads; these were the gateway to the lower world. Two Frogs hang from his conical hat over his ears. The man sitting on his head is, for the third time here, Nanasingat with a war club in his right hand and with a small animal, its mouth open threateningly, erect between his knees—presumably a guardian spirit or guide. The two heads under his arms,



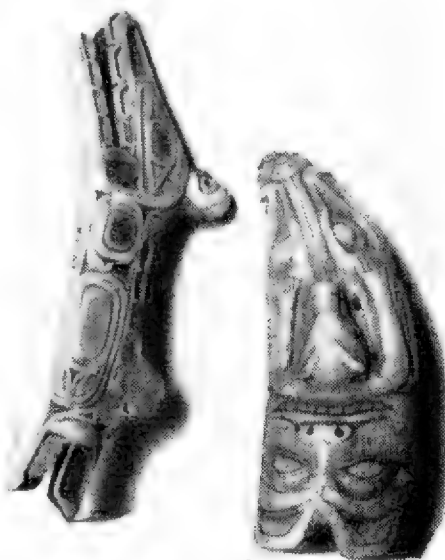
230. Bone carvings with Gunarh and Killer-Whale.

outlined only, may refer to his helpers, the Marten and the Swallow. The bird on his head may be meant for the Eagle, or rather the Crane, who was, according to some variants, consulted as a seer before the fateful journey was undertaken. This remarkable pole, the latest of all Orphic illustrations anywhere, was kept in 1939 at the office of the Indian Agency at Prince Rupert (Plate 267).

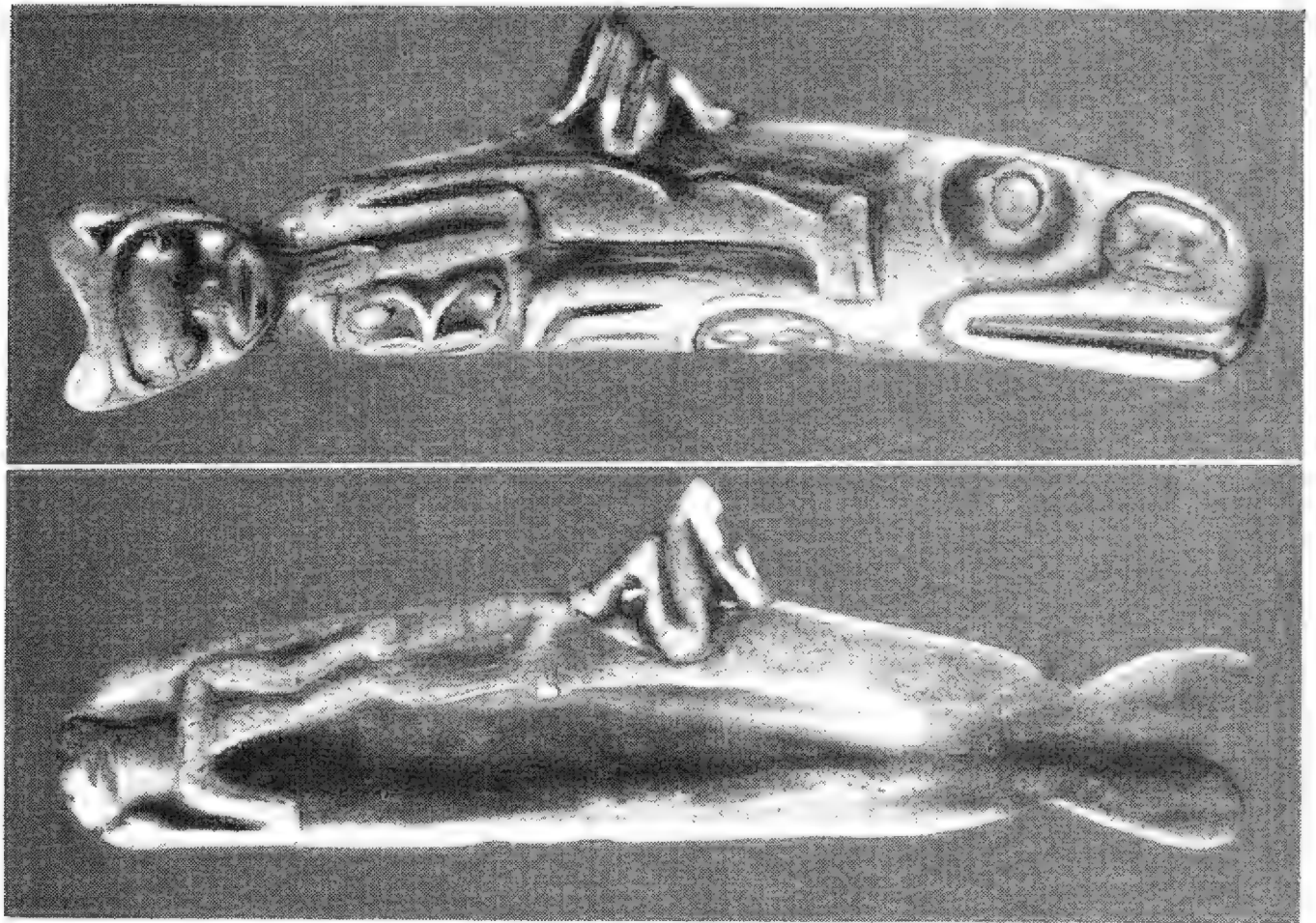
NARRATIVES

Gunarhnesemgyet, a Tsimshyan version given in 1947 by Peter Calder, Wolf chief of Gitrhadeen on the Nass River. His memory about it was recently refreshed by Charley Pierce of Port Simpson, who is still living, but Calder knew the story beforehand. Interpreted by William Beynon.

Gunarhnesemgyet was a great hunter. During one of his outings he killed a white sea otter. When he skinned it, some blood ran into the skin under the fur. He gave the pelt to his wife to clean. As she was busy washing it in salt water, she stood on it [and drifted off the shore]. The Blackfish (*hikumahl-'nærhl*; white blackfish) emerged and carried her



231. Killer-Whale with Gunarh.

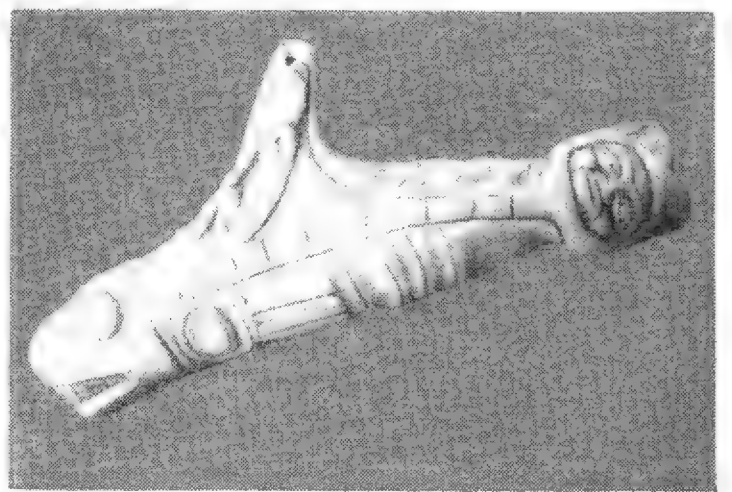


232. Killer-Whale with Gunarh.

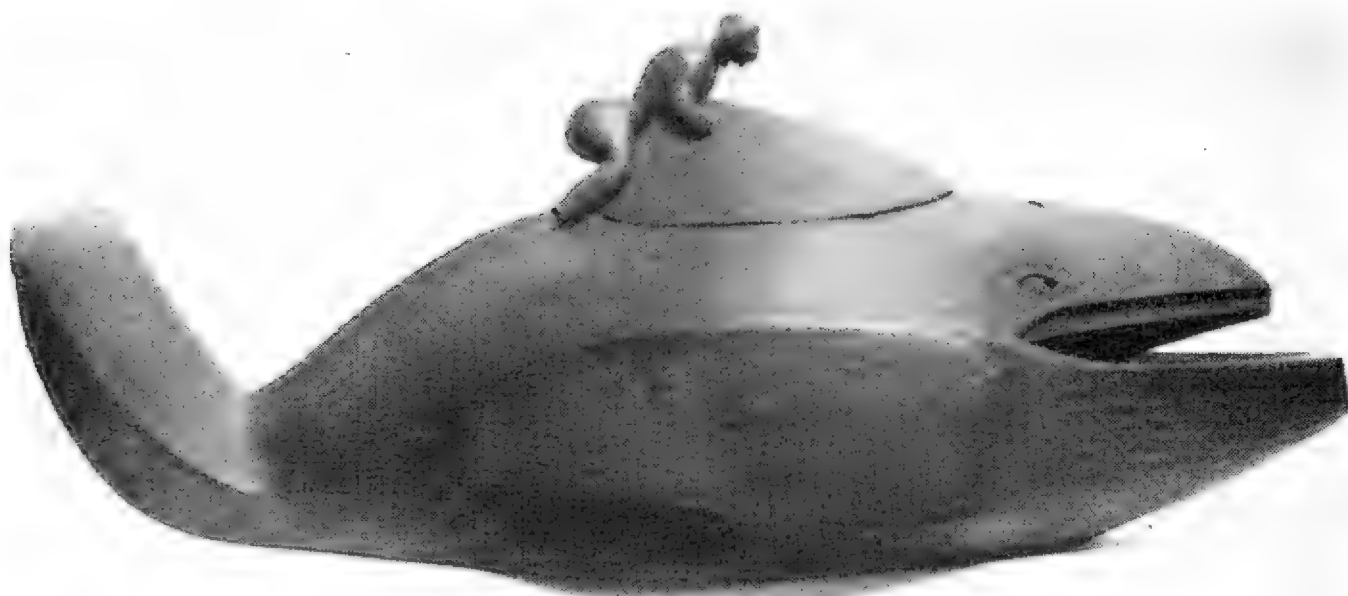
away on his back. She held on to the dorsal fin which was white, and the monster took her some distance away. She cried out, "My people, come out for me!" The Blackfish dived twice and travelled at great speed with her.

Her husband took his hunting weapons in his canoe and somebody to help him. He pushed off the shore and followed her in the distance. He kept on pursuing the Blackfish until he had arrived at the centre of Kwawk (near Work Mountain). There the fish disappeared, and he came to a stop. He then took a long line, tied it to the canoe, and holding on to it, dived to the bottom.

When he reached it, he saw people — Cormorants (*haots*) — and they were blind. He approached them and cut their eyelids open, for them to see. They were happy about it and pointed into the direction which he must follow. They gave him the advice: "When you return, do not come this way, but follow a roundabout trail at the back. That's the right way, if you don't want to be captured."



233. Killer-Whale with Gunarh.



234. Wooden dish showing Whale and Gunarh.

He followed the trail the Cormorants had shown to him. When he had gone some distance, he heard someone chopping wood and went there to look. The woodsman whose name was Gitsædzan, who was the husband of Mink-Woman (he had many wives), had just broken his wedge. He was in great distress about it, because his Killer-Whale master would be very angry with him. Gunarhnesemgyet asked, "Why do you weep?"

"Because I have spoilt this wedge, and it will cause a great deal of trouble for me."

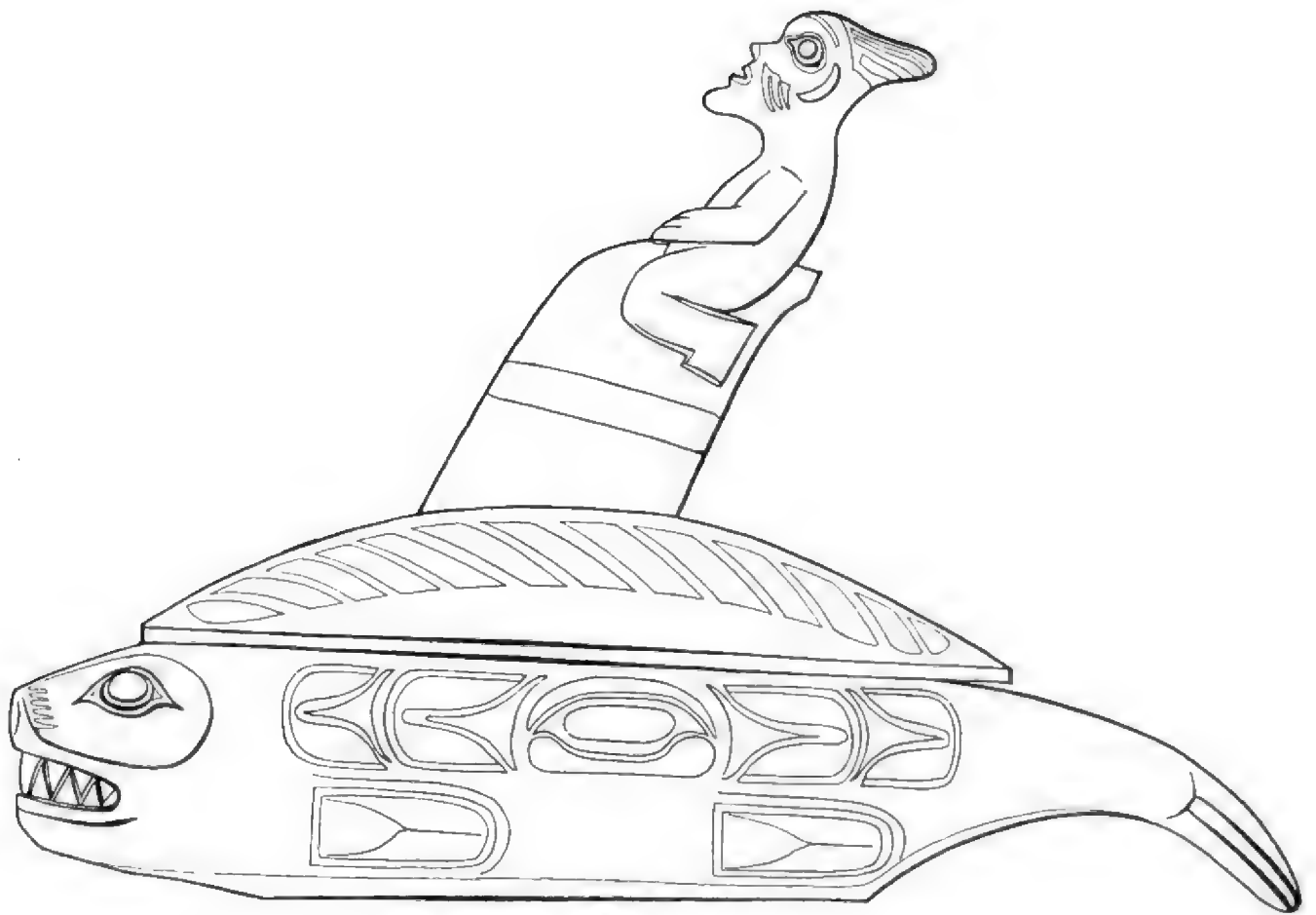
Gunarhnesemgyet put the wedge into his mouth, took it out, blew upon it, made it whole, and gave it back to Gitsædzan. This he did, because he wanted him to be grateful and to help him in his turn.

"Yes!" he said, "all I can do, I'll do for you. This wood I am cutting is for your wife; she is building up a fire inside the house. They want to put a fin on to her back, so that she may become a Blackfish like them."

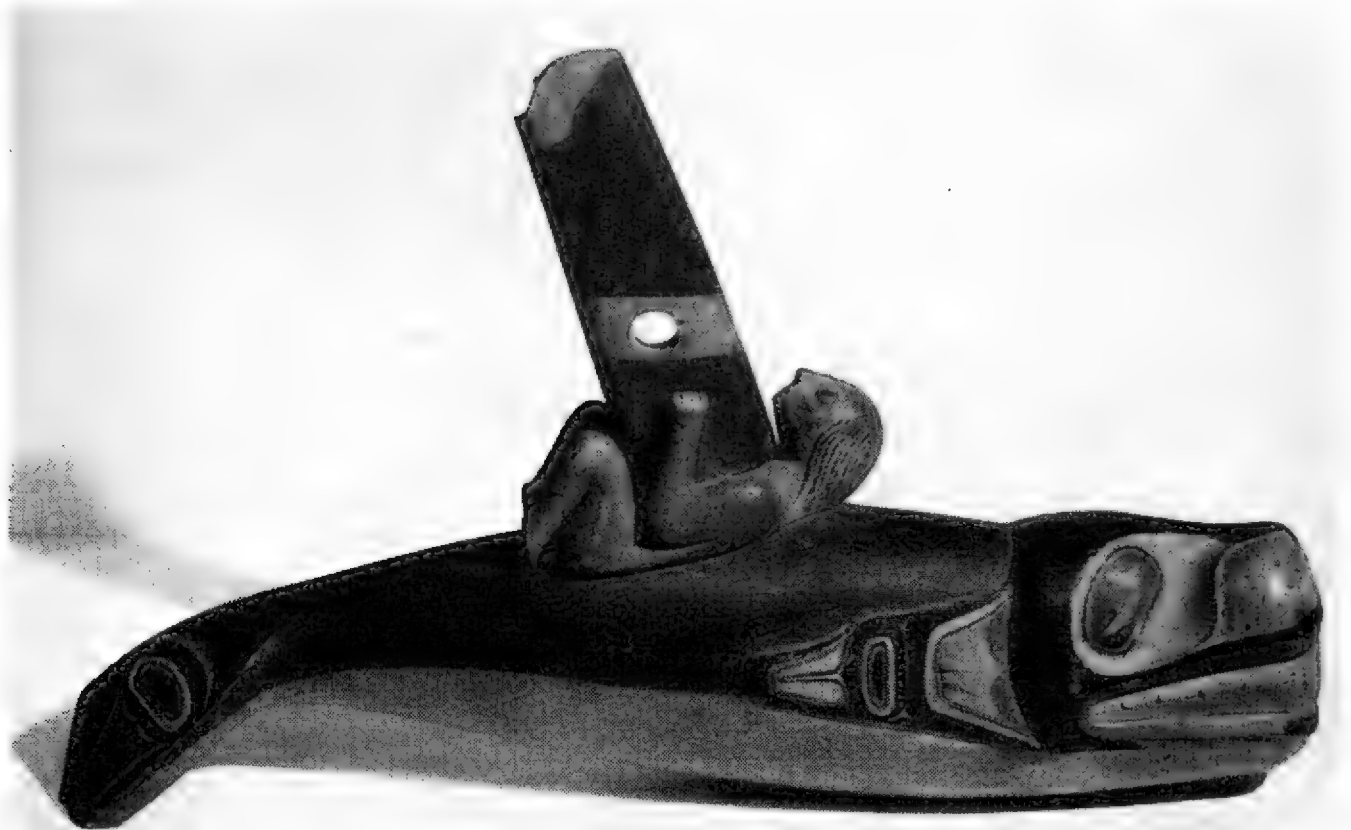
Gitsædzan then carried the wood inside and did not whisper a word about what was soon to happen. Meanwhile Gunarhnesemgyet drew a good deal of water out of the spring and gave it to his helper who took it inside. He hid behind a large block of wood behind the door. As soon as the water was poured on to the hot stones in the fireplace, steam rose from the stones and filled the house with a white mist. In the confusion, Gunarhnesemgyet rushed for his wife and said to her, "Come, let us make our escape!"



235. Gunarh behind fin of Whale.



236. Wooden dish with Whale and Gunarh.



237. Haida Whale with Gunarh holding fin.

Gunarhnesemgyet went for the door where Gitsædzan stood and put some *windaw* (tobacco-like powdered snuff) into his mouth. This medicine was magical; it made him grow in size. All the people inside then rushed in pursuit of the fugitives, but Gitsædzan by then was so huge that he blocked the door. The wives of the Killer-Whale master of the house urinated on him, and he began to shrink to his usual size. But the Whales could not pass as yet. After Gitsædzan had shrunk to normal, the Killer-Whales were able to pass and give chase to Gunarhnesemgyet who had run away with his wife. By the time they were about to overtake him, he had reached the long line attached to his canoe, and he shook it. He was pulled up with his wife into the canoe.

Meanwhile the Killer-Whales fell into the traps which the Cormorants had set for them, and into which their women had put the extract of *huhlens*—a poison. Then they escorted Gunarhnesemgyet in their own canoes, to make sure of his safety. In the shallow places they poured more *huhlens* behind them, as a handicap for the Whales. Gunarhnesemgyet in the end reached home with his wife.

Today we can still see the big rock at the mouth of Work's Canal. We call it Gitsædzan, because the rock is the wood chopper who helped Gunarhnesemgyet to get into the house of the Killer-Whales. He is as large now as he was when he took the *windaw* snuff and blocked the doorway.



238. Whale and Gunarh at top.

The Myth of the Deer-Hoof Garment, crest of Neeskyæ, Wolf chief of the Gitzarhlælh of the Tsimshyan tribe. Related by Herbert Wallace, Kanhada chief of the Gitsees tribe of the Tsimshyan, Port Simpson. Recorded by William Beynon in 1915.

The chief of the Gidestsu tribe [of the southern Coast Tsimshyan] married a woman belonging to a Wolf (Larhkibu) clan. They had a son, who grew up into a fine young man.

In the fall, this chief, together with three other men, set out to hunt seals. They left their village, and after they had gone some distance, one of the members of the party looked down into the water and saw a seal protruding from the mouth of a *daga'ao*. He called out to the other men



239. Pipe with Gunarh and Whale.

in the canoe, "Look, see the seal in the mouth of the *daga'ao!*"

The man sitting in the stern answered, "Fishermen never take away the food from the inmates of the sea."

At night they reached an island and intended to stay there for some time, for the wind blew hard, but they could not get away. So the chief said, "Let us look after our food and not waste any! The storm looks as if it might last for some time." This they did, but soon their food supply was gone, and they

tried to find seals where they had formerly hunted. None could be found; then they looked for shellfish, but they could not discover any where they had been plentiful. Now everything was entirely gone. They were starving and weak from exposure. After a few days two men of the party died, and the next day the chief also died. Only one man was left behind, and he cried and wept bitterly as he sat in the hut they had made.

The same night, this man saw what he thought was a human being pass in front of the hut, and he grew frightened. He was so hungry that he became brave. He took his club (now it was night), went down the beach where this figure was sitting, and crept up to it. Then he raised his club, hit it on the head, and saw that it was a large seal. He took it, cut it up into pieces, and built a fire. Then he made offerings of most of the meat to the Great Chief of the Heavens (*Semaw'igidem-larhæ*), asking for help and a safe return to his village.

In the morning, as the storm had passed off, he put the three corpses of his companions into the canoe, propped them up into a sitting posture so as to make people, who might intend to do him harm, believe that he was not alone.

After he had gone round two points, heading towards his own village, he met a canoe. When it came alongside his, he saw that it was bright all round, and in the canoe sat four men. "What is the matter? What has happened to you?" they asked.

He replied, "We have been in a big storm and have lost all our food. These three friends are dead from starvation."

After he had finished telling them, the man in the stern of the canoe reached out his paddle and struck each dead man on the head and said, "Wake up! You sleep too soundly." Then each dead man woke up, rubbed his eyes, and washed his face.

The strangers said to the chief, "You and your companions will come into this canoe, and we will have yours in exchange. Do not take anything with you but come just as you are, at present." The chief consented and exchanged canoes. Then the strangers said to the chief, "In our canoe you will find many things. Among these is a club (*kawæi*). This club is alive. When you use it, you must not look out of the canoe but hide yourself.

After it has killed all the seals in sight, it will return to you. When you reach your home, you must not go near your wife for two days, and the other men with you must not touch their wives for one day."

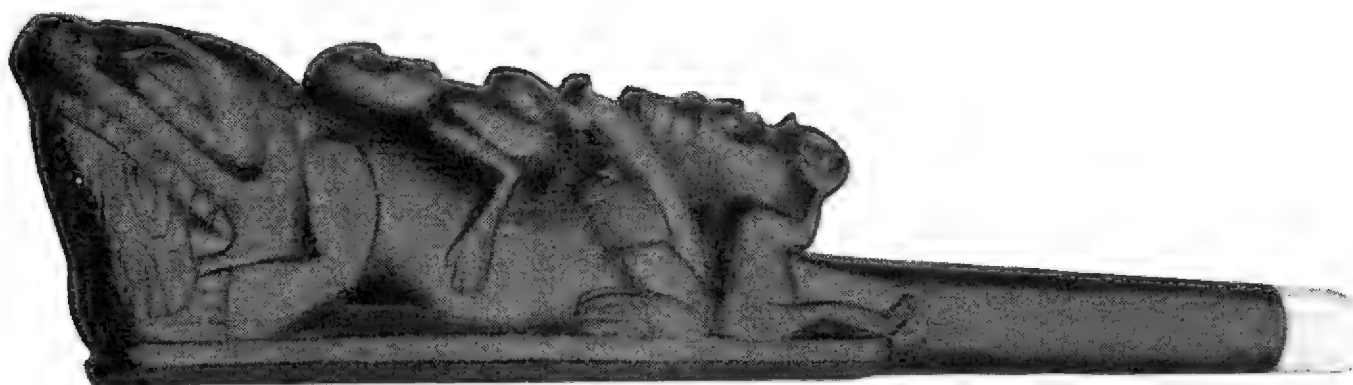
After telling them this, the canoemen departed and went on to their homes. On their way, they saw a huge rock covered with seals. They made for this rock, and, when near it, the chief told the men to hide themselves in the bottom of the canoe. They did. Then he put the club into the water and said, "Well! This spirit kills those seals."

The seals that were killed by the club filled the canoe, and the men arrived at their village. Their relatives were glad to see them and helped them unload the seals. They took everything out of the canoe and hid it away and also the canoe. The chief gave a great feast to all his people. At night, when everybody had retired, the chief and his three men did not go near their wives.

Next night the other three members of his party went to their wives, and as soon as they lay down, they died. The chief had known right along what the strangers, who had restored their life, meant. When they had said one day, they meant one month; and for him, they meant two months.

After a month had gone by, one night while he was asleep alongside of the fire, his wife arose from her couch and came to sleep alongside him. He woke up and said, "Don't you know what you are doing? This is the way to kill me." Then he got up and said to her, "Bring me my son, that





241. Whale carrying Gunarh.

I may speak to him before I die." His son came to him, and he said, "Well, son, I am going to die now, and I want you to go back to your uncles at Krado. Use my canoe and my club, and be careful when hunting with the club that nobody sees you. Make everyone hide at the bottom of the canoe when you use it." After he had said this, he died; and all the people wept. He was buried.

The son and his mother made ready to go to Krado. When they went to look for the canoe, they found it was gone. In its place was the old original canoe of the chief. The supernatural beings had taken it back and



242. Gunarh on head of Whale.

everything connected with it, except the Hat of Daga'ao, the live club (*kawæi*), and a robe (*gyæms*) (robe with a hole in the centre through which to put the head). Made of mountain goat's wool, this robe was not a crest or a robe for any particular person, but it was used by anyone as an everyday garment.

The mother and the son, as soon as they were ready, set out in the canoe and, accompanied by people of Gidestsu, made for the direction towards their uncles.

When they arrived at Krado their escort went back, and the mother and her son remained with their relatives there. The uncle of the boy was pleased with him. He gave him three companions, and the four of them slept together and were never separated. Very fond of each other, they were always together.

One night the young boy said to his companions, "Is there the right tree near here for making a good canoe?"

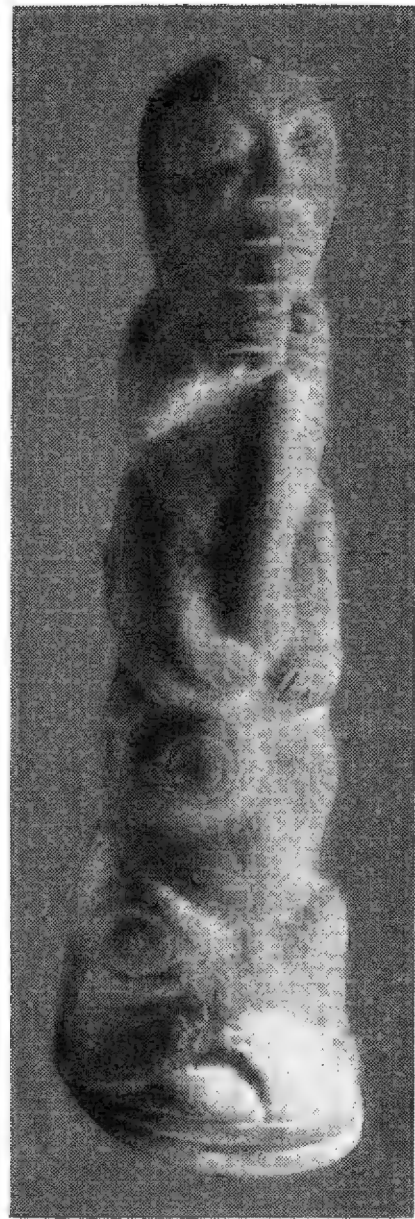
The companions replied, "There is a good tree not far from here that will make a fine canoe."

"Let us go and get it! I can make a canoe," the boy said.

In the morning they set out to go for this tree. He took his supernatural club and carried it on his back and started to look for the tree. Before going, he said to his mother, "Don't worry if we do not return at once. Should the tree not be good enough, we will hunt for another, and we may be gone seven days."

Her son and his companions stopped at the tree and built a hut there. Then they proceeded to cut it down. After cutting it down, they retired to sleep, on their first night there. The following morning, they began to hollow out the canoe by fire. One of them went down to the beach and saw a lot of seals. The young man then said, "I will get them for you," and he took his club. It killed the seals outright. They brought the seals up and cleaned them. They cooked two of them and had their meal. They took the remnants of the seals and packed them down to the village.

When the son entered the house, a graded house (*da'arh*), the mother took the meat and gave it to the chief, who was very pleased. The boy companions set out again to complete the canoe. When it was ready, they



243. Gunarh on Whale (stone carving).



244. Gunarh holding wife on Whale's back.



245. Gunarh on Whale's head.

launched it. They killed another seal and came back home. He said to his mother, "Mother, the canoe is finished. The people won't know me, when I put on all the things that my father gave me before his death. I will now assume the name which my father recommended for me—Gunarhnesemgyet."

The young man went up into the hills and put on his Hat of Daga'ao and his robe. Nobody now recognized him. He went out, filled his canoe with seals, and gave his three companions a seal each; the rest he presented to his uncle whose daughter wanted to marry him. About sunset the young son and his three companions returned to the village, and the uncle who was looking out saw them approaching. He did not recognize them and cried out to his household, "A strange canoe has come in, and it has four people in it. It seems to be well loaded."

The boy's mother then said, "That's my son, who wants to assume the name of Gunarhnesemgyet which his father has left him."

The uncle replied scornfully, "Your son, he cannot do anything."

When the canoe landed, the men saw that it was really the young man and

his companions. The young man gave all the seals to his uncle, who was ashamed now of what he had said about him. He called his daughter and said, "Daughter, you will marry your cousin." So she did; they were married. Gunarhnesemgyet turned out to be a most successful hunter, and he became wealthy.

All the inmates of the sea heard of this young man's fame, and they now made up their minds that they would separate this couple. They chose



246. Gunarh in canoe.



247. (Bear-like) Gunarh holding Whale's fin.

the Sea-Otter (*phlawn*) for this purpose. The Sea-Otter in large herds went in the direction of Krado. Among them was a beautiful white Sea-Otter. Every hunter on the coast tried to kill this animal but could not. Gunarhnesemgyet did not seem too much concerned about it.

When it approached the village, he called his three companions and said, "Come, let us go and get this otter!" Before they set out, his father-in-law bade him be careful in shooting the Sea-Otter to try to kill it so as not to spoil the fur. The Otter now swam foremost, ahead of the band, and made for the young man, who took his bow and arrow, shot it, and killed it. The people were glad, and they took the Sea-Otter up to his mother-in-law, who cleaned it. Some blood had trickled on the fur, and the mother-in-law was going to wash it off when Gunarhnesemgyet's wife took the fur from her and said, "Let me clean it for you!"

She went down to the water's edge and dropped the fur into the salt water. The fur floated off, and she waded out to get it back. But still the fur moved away, and when it was beyond her reach, she waded out until the water rose to the level of her waist. When she was reaching out for the fur, a large Blackfish (*'Nærhl*) sprang up, took her on its back, and set out to sea. She at once gave a loud cry for help.

Her husband and his three companions hastened to rescue her, but the Blackfish swam out of their reach. They kept at an even distance behind

it, until they arrived opposite the mountain of Kwawk. There the Blackfish and the young woman on its back disappeared.

Gunarhnesemgyet stopped at the same spot and anchored his boat. He told his companions, "I am going down into the spirit's country. When I pull on the rope, you will know it is time to pull me up." He then dived down into the water, and came to a fine road under the sea. He followed it and saw ahead of him some women. As he got close to them, he noticed that they were blind. So he took out his knife, cut their eyes open, and they were all able to see.

The women were glad and told the young man, "You have not far to go. Be careful of the man that you will meet, for he may do you harm. He looks after the mountain." Then these women asked him for some fat, and he gave them some. They said, "We will help you in every way we can. We will follow you and put things in the way of the monster when he pursues you."

Gunarhnesemgyet then proceeded on this road and had not gone far when he saw a village. As soon as he reached this village, he entered the house and saw a huge man sitting close to the fire. Gunarhnesemgyet blew upon the fire, and it burned the back of this giant. Then Gunarhnesemgyet approached him and put some fat on his burns. He was cured and, quite pleased, promised his help to the young stranger.

When the people heard of their master being burned, they ran in and were told that he was only fooling; he was not hurt but only singing. After they had gone, he asked Gunarhnesemgyet if he had any weapons. Gunarhnesemgyet showed him his barbed spear. The giant said, "You will find the man who keeps your wife up in the mountain. He is cutting a dorsal fin of wood for her. I will help you to get her."

Gunarhnesemgyet went up the mountain where the monster had taken his





wife, and he saw him cutting timber to make a fin for her. He went to the pieces that had been cut, crawled up to them, and hid behind. When the monster tried to split the sticks with his copper wedge, Gunarhnesemgyet pushed the wedge out. This made the monster very angry. He said, "What is the matter with the wedge of my fathers?" As he did not want to return to his house without breaking the sticks, he then thought of a way to finish his work. Gunarhnesemgyet crawled into the hollow of one of his sticks. Then the slave girls came and began to take the sticks into the house. Smelling the human flesh of Gunarhnesemgyet, one of them said, "Where does that smell come from? It seems to be Gunarhnesemgyet. He must have got in and is now after his wife."

They now made up their minds to tell their chief, so that he might be on his guard. But before they had gone far, they stumbled, and forgot to tell their master what they had smelled.

Meanwhile the huge slave whom Gunarhnesemgyet had saved from the fire came and said to him, "Be ready to run in and take your wife away from this house. When you see me carrying in water just before night, you run in and take your place right close to her; then I will pour the water out of this large water bucket onto the fire. As soon as I have done this, do not lose any time. Get out with her, because if you don't I shall swell up, and you will not be able to pass by me. Then you would be caught and destroyed." Gunarhnesemgyet followed this advice.

When night was near, the slave came and poured the water out of his bucket upon the fire. Then Gunarhnesemgyet ran in, captured his wife, and escaped with her out of the house of the monster. When this was done, the huge slave stood in the doorway. He had swollen up so that no one could get past him.

Gunarhnesemgyet with his wife ran on, but he was pursued by a great many undersea folk. This huge slave, who had saved them, made



250. Gunarh's wife on Whale.

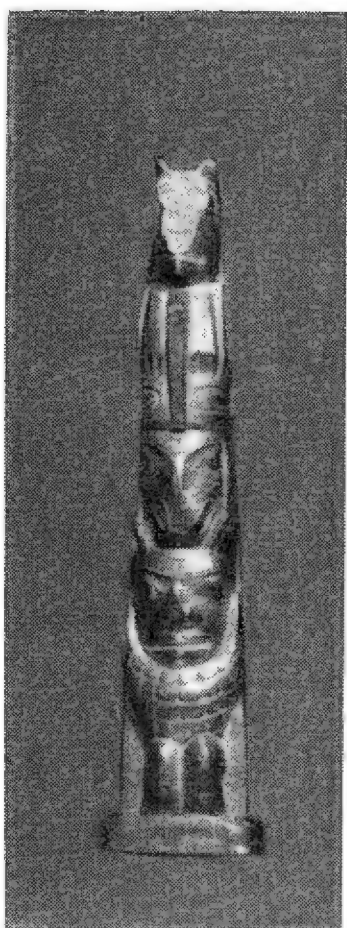


251. Gunarh over Grizzly Bear.

out that he himself was trying to catch the intruder. When the pursuers came to a narrow passage the slave again fell over, again swelled up, and blocked the passage, so that nobody could get past. This obstacle gave Gunarhnesemgyet a chance to escape. All these pursuers were Blackfishes, and the slaves were their captives who had been taken by the great Blackfish.

When the fugitives reached the women who had been cured from blindness, Gunarhnesemgyet saw that they had made traps to trip the Blackfish, should the pursuit take place. So he then ran at the top of his speed, and these women shouted out, "Run on, prince! We will help you."

After this, Gunarhnesemgyet came to the spot where his canoe was anchored. He pulled on the anchorline and was hauled up at once. Then the fugitives paddled away as fast as they could. They had not gone far when they saw a large number of Blackfish pursuing them. The large slave



252. Whale, Eagle.

who had helped him in the monster's house, said to Gunarhnesemgyet, "You will know me from other Blackfish, as I wear two fins, and I will help you. So do not try to give me anything that may hurt me."

They paddled along through the narrow channels and saw that the two-finned Blackfish was keeping the other Blackfish behind and would not let them go near their canoe. In the end they arrived at Metlakatla, and they were happy again.

But when the people moved and went across the salt water, Gunarhnesemgyet would not follow them, as he was afraid of the beings of the sea. He stayed behind and kept on hunting seals in the near vicinity of his village.

After his son had grown up, he wanted to accompany his father and said, "Father, if you take me with you, I will tell you what mother does when you are away."

The father took his son with him; and after they had gone some distance, the boy said, "Every night when we are asleep, a noise can be heard outside of our house. Then someone comes in, who wears a very noisy robe which makes much noise. Then this stranger lies with mother."

Gunarhnesemgyet waited for the night and then returned home unexpected. When he arrived close to his house, he crept up to it and then to his wife's side. Then he heard them speak. He waited, and when they were asleep, he took his knife and cut off the head of the intruder. Then he went back to his canoe for seals. After he had filled his canoe with meat, he returned to his home, as if nothing had happened the previous night.

His wife was fond of the tails of seals, and he always took some for her. This time he took the head of the man he had killed and placed it in the basket under the tails of the seals. This he took up to his wife and placed it alongside of her as usual.

She opened the basket and saw what was in it, and said, "What is the matter with this? What is this head here for?"



253. Gunarh's wife on Whale.

Gunarhnesemgyet replied, "See if you do not recognize it for yourself?" His wife did not say anything.

That night, he heard a woman calling in the woods; she was mourning for the loss of her son, saying, "My son, my son, where are you, where are you?" This call kept on coming until it was very near the house. The same cry was repeated, "Dear man! You, only, can give me back the robe of my son." Gunarhnesemgyet paid no attention. The woman's voice said, "If you don't give it back to me, I will let you know about it." Then the voice went away. The present owner of the robe would not give it up.

Another night, the woman came back and threatened to make trouble and war upon him, because he would not return the Deer-hoof Garment. Then Gunarhnesemgyet built a fort around his house. When it was completed, he saw a large number of wolves coming up from the beach. He raised his magical club and threw it among the wolves. It slaughtered many wolves, but they were too numerous to be all destroyed. So Gunarhnesemgyet made up his mind to flee. When he was ready, he determined not to take his wife with him but to leave her behind, but to take his son. He gathered a few of his friends and put them into canoes, together with their belongings.

After they had gone some distance from the village, they were pursued by the wolves. These they slaughtered from their canoes in large numbers. When they arrived at a point a long way from Metlakatla, they were very tired. At Japanese Point (*Spenarhnorh*) they went into a house and saw women scraping bark to make baskets.

The son of Gunarhnesemgyet became very thirsty and said, "Father, I want a drink of water." Gunarhnesemgyet asked a woman if she had any water to drink, but she answered that there was no water. It was being guarded by monster dogs who allowed no one to go near the stream.

Gunarhnesemgyet heard this and said, "Give me your water basket. I will get some for you." The basket was given to him, and he took his club with him. At the stream he killed these dogs, who really were monster Wolves.

Now this place was ruled by a wicked chief who had a supernatural club of the same type as the club of Gunarhnesemgyet, only it was made of glass. When the chief heard what Gunarhnesemgyet had just accomplished, he became very jealous and wanted to kill him. He invited him to his house, saying, "Come, we will play in my house tonight."

The woman then warned Gunarhnesemgyet to be very careful and said, "He will make out that he is playing, but on his fourth attempt to strike you with his club, if you are not careful, that is the time he will kill you."



254. Gunarh on Whale.



255. Gunarh's wife on Whale.

Gunarhnesemgyet went into the house of the chief and was invited to sit alongside the fire. Then the chief, his host, said, "We will now test who has the better club and see who is the stronger and who has the stronger spirit."

They vied with each other, but the wicked chief was killed by Gunarhnesemgyet, and the people now came in and raised Gunarhnesemgyet to the rank of their chief, who was a Wolf.

He kept the Deer-hoof Garment and also the dirge song. This is now used by Asaralyæn of the Gitsees tribe, and Neeskyæ of the Gidzarhlælh, also by Lais of the Gillodzar tribe.

Saradilaw and His Nephew Real-Person.

Recorded in 1947 at Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands, from Henry Young, 75 years old. He had learned it when young from his grandfather Sqaai. His daughter acted as interpreter part of the time.

Five girls went out to gather blackberries and huckleberries in baskets, and they scattered a short distance into the bush. When their baskets were full, they decided it was time to go back home. Upon reaching their canoe that was beached, they placed their baskets inside and made ready to leave. But one of them had fallen behind. The packstrap of her basket had broken, and the berries had fallen to the ground. She tried to gather them and worked hard to refill her basket. She was all by herself and needed help.

Two men came along and stood close to her; they managed together to put all the berries back into the basket. Meanwhile the strangers chatted with her, using the same language. One of the men packed [carried] the basket for her. While on the way she looked for the beach but could not find it. She said, "Pretty soon, I'll come to the right spot." She never did. They arrived in front of a house, which was inhabited by many people. They looked like human beings and spoke the same language as she did.

When they walked in, she noticed a woman near the fire, whose body for one half was of stone; she was sitting there, unable to rise or to walk. The people there spoke among themselves. The half-stone woman told her [in secret], "If they offer you something to eat today, don't accept it. It is what I have done, and here I am turning to stone." She did not want it to happen to another.

The next day, after the men had all gone out to hunt, as they did every day, she was given food and told to go out to gather wood for the fire.

From that moment, she kept working all the time as a house-keeper for those hunters who stayed away all day and came back only after dark.

This lasted for a long time, until she made up her mind to run away. The half-stone woman said, "I am going to help you," and she gave her many things in a small pack-sack. Taking the sack the young captive ran away one morning as soon as the hunters had left, but did not know where to go. Yet she walked fast and kept on going and going.

When the hunters came back after dark, they found out that she had gone and followed her tracks by the scent. Soon they came close to her, and she knew it. She remembered the sack given her by the half-stone woman and pulled out of it some wool. That was the first thing for her to do. The trees began to fall over, roots and all; they blocked the trail like a wall. This [obstacle] stopped the pursuers for a time. Yet soon they again came close to her. This time she used oil from [a container in] the bag. The oil changed into a lake, wide and deep. It would have taken a long time to go round it, but they managed to swim across and to reach the other side. They kept on pursuing her and almost overtook her. She pulled a hair out of the bag and placed it on the ground. A rock-slide from the mountain crashed down and piled high. The pursuers could not go past this barrier.

While they were still trying, she arrived at a cove and ran down to the shore. There she had seen a dug-out canoe, a *rhutlu*, four fathoms long, shaped almost like a boat as they are made by white people. It had two mouths, one at each end. In the canoe sat a man with a large hat on his head. She called him as soon as she saw him, but he gave no answer.

By and by the pursuers once more could be heard approaching. She could hear their voices now, and she feared that they would capture her and take her back with them. Again she called out to the man in the canoe, "Can I go with you?" No answer. "If you take me, I'll have you for my husband."



256. Gunarh's wife (left). Gunarh on Whale.



257. Whale under Bear and Eagle.

The canoeman, who was Saradilaw, had a club in his hand. He hit one side of the canoe with it, and the canoe, flying as fast as an airplane, went to her. The young woman jumped right in, and it was high time else she would have been recaptured, for the pursuers now stood on the shore.

Saradilaw said to her, "You had better look for lice (*t'am*) in my hair," and he took off his hat. She sat close to him and did as she was told. This is a symbol of married life. Meanwhile the pursuers began to swim from the shore towards the canoe. For this they used various skins which helped in holding them up at the surface. They belonged to the Grizzly-Bear tribe.

The canoeman, seeing them come close, became angry and hit the sides of his dug-out with the club. The canoe went off zigzagging and with its two mouths

bit the Bears in the water and nipped off their heads.¹ The young woman was impressed with the powers of her husband Saradilaw.

When they were a little farther out, the canoeman said to his new wife, "Look for something else in my hair." There she found a number of bullfrogs, as large as the end of a thumb. She threw the frogs into the water. When there were none left, he put his hat on and directed his canoe towards home, with his new wife. By hitting the sides of the canoe with the club, he could travel as fast as he wanted.

When he arrived home, he found his old wife there, and brought his new wife, showing her in. The old woman did not like it. Then he went out to hunt for seals, bringing his young wife along with him. After they had gone back home in the evening, they spent the night together, without paying any attention to the old one.

She had a child and then stayed home. Before leaving for the daily hunt, he warned the old woman saying, "Don't you dare do anything wrong to her."

The old woman, after he had gone, built a big fire and cooked seals by means of hot stones dropped in big cedar boxes filled with water and seal meat. She would put five seals in a single box, and pour water on them, then drop in the hot stones. Steam filled the house.

After placing a blanket woven of cedar-bark fibre on top of the young woman, she said, "When I eat, don't try to look at me, don't try to peak

¹ This was a double-headed monster, the *larah-wase* (the Dragon).

out." And the old woman began to eat seal meat. The noise she made was like stones being cast against the wooden walls of the house. Curious about it, the young woman wanted to look. So she took a piece of wood and with it punched a small hole in the blanket covering her, and with one eye she tried to see what was happening.

The old woman, who had just thrust a whole seal into her mouth, spat out the bones against the wall. But now, because the young woman was looking, she choked. Angry, she pulled the blanket off the young woman and killed her outright.

Saradilaw came back as usual at night and found out what had happened. He felt sorry and grew angry. He spat out a strong medicine on the dead body of his young wife. This brought her back to life, and he said to the old wife, "Don't try it again!"

The child of the young wife, a boy, was growing fast. At nine years of age he could play on the tide-waters. His father made dug-outs for him like his own, with two mouths, one at each end; he dug holes on the beach, which filled with salt water; he carved little fish and placed them in the water. The double-mouthed canoe bit off the heads of the fish. It was surprising to see what the little boy could do with his toys. It was half wonderful.

The boy grew up to become a supernatural being, and Real-Person (*narhnarom-semgyet*) was his name.¹



258. Whale and person on back.

¹ This is a Tsimshyan word, in spite of the myth being recited by Henry Young, a Haida of Skidegate, 75 years old. This narrative was given as an explanation of a tall totem pole (*rhat*) still standing at Skidegate and showing a man and a whale.

At nineteen years of age it was time for him to marry, but there were no other people in that neighbourhood. So one night his father told him, "Now, my son, I am going to take you to your uncle's village; he is chief there. You will marry his daughter." He took him there, and they found that the daughter was nice and beautiful. She became his wife.¹

From then on, he hunted seals and sea-otter, like his father. One day a white Sea-Otter swam quite close to the village. Real-Person went out with another man in a canoe and killed it with a bow and arrow, not as he might have done through the back, but as his wife had advised him to, under the tail, near the end of the body. Quite pleased with himself, he took the dead sea-otter ashore, skinned it, and gave the pelt to his wife. It was white and spotless, except for just a little spot of blood. As his wife saw the blood and did not want to leave it there, she took the skin out to the beach and washed it in the salt water, holding it down with her feet. It slipped a little, as she was rubbing it; and then it moved a little farther out.

The Fin-back Whale rushed in and caught the woman on his back between his two fins, and went away as fast as he had come. Her husband saw it happen but could do nothing.

On the totem pole, she is shown quite as nice and beautiful as an angel; it was because she was beautiful that the white Sea-Otter, a supernatural being, had come for her.

Real-Person took plenty of devil's club, a plant stored in his cedar boxes. He mixed it with *gwaiskyaw* poison (a woman's monthly blood) and the *kyegeska* (rancid urine²), filling a large box. He made a potent decoction out of these ingredients and let it become stagnant in several cedar receptacles, until it began to stink. Then he was ready to go out to sea to recapture his wife, for he could not resign himself to her loss.

He made a canoe ready and put all the receptacles at the bottom. As he was wise and shrewd, he took with him the Marten who was to be his guide and pilot. Many days he travelled.

One evening they stopped in a cove, and after tying his dug-out to sea kelp which floated like a blanket at the surface, he lay down at the bottom. After he had put some kelp leaves over his head, he went to sleep. While he slept with his head covered, he heard something talking to him. He pushed the kelp off his ears, and no longer heard anything. The kelp



259. Man riding Whale.

¹ As the children belong to the mother's clan, the marriage was exogamic, according to custom.

² Urine "water of life". Cf. *The Serpent in Kwakiutl Religion . . .*, by Dr. G. W. Locker, footnote p. 20. Late E. J. Brill Ltd., Leyden—1932.



tubes, he found out, each had two heads. Over the sides of the canoe, he saw many steps like notches down the length of a large double-headed kelp.

He stepped off the dug-out, carrying with him a sack containing the things given him by his father, and he went down the steps into the deep, as he would have done on dry land.

Soon he reached the bottom. There the supernatural Red-Cod (*sqa*) said to him, "Follow this path. Your wife has gone that way!" So he walked on, walked on a long time, without finding traces of the lost one.

Suddenly he heard a great voice: "Ah ah aaah!" And he came across a flock of Geese sitting on the ground. They did not try to fly away, even though he came very close to them. They said to one another, "I smell Real-Person Semgyet." He caught one of them; it was blind. With his fingers he opened its eyelids, both of them, and the Goose now could see him. It was glad. So he opened the eyelids of the other Geese. They were pleased likewise and quite willing to help him. "Real-Man," they said, "keep on following this trail. You will find the village where your wife is staying." He went past the Geese and followed the right direction.

A very large bird, wild-turkey-like, the Tlqoo, stood watching, close to the village. On the shore of a stream was a canoe like a *kagwæ* for supernatural beings to fly in. But it was badly cracked. As soon as the Tlqoo beheld Real-Person, he yelled, "Hæ——!" So Real-



261. Man and wife on
Whale.

Person approached him and gave him young spruce boughs with twists of roots (called *skiskyil*). Of this he had plenty in his sack. It is useful for mending the dug-outs when they split. The supernatural bird was quite pleased with the gift, for it was impossible in this country to dig up any such roots. In order to show his gratitude, he took Real-Person in his arms, and then hid him under his arm pit, because he did not want him to be seen by the villagers.

"What is the trouble, old fellow?" asked Real-Person. "Do you fear something?"

He received no reply for a while, then, "I think I have seen something yonder."

The next morning after the people in the village had stopped gazing this way and gone back into the houses, the Tlqoo told him, "Now, you go behind the village, beside the chief's house, and hide there." This he did and stayed there for a long while.

Two men came out of the house for wood and stopped at a hemlock tree. They were [slaves] the Red-Cods. They used stone axes to chop down the dead tree. But the sharp edge of one axe broke off and became useless. This also happened to two other stone axes, and the tree could not be felled. The slaves cried and cried, for they were afraid of their chief. Standing beside the tree, they saw Real-Person in hiding, and talked to him.

"Show me that axe!" said Real-Person. They handed it to him, and he put it in his mouth. When it came out, it was just as it was before it was broken, with a sharp edge. They stopped crying.

He pushed over the hemlock tree, and it broke all to pieces as it fell down, just as was wanted. Overjoyed, the slaves packed the wood into the house; they needed it for steaming fish in large cedar boxes by means of water and hot stones. When the fish was cooked in one of the boxes, they took the water out to spill it. Then they went to put hot stones in the other boxes, but they spilt the water on the hot stones in the fireplace.

This was part of a plot to favour the one who had helped them. As the water turned to steam and filled the house, Real-Person ran in, unseen, and captured his wife. He had seen her through the cracks from outside.



262. Wall partition with Whale and man.



263. Haida house with Monster carrying man and wife.

He ran away with her in his arms, for he was endowed with supernatural powers.

The villagers, becoming alarmed, ran out of the houses and began to pursue the fugitives. When they got close behind him, he opened his sack, picked out a handful of cotton (*lis*), and dropped it on the path. At once trees began to tumble all over, and the pursuers could not go past. The path was blocked for a while.

Once more they caught up with the fugitives, and Real-Person grew frightened. He looked into his sack and found a dried seal stomach (*q'ando*) containing hair oil. He spilt the oil on the trail, and it turned into a big lake, which the pursuers could not cross. Some of them tried to run round it, others to swim across. It took a long time for them to overtake him, as he was travelling fast.

Once more he saw them coming and gaining upon him. He put his hand inside the bag, picked up a comb, and dropped it on the trail. It changed into a great wall, with all kinds of tangled trees. It was high, wide, and long, and it stopped the pursuers. Try as they would, they could not go past. So he believed; but they did.

Again they were running in the distance. But now he had come to his canoe in charge of his pilot, the Marten. They started on their way back

to the mainland with his wife aboard. Now he had become grey-haired with age, for years had passed since he had left home for the Killer-Whale's country at the bottom of the sea.

The Killer-Whales gave him chase; they were Fin-backs with five dorsal fins, using various [magical] skins in their pursuit. To keep them off, he poured overboard, with cups, the stinking stuff he had taken with him in the cedar boxes. It was poison to the pursuers; they could not stand it and fell back for a time. Then again they gained speed. He poured more medicine into the sea, and they were stalled. When he had emptied all the containers, he could no longer keep the Fin-backs away, and they overtook him.

It was the moment when the *narhnok* spirit of *sqan*, the Red-Cod, came to his rescue; they were grateful to him for mending their stone axes. They wanted to help him. There were so many of them in the sea round him that they formed a shoal, obstructing the path for the pursuers. So Real-Person and his wife, in the end, reached safely his village on the sea-coast.

He brought her to the house of his uncle and resumed his life as a hunter. But he did not trust the others, and they were many in the house. That is why he secreted her in a box while he was away. Nobody could touch her, and for greater security he fastened the cover of the box and bore two holes in the sides for her to see the light. This he continued for many years.

Once when he came back from the hunt, his wife had disappeared, and he did not know where she had gone. He looked for her all over the land. While he was journeying over the mountains, he came to a large lake between the mountain peaks. Qasgodzinai, a woman at the bottom of the lake, wanted to help him in his search. She told him, "Do you see the mountain peak over there?"

He answered, "Yes, I see it."

"Someone has taken your wife inside that mountain. That's where she lives now."

He went into that direction, climbed the mountain, but could not penetrate inside. The time had come for him to use the power in his pouch



264. Man and wife on Whale's back.

which his father, Saradilaw, had given him. It was a square stone, all black, a finger's length. He took it in his hand and turned it against the rock wall. The supernatural beings inside the mountain cried out, "Don't do that, for this would be no place for anybody to survive. The mountain and the whole world would melt down. Hold back your *narhnok!*" And the mountain dwellers hastened to give the woman back to him. She was a super-woman, to be reborn among the Haida. She came back to life like a soul revived among the people of the Queen Charlotte Islands. Some people say that Real-Person went back without her; that he had lost his wife forever.

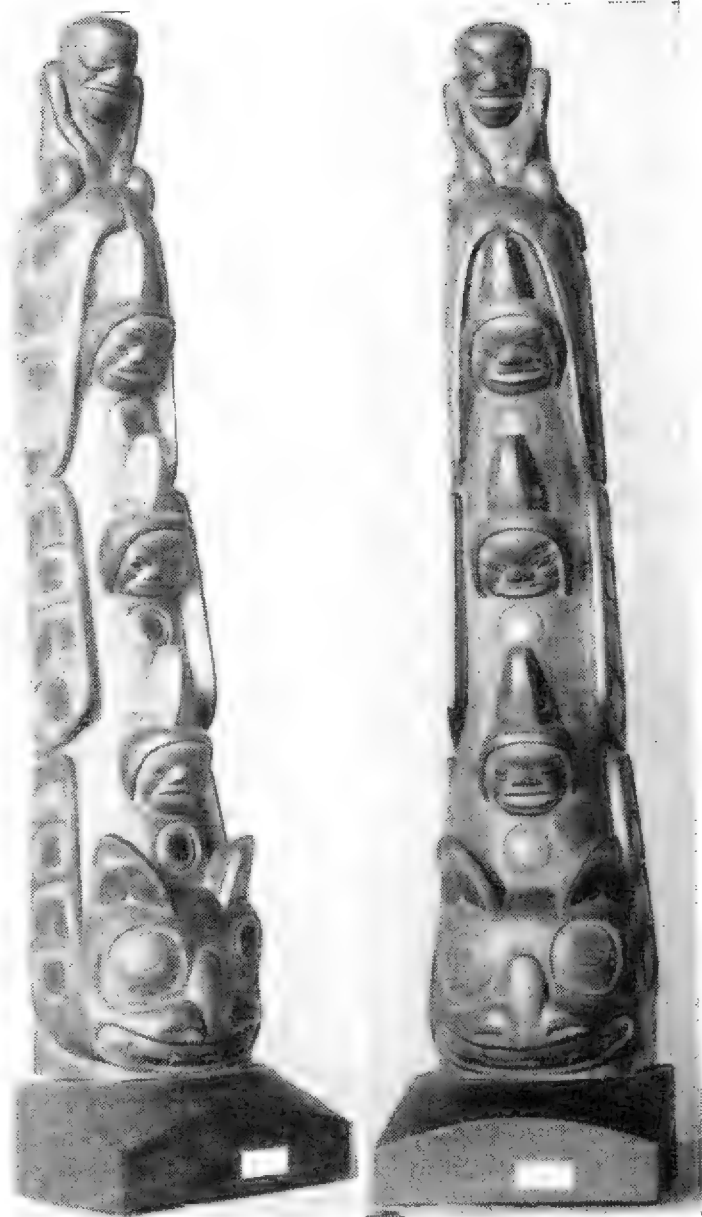
The Supernatural Woman Captured. Narrative given by informants Sam Lewis and Andrew Jackson of Metlakatla (Coast Tsimshyan village nearest the Haida country). Recorded by William Beynon in 1916.

Preliminary note: An abbreviated version of this *adaaorh* by the same informants was published in *Totem Poles I* (Pp. 282-283). This narrative was called "Myth of the Crest of Gwesnærhs"—Deer-hoof Garment—of the family of Hlebeksk, head of a Wolf clan. It is also the myth of the origin of the name Gam'asnerhl, in the Kanhada house of Nagapt, as well as of Dze'enk of the royal Gispewudwade family of Shaiks, all of the same tribe of Gitrhahla on Porcher Island.

While all the people were living at Metlakatla,¹ a Gitrhahla hunter married a very beautiful woman who was a *narhnorh* (supernatural). She was white, and her hair was very bright. Her husband always was successful in the hunt, and he remained away from the village for long periods. He sought only sea-otters, and he used to come back with his canoe loaded with sea-otters. It was partly because his wife gave him great powers in the hunt.

One day she took a lover; and whenever her husband went away, her lover would come and remain with her day and night. Just before the hunter would come back, the lover would go away but stay very near this

¹ When William Beynon inquired from informant Jackson why he implied that the Gitrhahla tribe originally lived at Metlakatla, he could not say whether this was a temporary or a permanent residence at the time for his tribe.



265. Human figures on back of monster.

house. From that time on, the hunter never captured any game. He could not shoot straight, and he said, "All my arrows go crooked, and my spear misses the mark."

He made a new bow and another spear before leaving again for the hunt. As soon as he was gone, the lover returned and again stayed with the hunter's wife. When he was about to come back home, the intruder went away but stayed near the house. The hunter failed to get any sea-otter, and he did not know what to do. He told his wife, "You go up into the hills and get me some devil-club bushes (*woms*). I will eat it and will fast."¹

When his wife brought the devil's club bushes, he ate them, cleansed himself of all impurities, and fasted for four days away from his wife. Then he ate some dried salmon and drank a great deal of oolachen grease to keep from being sick. Again he went away after the sea-otter. As soon as he departed, the lover came back and stayed with the hunter's wife, and the hunter could get no game.

Now he knew that his wife must be unfaithful to him. So he came back to find out. But as she was a *narhnorh* and had supernatural powers, she could always tell when he was coming home, and she told her lover, "Go away, my husband is coming back." So he left, and the husband came back.

The hunter did not say anything, and his wife could not tell what he thought. But now he stayed home for a long time and made a lot of things ready. He said, "Now I am going far to hunt for the sea-otter, and I will be gone a long time." He said this to try and catch his wife doing wrong. She would think he would be long absent, as he did not seem to be suspicious. But he went only a short distance and, at night, came back to try and catch the lover.

After the hunter had gone away, the lover came back and again stayed with the wife. At night, when they were asleep, the hunter came in. As he found the lover in his place, he cut his head off. The dead lover was a prince (*hlkuwælksek*) of the supernatural beings of Qwawk under the sea, his father being the monster of Qwawk.

When the monster's son failed to come back, his father grew very angry. He said to his slaves, "Let us go and capture the woman and bring her here. Her husband must be made to feel sorry, because he will lose his wife."

The prince of the sea-otter tribe did not like the hunter because he was too good at slaughtering so many sea-otters. The sea-otters had good reason to be afraid of him. So the prince of the sea-otters got ready to help



266. Man on monster.

¹ Eating devil's club while fasting before leaving for the hunt to bring good luck and success was still a practice among the Gitrahila and some other tribes until as late as 1916.

the chief of Qwawk in his plan to punish the hunter. They both intended to capture the woman and seek revenge upon the husband. Their intention was to take the woman into the dwelling of the supernatural being of Qwawk, and this monster would make her his wife.

One day, when the woman was walking along the beach where she was camping with her husband, she saw a sea-otter which was dead and drifting near the shore. It was a beautiful white sea-otter. She ran down the beach to get it, but it was just out of her reach. She cried out to her husband, who was sitting close by, "Here is a beautiful sea-otter, but I can't get it."

He replied, "Step into the water. It is not deep." He was angry because he could no longer catch any game after he had killed her lover. Very seldom now did he speak to her.

His wife stepped into the water, but the sea-otter kept drifting out. She followed it out as it kept on drifting into deeper water, and made a reach for it. But the water was too deep; she fell, and the sea-otter sprang up and took her off with the aid of many other sea-otters.

The woman's husband did not know what to do. He called her many times, but she did not answer. He sat down by the edge of the water and wept. Though he continued to call her, he received no reply.

While he was sitting there, the Blackfish, which had seen everything and was sorry for the man, swam close, and asked, "Why do you cry?"

"The sea-otter has taken my wife, and she is dead," he answered.

"I will take you to where your wife is," said the Blackfish. "You must bring a lot of fat of the mountain-goat (*matih*). Sit tight on my back."

"I will bring much mountain-goat fat," he said. Having done so, he climbed on to the Whale's back and rode away.¹

After some time the man saw his wife far ahead of them, and many sea-otters. Near the mountain of Qwawk (home of the *spenarhnorh*), the sea-otter went under the water and did not emerge again. The Blackfish and the hunter arrived too late: the woman had been taken into the home of the monster of Qwawk.

"Throw down some of the mountain-goat fat and then hold onto me," the Blackfish said. "I will take you to the entrance of the *spenarhnorh*. When you go in, you will find what you want."

The Blackfish dived; and when they were at the entrance of the *spenarhnorh*, the man jumped into the doorway and went up the path. He had not gone far when he saw sitting in the path a huge double-headed monster. It was asleep. When it breathed, it emitted sounds like thunder. The man was afraid and did not know what to do. So he crouched down to hide.

He sat there for a long while. Then something came up behind him and asked, "Have you any fat?" When he looked round, the person who had spoken had gone. This made him still more frightened. A little later he again heard the voice behind him: "Have you any fat?" He looked round and saw no one. Now he meant to watch and sat very still. Soon someone

¹ The Blackfish was afterwards known as Gam'as'nærhl (Near-by-Blackfish), and it was adopted by the Kanhada house of Nagapt, because the man's paternal relatives belonged to this house (the informant could give no other reason for the name here being used by a Kanhada family).



came out of a hole; it was Mouse Woman. She asked him "Have you any fat?"

"Yes, I have lots of fat," he replied.

Then Mouse Woman said, "I will take the fat from you and help you get what you came after. You must do what I tell you."¹

He gave the fat to Mouse Woman, who said, "Be very careful. Dze'enk is watching for you. I will call him away and give him some of this fat. He will go to sleep, then you will follow the path and find what you want."

Mouse Woman then went away and gave the double-headed monster some fat. When it had taken it, it fell asleep. Mouse Woman came back to the man, and said, "You will go now and when you meet a flock of geese, walk among them, but do not touch them. They are blind. They used to be wives of the *narhnorh* who has taken your wife. When he gets tired of them, he puts them out, turns them into geese, and makes them blind."

The man did as Mouse Woman told him. When he came to the

¹ From this point on, informant Jackson could not remember the narrative distinctly. And it was Sam Lewis who finished it. The name for Mouse Woman was Ksem-wedzin.

flock of squawking geese, he passed among them, afraid to touch them, because Mouse Woman had said that if he were to touch one, they would go to the *narhnorh* and warn him. He went on and finally came to a large hole in a rock. Mouse Woman told him to wait while she went in. As she went into the house, she became a mouse; though when she appeared to him, she had the shape of a woman.

Inside, she went in to where the woman was sitting and said, "Get ready to go away with your husband! He will give a feast and will take you away." Mouse Woman then came out and told the man, "Give a feast to the monster of Qwawk, and when he has seen you he will be angry because you went past Dze'enk. But don't be afraid." When Mouse Woman again went into the house of the monster, she said, "Chief, a grandson of yours, a great chief, is going to give a feast."

The monster knew that the man had gone past Dze'enk and was angry, and said, "Call my grandson in." A slave went out and called him in. When he entered, he saw his wife, but pretended he did not know her.

"Sit down, my grandson," the *narhnorh* said, and a place was made for him beside the *narhnorh*.

Then Mouse Woman got the fat ready and said, "Your grandson has brought you food which he will give you."

Fat was the best food, and all the supernatural beings of the waters wanted it. When Mouse Woman chewed the fat and threw it into the fire, twice as much came out. Then the monster and his people partook of it. When it was all eaten, the monster became sleepy and dozed off, as did all those who had eaten.

When they were all asleep, Mouse Woman called the man, "Go away now, and take your wife along." She ran on ahead to give more fat to the blind double-headed monster. As they approached, Mouse Woman said, "The *narhnorh* is now awake and is coming after you. He will swell out so as to fill the passage, and no one will be able to get past."

When the man and his wife got to where the path was very narrow, Dze'enk, the double-headed monster became very large and nearly closed the whole passage. Mouse Woman then came to her protégé and his wife and said, "When you go back, take the Gwesnærhs (Deer-hoof Garment) which the monster's son wore as a crest when you killed him. Then burn it, and the *narhnorh* will not come after you again. If you do not burn it, he will go on pursuing you."

The man and his wife emerged where the Blackfish was waiting for them, and it took them back to their village at Metlakatla.

Illustrations

216. A, B. Tsimtsyan head-dress carved out of wood, with the Sea-Lion carrying Gunarhnesemgyet to the lower world; his guides, the Swallow in the left ear of the Sea-Lion, and the Marten in the other (N. M. C., Newcombe Collection, 1895. VII-C-273. 11" x 12" x 16". Drawing by O. E. Prudhomme).
217. Another Tsimtsyan head-dress, which shows the Whale and dorsal fin with Gunarhnesemgyet on its head. The front part is carved out of wood, and the rear is made of thick leather and intended to fall on the shoulders of the performer wearing it in a feast (N. M. C., VII-C-328. Aaronson Collection, Vancouver, 1905, from [Judge] Begbie's Collection, 1911. 6" high x 28" total length x 13" length of the wood carving x 9" wide. Drawing by O. E. Prudhomme).
218. Haida head-dress or hand puppet carved out of wood representing the "Water-Blower," a horned sea monster carrying Nanasimgat on his back (N. M. C., VII-B-110. 15½" x 13" long x 7½" wide. Photog. Div., 20069).
219. Tlingit wooden helmet representing the Whale carrying Gunarhnesemgyet within his fin. Abalone shell inlays in the eyes and nostrils (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington: No. 9813. 7½ inches. N.M.C., 1950, 116-2).
220. Tlingit head-dress showing the Whale carrying Gamnatchki (Gunarhnesemgyet) in his dorsal fin; carved out of wood; the four disks on the head are woven out of split spruce roots. The eyes, teeth, etc., are inlays of abalone shell.
221. Tlingit head-dress partly carved out of wood—the head and the fin—and the head-gear part is cut and sewn out of cloth, with decoration of abalone shell and human hair (The Walter C. Waters private collection, Wrangell, Alaska, 1939. N.M.C., 87540, 18542).
222. Tlingit head-dress carved out of wood, showing the Whale with Gamnatchki in his dorsal fin (Same collection as 221. N.M.C., 87547).
223. Tlingit wooden drum surmounted by the dorsal fin of the Whale, inside of which the man and his wife are being carried to the lower world. The following description and the photograph were furnished by their owner [the late] Axel Rasmussen: "Drum, Killer-Whale, of Yakutat, Alaska. The fin is 28½" x 10¼". Its edge is decorated with opercula [sea-shells] and tufts of human hair. The figure is carved and painted on both sides; the [commercial] colours are red, black, green, and white. This fin is old, but not so old as the drum. It shows the man Na-ta-see riding home over the sea on the head of the Killer-Whale he had befriended. Once Na-ta-see saw the Killer chase a seal who, in desperation, climbed over a rocky island. The Killer tried to follow, but got stuck on the rocks. Na-ta-see pried him off; and later, when Na-ta-see committed an offense, he was marooned on the same island in punishment. When the Killer saw him there, he took him home on his nose." Photo No. 89-2, 89-4 (N.M.C., 87617).
224. Tlingit dance head-dress showing the face of Tcheene within a frame. A fringe of human hair is attached. (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y.: No. [Emmons Coll.] 1871. From Angoon, Alaska. "Represents fish and a man's face. Haliotis shell. Worn on top of head, in feast following the run of fish." 7½" x 7". N.M.C. 1950: 105-3).
225. Long staff (Tlingit) with its upper part in the shape of the Killer-Whale's dorsal fin; in it Gunarhnesemgyet is represented in full, and, at the base, the face of his wife. Flowing human hair completes the decoration. The ceremonial cane to the right represents a man at one end and the Octopus at the other (not seen here). The other cane (in the middle) shows the Whale, and possibly the Raven with his bill under the chin (Washington State Museum, Seattle: Nos. 1/443, 1213, 1/563. 36 inches long. N.M.C., 102605).
226. Stone carving in the shape of a Killer-Whale's dorsal fin with a hole perforation. It shows Gunarhnesemgyet's face at the base. It was given by "Suddaby, Captain, of Canyon City, Mill Bay P.O., Nass River," with the following information: "... a snapshot of a stone which I found in the village of Canyon City, Git-

winksilqu, [a village exclusively Niskæ]. It is of granite, $3\frac{1}{2}$ " long x 2" or 3" thick. The design is carved on both sides. The underside was partly destroyed in the village fire of 40 years ago [about 1910]. So far as I can find out, it was carved by a chief of the Grizzly-Bear totem, over 100 years ago. The upper figure is the Blackfish or Killer-Whale. It was raised to sit on a cedar box above the community house. The fire caused it to fall and break into the four pieces I found, as well as one or two which I did not recover."

227. Small argillite carving in the manner of a head-dress or to be fastened to the top of the head, presumably never used. It represents the head and perforated dorsal fin of a Killer-Whale. It reminds one of the previous numbers showing Nanasimgat in a similar stylisation (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y., 16/AI, 675. In the H. R. Bishop Collection, 1869-1894. Photo from the same institution).
228. Niskæ (Tsimshyan) rattle, carved out of wood and partly painted, of the type used by medicine-men. It represents Gunarhnesemgyet singing, on the back of the Killer-Whale—the head of the Killer is in front and the tail at the back; the dorsal fin stands on the hero's head (N. M. C., VII-C-5. Powell Collection, 1879. $12\frac{1}{2}$ " x $5\frac{1}{2}$ " x 4". Photog. Div., 77023).
229. Tlingit bone carvings representing, (Top) Gunarhnesemgyet riding on the back of the Whale, holding on to the dorsal fin. Inlays of abalone shell; (Bottom) The prince is in the stomach of the Salmon after being swallowed and taken to the country of the Salmon, and the Eagle is the one that pounced upon the Salmon (Obtained from Axel Rasmussen in 1939 at Wrangell, Alaska. About 5 inches wide. Photog. Div., N. M. C., 1950).
230. Tlingit bone carving, old and partly decayed, representing the Killer-Whale with Gunarhnesemgyet lying on his back in front of the dorsal fin, his eyes closed, and his deceased wife in the Killer's mouth—her hands resting on the lips; and her head, repeated twice, appears on both sides of the mouth (Obtained by the author from Axel Rasmussen at Wrangell, Alaska, in 1939. $1\frac{1}{4}$ " x $3\frac{1}{2}$ ". Photog. Div., N.M.C., 102134, 102134-A, 102134-B).
231. (Left) Tlingit bone carving with abalone shell inlays, representing the Killer-Whale with Gunarhnesemgyet on his head. (Right) A Whale's tooth with the carving showing a human-like face and arms holding twin Eagles, the head of the Grizzly Bear, and a human face at the end of a long neck separating the twin birds (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington: No. 9813, $2\frac{1}{2}$ " x $7\frac{1}{2}$ "; and No. 2938, $6\frac{1}{2}$ " x $2\frac{1}{2}$ ". N.M.C., 1950, 117-2).
232. Tlingit bone carvings showing the Killer-Whale with Gunarhnesemgyet riding on his back in the place of the dorsal fin. His wife is inside the Whale with her head at the tail; the faces of the guides—the Swallow and the Marten—are within two medallion-like circles on the belly of the monster. The same figure is repeated inside the Whale, with the head in the mouth of the monster (Obtained from Axel Rasmussen in 1939 at Wrangell, Alaska. $1\frac{3}{4}$ " x $5\frac{1}{2}$ ". N.M.C., 103871, 103871-A).
233. Bone carving, presumably Tlingit, showing the Whale with Nanasimgat sitting on the back of the monster, and the face of his wife (or vice versa) in the tail (Photo, Arthur Price, taken presumably in Vancouver. N.M.C., 1947).
234. Covered wooden dish in the form of the Sperm-Whale, presumably northern Kwakiutl, carved out of wood. The hero is singing, his mouth wide open, to overcome the monsters encountered on the way to the nether world. He wears a Mongolian hat (The City Museum, Vancouver, B.C. 12 " x 28 " x $10\frac{1}{2}$ " width. N.M.C., 87331).
235. The Killer-Whale carved out of wood and painted, with the hero standing and holding with both hands to the dorsal fin (Peabody Museum, Yale University. Ca. 8" high x 15" long. N.M.C., 1950: 32-2).
236. A Tsimshyan dish with lid, carved out of wood, with Gunarhnesemgyet sitting on top of the dorsal fin of the whale (N. M. C. Drawing by O. E. Prudhomme).

237. Wooden Killer-Whale, carved and painted, presumably Haida, with the hero's wife carried on the back of the monster. Her face is turned upwards, and the perforated fin rests on her body (Museum of the Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg. Photo by Brigden's, Toronto. Neg. No. A. 1297).
238. An argillite panel with composite figures. The first of these (top) is of the Sperm Whale with mouth open and Nanasimgat or his wife in front. The other figures are (towards the bottom) of the Dragon-Fly with curled proboscis held between the hands of Nanasimgat. The next are those of the Bear and the Frog. The last (bottom) is the Eagle or the Raven. This is a valuable and admirable old piece going back to the 1830's-1860's (Peabody Museum, Yale Univ. No. 3937. $3\frac{3}{4}$ " high x 9" wide x $\frac{1}{2}$ ". N.M.C., 1950, 32-4).
239. Argillite pipe with composite decoration. The first figures (left) are of the Whale on whose head reclines the hero or his wife. The other figures are a bird belonging to the same mythical group—the Swallow acting as a guide. The two other figures (right) are of the Raven and a human being, serving as a pipe bowl, linked together by their tongue—a traditional motif (The Peabody Museum, Yale Univ. No. 301. 3 " x $6\frac{1}{4}$ " x $1\frac{1}{5}$ ". N.M.C., 1950, 32-6).
240. Argillite pipe showing (bottom) the Whale carrying in his mouth the wife being kidnapped; on his back, Nanasimgat whose head serves as pipe bowl. On the Whale's head is the Swallow, as guide. The large figure (top) is the Beaver with a small human face between his ears (The Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass., E 3493 or 3496 or 11612. *Ca.* 10 inches. N.M.C., 1950—*ca.* 95).
241. Argillite pipe with Grizzly-like monster carrying on his back the hero or his wife, and holding a whale or a seal in his mouth; a seer, his back to the group, shakes his rattles and chants incantations (Clyde Patch's private collection, in Ottawa. Photog. Div., 46864).
242. A fragment of argillite carving showing Nanasimgat sitting on the head, between the ears, of a monster, presumably the Whale. At the back of the large head is the face of the hero's wife whose hands rest upon the lower lip—(Acquired by the author at Port Simpson in 1947. $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches high. N.M.C., Photog. Div., J. 234, 234A, 234B).
243. A stone carving, rather crude, shows a person holding with both hands on to the dorsal fin of a sea monster. The face of another animal is at the base (City Museum Vancouver, B.C. N.M.C., 1947: 101997).
244. Two photographs of a single argillite pole show the hero or his wife holding on to the dorsal fin of the Killer-Whale. Over his or her head towers the bird protector or guide; the head of the Killer-Whale is at the base. Ascribed by Henry Young to a Tanu or Cape St. James carver (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y., No. 16/1166. No. 11304. Photos from the same institution).
- 245, 246. Two argillite totem poles (both from the Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16/1169, and 1164-L. No. 11314, 11308. Photos from the same institution).
247. Two argillite totem poles of the 1870-80 period at Skidegate (British Museum, London, England. No. 7685/10. The taller pole, 23 inches; the smaller, $12\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Photo from the same institution).
- 248, 249. Two argillite totem poles, illustrating the Nanasimgat myth, include the Sea-Lion instead of the White Sea Otter (N.M.C., left, No. 236: VII-B Photog. Div., 89443. Right, No. 237. Powell Collection, 1879. VII-B-831. $19\frac{1}{4}$ " high x 4" wide. Photog. Div., 88944).
250. Argillite pole showing the hero's wife being carried on the Whale's back; the Eagle protector leans over her (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington. No. 13146, ascribed by the collector J. G. Swan, in 1874, to "Washington Territory." Photo from the same institution).
- 251, 252. Two argillite poles, the first, showing the Eagle protector at the top, the person being taken away, and the Grizzly Bear at the base; the second, a bird (top), the Whale and his fin (middle), and a feathered person or bird (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington, No. 22713; and 16/1161. Photo from the same institution).

- 253, 254, 255. The first: The hero or his wife holding on to the dorsal fin of the Whale, the other person of the pair, above. The second: Two small "Watchmen" with conical *skil* hats (top), the person holding on to the dorsal fin, and the Whale or Bear (the round hole represents the ceremonial entrance to the house behind). And third: the Eagle (top), the wife with a labret in her lower lip (centre), and the four-legged Whale with flat tail (Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y.: 16/AI-545. No. 11305. Second: 16.1/2332. No. 22713. Third: Nat. Mus. Can., VII-B-809. 9" x 1½". Photog. Div., 89443).
256. Argillite totem poles: several figures, including the Whale and his human burden, and other unrelated figures: a chief with two copper shields under his arms, the Eagle, the Frog, and two Grizzlies. Attributed by an informant to Tom Moody (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y., Nos. 16/1163, 16/1165. No. 11313. Photo from the same institution).
257. The Eagle, the Grizzly crest with *skil* on his head, and the Killer-Whale with perforated dorsal fin. Neither the hero nor his wife appear, but their presence is implied (Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson's private collection, Fort Rupert. N.M.C., 102103, 102104).
258. The Eagle protector and the hero or his wife, head down, on the back of the Whale; the Beaver, at the bottom. By a southern Haida carver probably from Tanu or Skedans (The Peabody Museum, Harvard. A/4801. 14 inches high. N.M.C., 1950, 97-1).
259. A fine carving by Isaac Chapman, of Massett, after 1910. The rider holds on to the dorsal fin of the Killer-Whale, the tail turned back on the top of his head; the Raven and the Frog, below (Dr. Viola Garfield's private collection, Seattle, Washington, N.M.C., 102616).
260. Argillite totem poles showing the woman, with an ample skirt, on the head of the Whale, and the guardian Eagle at the top (N.M.C. VII-B-1407. D. C. Scott Collection. 8½" x 1" width x 1½" depth. Photog. Div., H. 201).
261. The hero or his wife sitting behind the fin of the Killer-Whale, at the base of an argillite totem pole, and holding on with both hands to the cars of the sea monster. Nanasimgat stands at the pointed bow of his dug-out, and above his head the Swallow is guiding him (University of California. MA 2.7299. Part of the old collection received in 1902 and obtained some years earlier by the collector. Photo from the same institution).
262. Large painted wall partition in the Tlingit house of Kudensks (Eagle-Wolf group) at Klukwan, Alaska. The hero is riding on the fin of the Killer-Whale (Photo by William Paul Jr., of Juneau, Alaska, in 1946).
263. Small wooden model of a Haida house, at the Field Columbian World Exhibition held in Chicago, 1893. On the carved frontal post are represented two Grizzlies kidnapping the berry-picker (top); Nanasimgat chanting an incantation; his Eagle guardian beside him; and a deep sea monster carrying him to the nether world (Photo by the author in 1916, at the old Field Museum: N.M.C., 31132).
264. Wooden totem pole in miniature carved at Kitamat (a southern Tsimshyan village) by Wesley, a Haida living away from home, about 1899, and showing the Bear, Gunarhnesemgyet wearing a Mongolian hat surmounted by *skils*, his wife with the Killer-Whale's fin on her head, and the Whale at the base (The Rev. G. H. Raley's Collection, now at the Museum of the Univ. of B.C. N.M.C., 87243, 87244).
265. A small wooden totem pole by the same carver in the Raley Collection, showing the Eagle, the Whale quadruped-like with a large tail. The rider squats on the back of the lower Killer-Whale or Bear (Same data as for No. 254. N.M.C., 87242).
266. Small wooden totem pole by the same carver in the Raley Collection. The hero here squats on the tail of the Whale, and his wife's face appears below. (N.M.C., 87240).
267. A six-foot totem pole carved out of wood, about 1930, by George Smith and Luke Watson, of Skidegate. It represents in detail several episodes of the Nanasimgat myth (Then at the Indian Agency, Prince Rupert, N.M.C., 87384, 87385, 87386).

WASCO, THE SEA WOLF

Wasco, a mythical hybrid, is a new creation of the southern Haida. He belongs only to Skidegate and the lower half of the Queen Charlotte Islands. In spite of his recent advent, this sea monster has not achieved unity in his concept, and the narratives explaining his origin are mostly at variance with one another. The cause of this lack of cohesion is that in him are blended elements borrowed from mixed sources, mostly from the mainland. He is the Grizzly-Bear-of-the-Sea with a few dorsal fins on his back, a familiar crest among the Tsimshyan. He owes also a little to the Tsemaus or Snag, an undersea spirit of the estuary of the Skeena River, whose dorsal fin is a snag which often destroys the canoes of the people. But the southern Haida have transformed the Sea Bear or the Snag into the Sea Wolf with ears erect and a long tail curled back. In one instance, we find this animal with ears drooping like a white-man's dog, and he is called Sea Dog.¹ These three mythical beings—Grizzly, Wolf, white man's Sea-Dog—not being native on the islands are known there only by hearsay; thus they lent themselves more easily to fiction.

The primary inspiration in this myth is obviously northern and goes back to the Tlingit of Alaska. There, it is familiar under a different form with the name of Strong Man or Konakadet. The northern Haida have adopted it with little change under the caption of Su'san, a native Samson who acquires the powers of the beast whose magical skin he dons.

The Wasco or Sea Wolf or Sea Bear is typically Haida. It was assumed as a crest by some families on the coast of Moresby Island. The argillite carvers, those of Massett less than those of Skidegate, often used this mongrel as a theme, showing it as a quadruped with a wolf's or a bear's head and a long wolf's tail turned back, holding fast one or two whales; sometimes the second whale merely rests on the head of the animal or is held in its mouth.

To enter the spirit of the craftsmen in these illustrations, a summary of Henry Young's version of the tale will suffice.²

At Hunter's Point on the west coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands, a villager once heard something whining. He looked for the voice and found two wild puppies in the hollow of a tree. Taking them home he raised them, and they grew rapidly, for they were not ordinary dogs. They soon became large supernatural dogs—Wascos or Dogs of the Sea. He missed them one morning and looked everywhere for them. About midday he saw them away off at sea. They were coming back from their chase with three whales each: one in the mouth, the second between the ears, and the last held on the back with the tail; and they dragged their load upon the seashore. Every morning, the dogs hunted for whales and captured more than was needed to feed a whole tribe.

¹ *Totem Poles*, I: 317, 318.

² *Totem Poles*, I: 318, 319.



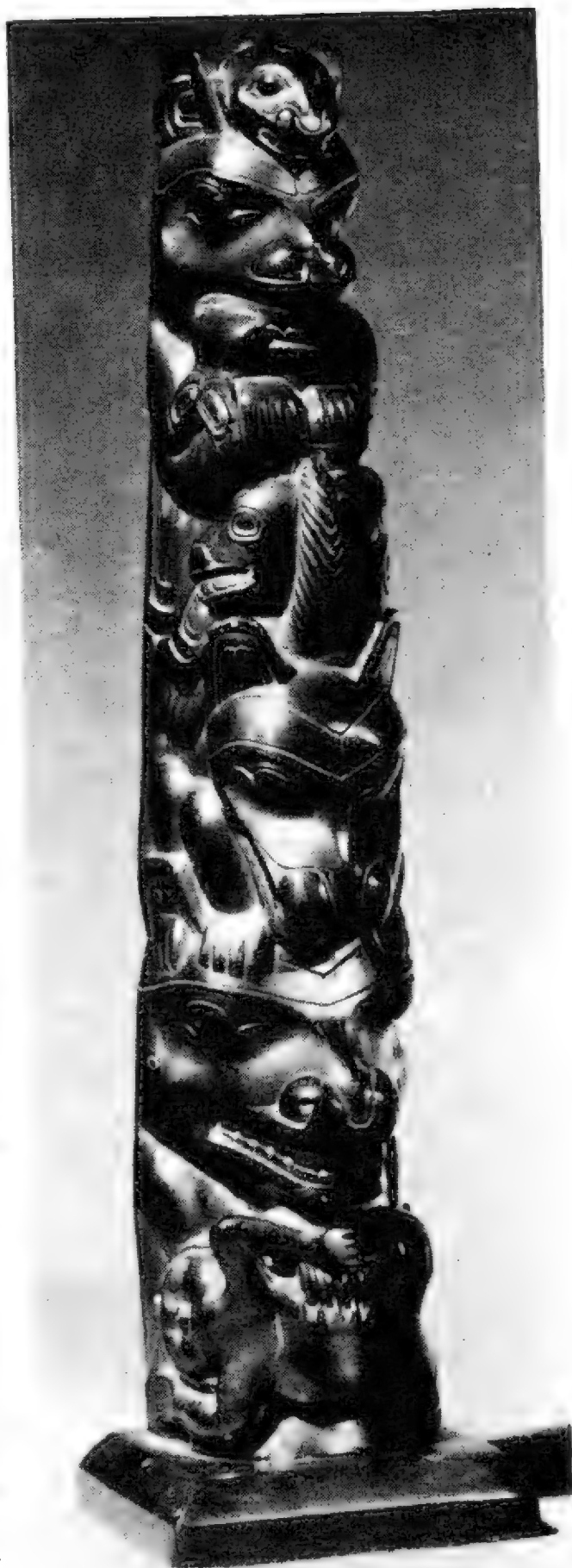
268. Sea Wolf.

Their master and his wife smoked the whale meat and put the blubber in cedar boxes to store it, but there was so much of it that it began to rot. By then they had given away as much of their supplies as they could to other tribes, including that of Skidegate where the wife's family belonged.

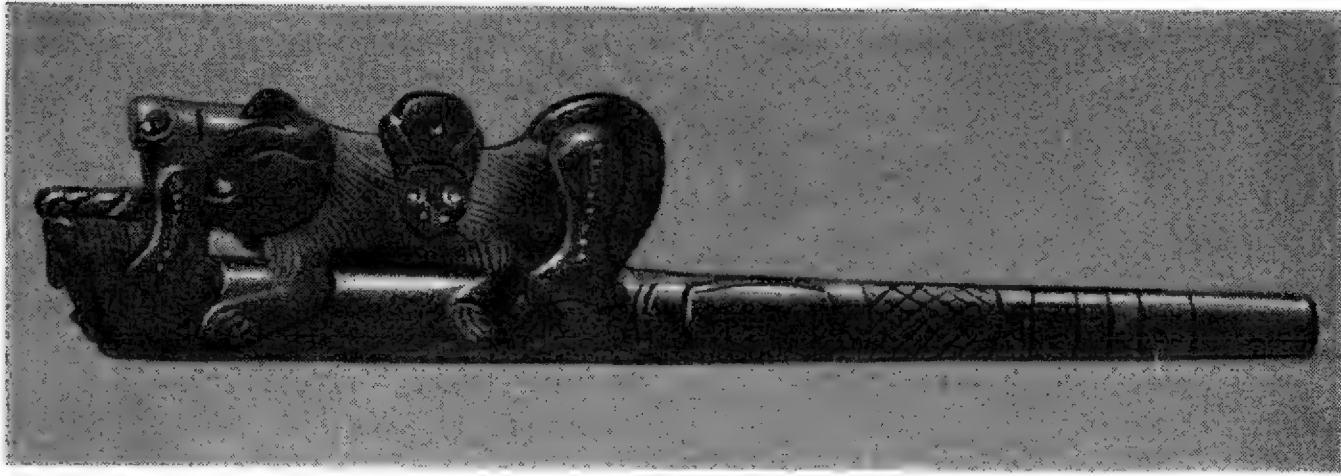
The mother-in-law was a miser, and she was greedy. She picked a quarrel with her son-in-law, the hunter and owner of the two Wascos. One time, when she went to pay him and her daughter a visit, he poured rotten whale grease into her best "Chinese slippers" [so the narrative received its present form after the opening of the Canton trade] and on the mussels he served to her. She could not eat a mouthful and was vexed.

In retaliation, one morning after the Wascos had swum away, she heated stones in a fire on the beach and put them into a pot full of water. As soon as the water boiled, she threw it into the ocean and produced a big storm which kept everyone home-bound. Nobody could travel, and the Wascos were unable to land. The hunter, growing worried, kept watching for them and climbed the hillside for a lookout.

At long last, he saw them coming back and approaching the steep cliffs, but they failed to climb it. So they changed their course towards Skidegate Channel. They swam as far as Lawn Hill Point and, exhausted, dragged themselves ashore. There they turned into two large rocks, where they have remained to this day.



269. Sea Wolf with tail (holding Whale).



270. Pipe with Sea Wolf carrying three Whales.

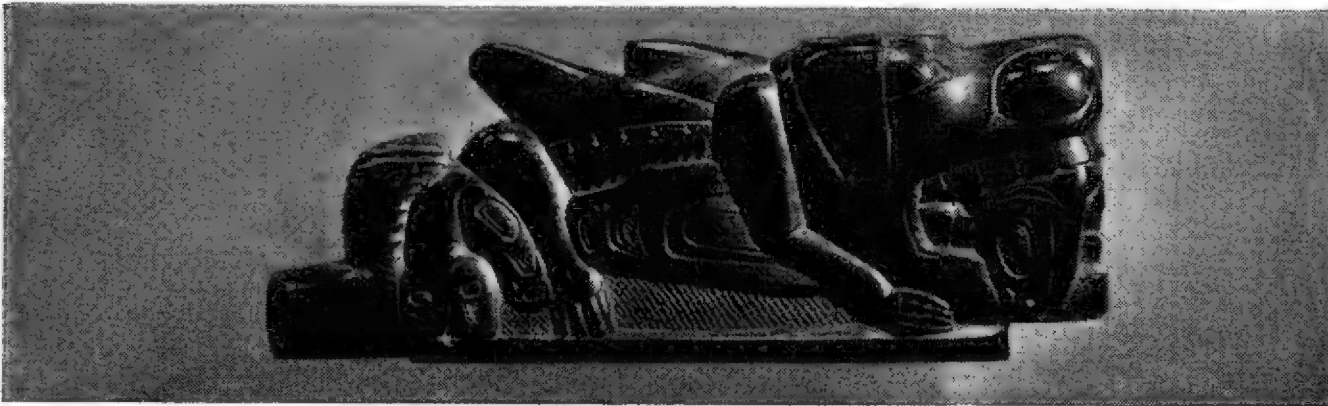
The other form of the myth featuring the Grizzly-Bear-of-the-Sea (the *medeegem-dzawey'aks* of the Coast Tsimshyan) is not purely local like that of the hunter's wild puppies but is partly borrowed from the mainland. It brings us back for its inception to the myth of the berry picker captured by the Grizzlies of the Skeena River.

After the young woman had escaped from the home of her captors and reached the seashore, she was taken aboard the magical canoe by Saradilaw and became his second wife. The Grizzlies, pursuing her, swam close to the canoe, but their heads were bitten off by the Double-headed Dragon, which the canoe was; and they sank to the bottom where they became monsters and crossed to the Queen Charlotte Islands. That is why some Haida still consider the Wasco a spirit Grizzly of the sea.

Most of the illustrations bearing on this topic confirm the preference which the Haida carvers in argillite have for the Wasco as a Sea Wolf. Yet we still have to find a single instance of the Sea Wolf on actual totem poles. Presumably it was too recent a creation to have acquired real significance.

In a first Skidegate example, carved out of wood and partly painted, in the Provincial Museum at Victoria, we see the Wolf with two dorsal fins, holding a whale across his mouth and another within the curl of his tail (Plate 273).

An argillite panel of the greatest interest, as far as the Wasco is concerned, is in Mrs. Alice Johannsen Turnham's private collection at Montreal. It shows the monster with two perforated dorsal fins and a long



271. Sea-Dog with two fins.



272. Sea-Wolf carrying two Whales.



273. Sea-Wolf with fins carrying Whales.

curly tail on his back; a halo (as in a Russian icon) surrounds his face. The two usual whales are not in evidence, save for the tail of one under the hind legs of the Wasco. The three other associated figures are the two Grizzlies behind, and the young berry-picker forward, on the back of the Sea Wolf. In a single compact plastic group, it combines the Grizzly-Bear and the Wolf elements that vied with each other in the formation of this Haida tale (Plate 268).

A splendid argillite totem pole, at the Hudson's Bay Company's Museum in Winnipeg, again blends together the same mainland elements of the Grizzlies and the Wolf. At the base, we see two Grizzly Bears, the lower one clawing the berry-picker who is prostrate, sideways. At the top, the Wasco holds a cub on his head and two whales, one across his mouth, and the other held fast by his tail (Plate 269).

The oldest specimen with the Sea Wolf carrying home three whales goes back to about 1875, when it was collected by James Deans at Skidegate. The group decorates an argillite pipe with a long stem, and a bowl fronted by a human face (Plate 270) (40).

Another argillite pipe displays the (White-Man's) Sea Dog(41) whose long ears droop. Two stumpy dorsal fins lean back; two side fins abut on his front legs; his short bushy tail is next to the mouthpiece of the pipe; and two whales hang from his mouth and across the top of the body near the tail (Plate 271, at the Cranbrooke Institute of Science, Detroit).

The most elaborate and perhaps the finest illustration of the Wasco set is found on a square argillite box of the Cunningham Collection at Prince Rupert. Carved by Charley Edensaw in his best years, it shows, on



274. Sea-Wolf carrying three Whales.

its thick lid, the Sea Wolf carrying two whales face to face on his back, the tail of the foremost whale curling back across his face. A man seems to be trying to crawl out of his mouth. Perhaps this is an allusion to Qagwaai or Su'san, the Strong Man, who, in the north, is connected with this tale (there he dons the skin of the Sea Wolf, thus gaining his strength). On the sides of the box are four figures in high relief; at both ends, the head of two whales; on one side, the Beaver displaying his incisors and two small human faces besides his face; on the opposite side, the Eagle. These were the carver's crests. Under the box, supporting it, are four Frogs, an allusion to the ancestress Dzelarhons, who has some connection with the tale; Dzelarhons being the mother of Stone-Ribs (as we shall see) (Plate 272).

Wasco has turned back his bushy Wolf tail on his belly as he sits up above the Beaver in an argillite totem pole at the Museum of the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg. A rather late product, probably about 1920, it shows only one whale with its forked tail just above the Sea Wolf on the shaft of the pole. The Raven and the Bear, farther up, have no close relation with the main theme of the composition. (Not reproduced here.)

A far better and more compact illustration of Wasco's skill at capturing whales is given in another argillite pole in the J. F. Harris's private collec-



276. Sea-Wolf carrying two Whales.



275. Sea-Wolf carrying two Whales.

tion at Vancouver. Here the powerful monster is bringing back three whales, one on his head, the other across his mouth, and the third held by his tail—this composition is full of life and movement. The two people who are eagerly gazing forward at the base of the pole, presumably are the hunter and his wife anticipating the Sea Wolf's return to shore with his quarry (Plate 274).

A somewhat later piece also shows the Sea Wolf with three whales close together at the top of the argillite pole. It is obviously by John Cross, the Skidegate carver. But the lower figures in the composition bear no relation to the rest; they are the Raven whose bill, torn off on the hook of the Halibut Fisherman, hangs on his stomach; and, below, the Whale with the Raven's head on his belly, which alludes to the story of the Raven being swallowed, like Jonah, by the sea monster. (Not reproduced here.)

The Sea Wolf, in a shorter argillite pole more recently made, sits up with two whales, one in mouth and hands and the other held by his tail. Another whale, full-sized, is at the bottom of the pole, and the Eagle watchfully sits at the top (Plate 275).

In another argillite pole of rather indifferent quality, recently made by the same carver as the last, the Sea Wolf is shown with his two whales. Below, the Raven, now disguised as a woman with the labret in her lower lip, carries her bill dangling on her stomach (Plate 276).

In at least three other poles of the large Deasy Collection (Deasy formerly was the Indian agent at Massett), the Wasco sits erect at the base, with his tail raised up to his hands in front of him, but without whales. The other figures above bear little or no relation to him (Not reproduced here, although seen on a photograph containing a large number of specimens, all of them carved *ca.* 1910). A number of other reproductions of the Sea Wolf and Sea Bear are given elsewhere in this monograph. Obviously this theme only of late gained popularity with the craftsmen.

Illustrations

268. The Sea Wolf is represented here with two perforated dorsal fins in an argillite panel belonging to Mrs. Alice Johannsen Turnham, Montreal (Photo communicated by the owner).
269. The Wasco with three Whales is at the top of an argillite totem pole. In the lower half are the two Grizzlies and the captured berry-picker (The museum of the Hudson's Bay Company at Winnipeg. *Ca.* 15 inches. Photo provided by this institution. N.M.C., Photog. Div., 99465).
270. An argillite pipe of the type carved at Skidegate in the 1860's or before, decorated with the Wasco and three whales; one in his mouth, another across his back, and the third held up by the Wolf's tail. A white man's face is on the pipe bowl (Published by James Deans, in *Tales of the Hyderey* (36). N.M.C., Photog. Div. 99996).
271. The Sea Dog whose ears are drooping like a white man's dog, with two whales, decorating an argillite pipe; a human face in his mouth (Cranbrook Institute of Science, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. Photo from the same institution).
272. The Wasco or Sea Wolf with two whales on his back, and the hero (Qagwaai) in his mouth, on the cover of an argillite box carved by Charley Edensaw of Massett. The heads of two whales, one at each end of the box; the Beaver and the Eagle, on the sides; and four Frogs supporting the box, at the corners (The Cunningham Collection at the Municipal Museum at Prince Rupert. N.M.C., 87390, and enlargements; Photog. Div., 102007, 102008).
273. A wood carving representing the Wasco, with two whales, and on whose back stand two curved fins. From Skidegate (Partly painted. Provincial Museum, Victoria, N.M.C., 73127).
274. The Wasco with three whales in the upper half of an argillite pole, and the sea hunter and his wife looking out to sea and watching for their two Wascos. Carved by John Cross of Skidegate. (The J. F. Harris private collection, Vancouver. 10½ inches. N.M.C., 102113, 102114, 102115, 102116).
275. The Wasco with three whales, one of them separate, at the base; and the Eagle at the top, in an argillite totem pole carved after 1910, presumably at Massett (N.M.C., VII-B-1416. 7½" x 1½" x 1¼". Photog. Div., M-196).
276. The Wasco with two whales and, below on the argillite totem, the Raven disguised as a woman, wearing a labret, the bill hanging on the stomach after the adventure with the Halibut fisherman (N.M.C. The D. C. Scott Collection. VII-B-1408. 5½" x 1¼". Photog. Div., 89424).

KAGWAAI OR STONE-RIBS

Stone-Ribs is a native Samson or Hercules. In Haida he is called Kagwaai or Q'aawaæ or Q!aagawa-i, and his story has been recorded twice by the author,¹ and previously, at greater length, by Dr. J. R. Swanton (41). Like an epic among the southern Haida, the development and variants of this myth can hardly be summarized here. They have to be studied in the light of their sources on the mainland to the north and their basic features in comparative mythology.

The hero is a derivative form of the Su'san or Strong-Man killing Killer-Whales and Sea-Lions, who is known to the Tlingit under the name of Konakadet.

The secret of the colossal strength of the Haida Stone-Ribs, who goes round the islands destroying monsters, lies in his use of animal skins to transform himself and to obtain supernatural power. This feature brings to one's memory the master themes of the lion skin donned by Heracles or Hercules who slayed dragons; of the long hair of Samson which enabled him to tear off and carry the gates of Gaza and also of the jawbone of an ass with which he destroyed the Philistine hordes; and of the puny Ti-Jean of French-Canadian folk tales who killed his protector, the Ox with the golden horns, skinned him, and wore his horns and skin which made him as powerful as "Brabant." The same ageless folk motif followed the Indians in their eastward migration from Siberia; the Palæo-Siberian tribes still believe that by putting on the skin of mythic animals, the wearer transforms himself and acquires the divine gifts of the spirits presiding over this particular species.²

Stone-Ribs, the son of the fabled ancestress Dzelarhons or Volcano Woman, was living with his mother at the head of Cumshewa Lake, when he felt the urge for great deeds. While still a child he went out one day and made a bow and arrow for his kit³ and began to shoot small birds. Then he went back home and said to his mother, "I heard somebody calling me. I can give help to the southern people of our island. Don't you think I should go and see what it is all about?"

His mother answered, "Don't do that, son! You might go down there and never come back." But no refusal from his mother could restrain him. Another day he decided that help was needed down there, and he departed. This was the beginning of his career.

He walked down to Skata Point when the tide was low, and sitting there under a tall cedar he looked out to sea. The eagle flew in front of him, landed on the rocks, pounced upon a halibut in the lagoon, and dropped it flopping on the beach. The boy picked up the flat fish and noticed that something grew to one side of its mouth. Inside its body shone a metal strip (of copper no doubt, as Dzelarhons is also Copper Woman). So he shot an arrow at the fish, killed it, tried to skin it from the head down, but failed. And before he went back to sit under the tree, a voice called to him, saying,

¹ *Totem Poles*, I: 312-315.

² *Loc. cit.*: I: 319.

³ *Loc. cit.*: I: 312-315.

"You must not do that." But he could see nobody. He went back and tried again to skin the fish, now from the tail up, and he succeeded. He stretched the skin to dry in the sun. After the skin had dried, he folded it and placed it under his arm.

A notion came to him. After he had made himself a garment out of the skin, he put it on. Attired as he was now, he could swim in the deep sea like the Halibut, and his power was supernatural. In the form of the Halibut, he travelled in the direction of Cape St. James far away, at the southernmost tip of the Queen Charlotte Islands. The mysterious voice had come from there; it had called for help. Behind Ninstints village at Cape St. James, a woman was crying. So, changing back into a hunter and carrying his Halibut skin under his arm, he crept through the bushes.

Some Ninstints fishermen who at the time were starving to death, embarked in a canoe and went out some distance to dig up mussels. When they were paddling back home in their dug-out with their fresh supply of shellfish, they were pursued and overtaken by six Finback Whales. Unable to escape, they were killed and chewed up with their canoe.

The voice of the woman again called for help. The boy now could see her crying and holding a cradle with a small child screaming for hunger. She had no food for it, and it was soon to die. With his bow and arrows Stone-Ribs followed the mother stealthily into the house. There only a few haggard survivors were left. Distracted, she kept crying and calling. As she was almost blind and could hardly see anything, he took the child, threw it away, and placed himself in the cradle instead. She mistook him for her own child, nursed him, and he grew rapidly to man size.

As the Ninstints were still starving, the boy from abroad decided to go to the rocks where the others had looked for shellfish. Carrying his bow and arrows he went with his (supposed) mother and father to the beach. While they were gathering mussels, he took his bow and arrows, and with a blunt arrow he hit the side of a dug-out canoe like a drum and cried out, "Qagwaay, Qagwaay!" twelve times.

His mother looked down at him and shook her head at him, "Don't say that!" clapping her hands each time. Both his father and mother, much excited, took the boy along and jumped into the canoe. They pulled away from the rocks, rowing backwards. When they turned their heads, they saw the real Qagwaay swimming after them, mouth wide open, towards the rear of the canoe. The boy took an arrow, and when the sea monster came close enough, he poked at its head. It dived down, and they thought they had escaped . . . But the Qagwaay reappeared and chased them. Once more it opened its large mouth, ready to gulp them down, canoe and all. The boy jumped into the mouth and disappeared with the monster into the deep. Inside, he grasped his bow and arrows, wished for his power, and managed to kill the monster by an arrow from within.

The Whale was cast up on a fine beach, and the boy came out of it, skinned it, and dried the skin in the sun. Then he put it on himself and in this way tried to swim out to sea. Now he possessed the same power as the monster and could go long distances.

From here he travelled southward, as far as Tasu Inlet. There he heard a voice coming from the shore: "Come in and stay with me to-night!" He went in with his fish skin on. There stood a big house, the door of which

was opened. He walked in. The monster of the house gave him a large box to lay his head on. As soon as his head touched it, the box burst open. At this the host, becoming angry, cried out, "Stone Door, rock yourself, and Smoke Hole, toss yourself!" At once the house closed fast and locked itself. Qagwaay was entrapped, there to be killed while in the form of the Whale. He looked round and wondered how to save himself.

By and by he perceived a narrow opening at the bottom of the Stone Door. Then he remembered the halibut skin, very small, which he still had with him. He put it on, thus changing from a large and bulky whale to a small, flat halibut. No sooner was he transformed than he introduced his thin halibut tail in the crack under the Stone Door and gave it a big push. He smashed it to bits. Salt water started to rush in, enabling him to swim out.

From there he travelled past Tasu, went round the island to the west side, and arrived at Chathl Inlet, now with his Qagwaay skin on. He intended to swim into the inlet, but the huge Crab, Qostan, stood at the entrance of Canoe Pass (at the west end of Skidegate Channel). He did not know how to pass by it.

The Crab, aware of his approach, had already spread its long legs to capture him. He tried to rush through but was caught fast. He could not move, let alone pull himself away. The Qostan was squeezing him to death, for he was already at the end of his powers. Just in time, he remembered his halibut skin and put it on while in the embrace of the monster. Reduced to a small size, he slipped between the long legs of the Crab and escaped, leaving the large whale skin in the trap.

After this narrow escape he swam under his Halibut disguise to Skidegate. From here, with his Halibut skin still on, he went to Lone-Hill Point or Flagstaff Point (*darhua*). There once more he heard voices ashore. The large Bullhead (*goat*) lay there in wait for him, his horns sticking out. "Don't come near me," he cried out challengingly, "or I'll fix you!" But with only his Halibut skin on, he thought it best for the night to strike out for the deep sea.

Eventually he circled round, entered the bay of Skedans (*hlgai*), came ashore, took his Halibut skin off, and hung it to dry on the limb of a tree. Then he sat down on a drift log. The rays of the sun warmed his back, and he felt sleepy. Suddenly a sharp noise startled him. It was the Eagle stealing the precious skin from him. He tried to give chase to the bird, calling on the white Weasel for help, as the Eagle remained pretty close to the ground. But the Weasel could do nothing, and Qagwaay felt badly about his loss. Wishing again, he called Tatlaqadelaw, a bird. Tatlaqadelaw flew after the Eagle, took the Halibut skin away, donned it, and went after the Eagle to attack it. But a voice came from the woods below: "Don't touch the Eagle! Your grandfather lent you this skin. Now it is being taken away from you."

So Qagwaay ended the chase and went back, a human as before, to his mother Dzelarhons. She gave him a new name: Crystal-Ribs (*qudangrhy-wat*).

According to another variant of the narrative,¹ when the boy Stone-Ribs was playing in the water, the Eagle dropped a small halibut close to him.

¹ *Loc. cit.*: I: 315

When he took it to his grandmother to kill and skin, the surrounding bushes began to cry, "Don't do that, don't do that!" As soon as she knew how to skin the fish from the tail up, the bushes by their silence showed their approval.

When the skin was dry, he was summoned to the reef outside Dawson Harbour by a call, "Go to Naden Harbour and destroy the monster Crab that blocks the entrance to the channel." He immediately obeyed.

He approached the monster from the rear in the shallow waters, bit it to pieces, and spewed its pieces into the harbour. Today those pieces have been transformed into the crabs from which the Haida Indians still make a living, as prophesied by Chief Rock of Dawson Harbour.

When the boy returned from destroying the monster, he was playing on the beach. Then the Eagle swooped down and retrieved the Halibut, saying "Your grandfather only loaned you the Halibut."

Dr. J. R. Swanton's record made at Skidegate in 1900 is still more fully developed. It casts a monumental perspective on this Haida epic, and a few added features may be summarized as follows (42):

When Stone-Ribs was living with his mother and sister at Sea-lion town, he would bathe every morning to get supernatural power. Salt water was poured for him by his sister into his mother's stone box near the door of the house. The mother, while he bathed, kept crying, "It is as if my eldest son did not exist."

Very soon he waded into the sea, and something touched him. He seized it. It was a flounder. He brought it back for his sister to roast for him. On other days, he caught half a halibut, a porpoise, and all kinds of sea animals, even a whale's fluke. Eventually he was pulled out of Skidegate Inlet by a mighty sea monster called the Hair-of-him-who-tries-the-supernatural-gifts-of-men. From this being he acquired great powers simply by wrapping him round his own head while swimming up the inlet. On another occasion he was challenged to wrestle with the same undersea monster, who finally acknowledged defeat at his hands because of his greater strength.

His fantastic career from then on knew no bounds. His adventures at times merge with those of Su'san and Konakadet of the north, or he captures the Wasco in his trap, to acquire his powers. Once he went into a house where the rear was filled by supernatural beings, and his mother Dzelarhons sat among them.

While he stood there, he heard them say, "Get Stone-Ribs and settle him under the earth forever!"¹ But he was driven out by fire, as they feared

¹ Here we find a vestige of the Atlas or Hercules myth supporting the earth on his shoulders. The Haida monsters were endeavouring to place Stone-Ribs under the earth forever. The following passages of the narrative bear this out: "Then he pulled off the ribbon with which he used to tie his hair and threw [one end of] it across. Upon this he walked over and [found] a crowd at the door of the middle house, in which people were talking . . . The supernatural beings filled the whole space in the rear of the house . . . As soon as he had entered he lay under [the fire]. It was burning upon his breast . . . A certain one said: "The Supernatural beings who talk about the places which they are going to inhabit in the future also talk about this..." One who sat among them was "He-who-moves-heaven-by-the-rapidity-of-his-motion . . ." There was no one to take his seat under this island. Then one day passed for Stone-Ribs. The supernatural beings were afraid. They feared that he was going to settle beneath them . . . Another day dawned for Stone-Ribs. It was broad daylight for him, and the supernatural beings were as if shivering with fear at the prospect of having him settle down beneath them . . . Now one stood up and said: "Let them send for Sacred-one-standing-and-moving. They say that he bathed in the ocean so much in order to settle down under it." When he entered, the supernatural beings held their heads down to him . . . He entered wearing his Wasco skin . . . As soon as he entered he lay down underneath. He was sizzling with the fire."



277. Hunting the Whale with many fins.

him greatly. He wore a chieftain's copper coat and a marten-skin robe, and he looked grand. Now as if for a contest of power with them, he donned his Wasco skin, and the monsters decided it was time to separate the country among themselves: "They talked about the places where they were going to settle." And they were going to part forever.

Stone-Ribs travelled about the Queen Charlotte Islands as far as the west coast and around the Island. There his greatest test of strength was with the giant Crab of Tchatl Inlet, whose long arms were of copper and whose back bore five fins. The hero let himself go under the belly of the Crab, who seized him and squeezed him. "Its claws even went through his copper coat. He tried to swell up, but in vain. Then he entered the Halibut skin and escaped between its claws. It got its skin back, because the Crab belonged to the same clan as himself.

"Then he passed through the strait. When he came to Spit-point, he let himself dry out. Then he remained still for a while. After he had stood still for a time, he jumped up and flopped his way across it. After he had done so, he entered the water on the other side¹

"All of Stone-Ribs five fins had figures of human beings at the base. At that time he showed himself to be Stone-Ribs. He told them that he was the son of Djila'qons and what crests they would use. Then he travelled round the west coast, wearing the Halibut skin. Now a big mountain, 'Looking-at-his-own-shadow', called him in. He entered the house and was glad to meet him. After he had offered him some dried food, he gave him half a whale to eat. When he had finished eating and was about to go out, Looking-at-his-own-shadow laughed at him. Then he said, 'Door, shut yourself.' And the stone hanging door fell. Now there was no way for him to go out. Then, right in the house, he put on his Halibut skin. And, after he had flopped round for a while, he got his fins under the edges of the hanging door and threw it up with his tail. When it fell back, it broke. He shut all sorts of supernatural beings in, and they were entirely unable to get out. Only he had the power."

Impressive though this epic of the Skidegate Haida is, it has not inspired the craftsmen as we might have expected. Only a few carvings illustrate this chapter of their mythology. The Killer-Whale with five or only three fins appears in just a few totem poles in argillite. The first of these is a fine piece in the Lipsett Collection at Vancouver. The lower half of the pole is occupied by the Three-Finned Whale erect, its forked tail turned forward (Plate 141). In two other poles of the Deasy Collection formerly at Massett (now broken up), the same Three-Finned Whales appear, one of them with a wolf's tail (not reproduced here, although seen in a photograph).

An outstanding illustration of this myth in an argillite oval dish by Tom Price of Skidegate (the Axel Rasmussen Collection, then in Wrangell) shows the Five-Finned Whale, in whose stomach lies the Halibut containing Stone-Ribs. Below the Whale, a dug-out canoe is manned by two paddlers, while a third man holds a bow. In front of the canoe, just under the Whale's jaw, the same hunter with a bow and arrow stands ready to shoot—his

¹ The theme of the sea-crab or spider-crab, called Miti, was recorded by Waldemar Jochelson among the Opuka Koriak in eastern Siberia (Cf. *Totem Poles*, I: 323).

bow held sideways in the Siberian manner. Behind the canoe appears the child laced up in the box cradle. Over the head of the Whale, the Eagle with wings spread out gives chase to the Halibut or drops it on the beach for it to be caught by Stone-Ribs.

And that is all, in so far as we know.

NARRATIVES

Strong Man Who Holds up the World, a narrative given by David Spalding (Neekiyæ, Wolf clan, Gidzarhlæhl tribe, Tsimshyan, Port Simpson), who heard it many years ago, as it was told by Albert Nelson (Neesho't) of the same tribe. It was recently recorded by William Beynon.

At Kradow—the Gidzarhlæhl village of Metlakatla—a great chief had three nephews, who were brothers. The eldest was to be his successor. And the second nephew was very industrious and clever. But the youngest was very different. The two eldest were always foremost in everything, very strong in all the combats with the athletes of the other tribes, and they always won. The youngest took no part in sports and competitions and would remain lying asleep in the ashes by the fire. He even failed to get up for the calls of nature and made a mess where he slept. His people ridiculed him and called him, "The one that urinates where he sleeps."

Yet, without his family knowing it, this youngest brother would rise every morning very early, when the others were still asleep, and go into the woods. There he would chew up the devil's club, a shrub that gives strength, and afterwards he would take his purification baths in a creek running behind the village. When it was over, he would come down to the house and go back to his sleeping place. The others then got up and went out for their purification baths. While there, they laughed at their youngest brother, saying, "Why doesn't he take his purification bath in his own water." He pretended not to hear them and slept on.

The men, one day, decided to go out to hunt sea-lions away out to sea at a dangerous place where only the strongest and bravest dared to go. There was always a high sea about the rookery where many sea-lions had gathered. To be able to tackle those large sea mammals, a hunter had to tear them in two if he wanted to kill them. If he did not, then the sea-lions would overcome him.

Very early in the morning, the three brothers and their chief got up and went down to the beach, and when they saw that their youngest brother was there to join the party, they wanted to send him back. "Do you think you can kill seals, you who sleep in your own mess?" He paid no heed to them and took his place in the canoe. They argued that he would be of no use but only stand in the way. But he refused to budge, and they set out.

When they arrived at the island which really was only a round rock without trees or shelter, they found on it many sea-lions. The canoe was lifted by the heavy seas to the level of the rock, and the eldest brother jumped off but failed to reach the top of the sea-lion rock and fell back into the water. Then the next brother tried but also fell back. Then many more in other canoes tried and failed.

The chief said, "Come, let us give up. It is too dangerous to-day."

Then the youngest brother rose in the canoe and bade the others steer the canoe to the rock once more. "I want to fill the canoe with sea-lions. That's why we came here. If we go back empty, the other tribes will mock at us." For a time the other hunters in the canoe gave him no heed, and he grew angry. He cried out, "Don't you hear me? We must have sea-lions in the canoe or the people will ridicule us."

So the chief agreed, "Do as he says, if he wants to die as the others have."

So they paddled the canoe in close to the rock. As soon as it was level with the top of the rock on the crest of the wave, he jumped off and climbed right on to the rock among the huge sea-lions. They went to approach him, to crowd him off the rookery, but as fast as one came, he took it and tore it in two. He threw the carcasses into the canoe, which was large enough. Soon the canoe was full, and he jumped back into it. They were soon travelling homewards, and that day they were the only ones who had been able to kill any sea-lions. All the other canoes returned empty.

The young man did not change in his ways because of his success. As ever, he would lie in his sleeping place and seemed unconcerned with what happened about him. His eldest brothers were dead, and he was the only one nephew left in this household.

One time a contest of wrestling took place. The strongest in the tribe had to vie with a giant from a foreign tribe. This powerful wrestler was known to break the backs of his competitors. None so far had been able to stand up to him, and the people here mourned the more because of the recent death of the two brothers. The people thought they would have overcome this giant because they were clever, and in a contest of strength they would have been a match for the giant.

While the people were grieving, they said, "Of what use is it all. We cannot call on him that sleeps in his own mess." They grew very much ashamed as the foreign giant taunted them, as he stood below the chief's house.

"Come! Who is going to combat with me? Is this a village of women, that all should be afraid of me?"

So embarrassed were the people that they hid their faces. It was then that the young man who had gone on secretly taking devil's club juice, and bathing for purification, got up from his sleeping ashes and stood in the doorway of his uncle's house. "Who is making this loud noise that disturbs my sleep?" he asked.

"Are you not sorry for the insults that this stranger is shouting at us?" asked his uncle. "If you had only awakened and paid heed to what goes on, you would not have to ask such a question. Who is going now to avenge us?"

The young man answered, "I must go and put a stop to these insults."

The people thought that he would only bring further humiliation upon them if he went out. But there were a few who said, "Let him go and do as

he will. No one will miss him if he is killed. Other valuable young men have lost their lives; why not let him also lose his?"

When he heard all this, he grew very angry but would not show his temper. He walked down the beach, and approaching the large challenger, he said, "Come, I will fight you."

Now it was the turn of the giant's followers to ridicule the young man and to throw insults at him, saying, "Is this the bravest man you have? One who stinks in his own urine?" They kept up jeering and taunting the young man's people, who were more than ever ashamed. Most of them were sorry that they had allowed him to show his face and to challenge this champion.

Without minding them, the young man only called tauntingly, "Come, why are you afraid?" This annoyed the giant, and he came rushing at the new contestant to grapple him and throw him into the air. As the giant laid his hands on him, he failed to move him. Try as he would, the giant could not throw him down. It was then that the young man put a foot forward and stamped the ground. It shook.

Now the young man grappled the giant, took him and threw him in the air as one would cast a feather in the wind. When the giant landed, he fell on his back with such force that his back was broken. With pain, he cried, "*Hæ lidzigwæ*—Oh, my!" His people carried him down to the beach as he was crying with a broken back. They were beaten and shamed. Now the chief's tribe began to shout, "Why does the great brave one run away? Where is the boasting giant who has flown from the village of the women? Come back and fight him who sleeps in his own dirt."

The young man went back to the house and sat in his sleeping place, ignoring his own people. They had heaped too many insults on him. He would not mingle with them. His uncle called out, "Come, my nephew, come and sit at your place of honour in front of me!" But he remained heedless of the invitation, apparently asleep in his ashes.

The people had become aware of his being supernatural, and it was too late now to show respect to him. It so came about that a great combat was to begin between them, and all the things in the world were about to rise against them.

The first thing to rise was the forest. Giant trees came forth and crowded them under. Soon many villages here and in the neighbourhood were overturned. The people took refuge in their canoes and were saved, but many others perished. Huge trees began to approach the great chief's village at Kradow and were about to crowd it into the water. But the people did their best to cut them down to keep them from pushing the village into the water. All were struggling to overcome the forest. Yet the trees were slowly gaining ground. Great chiefs and conjurers from all over tried their magical powers, but to no purpose.

The tribe now prepared to abandon their homes and to take flight in their canoes. Finally, the chief said, "There is nothing more we can do. The water is to be our only resort. Where can we go? Anywhere we go on land we meet with the forest, and it is crowding us into the sea. Our only safety is in our canoes."

Just when the people were stepping into the canoes, the young man awoke from his sleeping place, and apparently unaware of what was happening, he asked, "Why are all the people so excited? Why are they about to move away?"

"If you would keep awake instead of being unconcerned with your village," answered the chief, "you would know that the forest has risen against us. It is pushing us into the sea. Many already have been killed, and those that can are now escaping in their canoes. Their destination is unknown. Whole villages have vanished while you were sleeping."

The young man, who the people thought had been sleeping, actually was taking his purification baths and eating devil's club in large quantities to gain strength and power. He now went to the rear of the house and began to pull up huge trees, roots and all. He built up a barricade and then pushed this barricade forward until the entire forest had to move back on to the hills. He kept pulling up many giant trees by the roots and made it forever impossible for the forest to move again.

When this was accomplished, he came back to his village and chided the people, saying, "Only little matters like this alarm you." Without another word, he retired to his sleeping ashes and would hardly get up for food. He was always asleep.

The people did not understand, because they did not know that he went into the woods every morning while they all slept and that he met with his supernatural aides. These were the Loon (*kol*) and the Seal (*erle*). They made it known to him whatever was about to happen to his people, so that he was well informed.

After the forests had failed to push back the tribe, the great *narhnorhs* who controlled the powers of the earth planned to do more mischief. They began to move the mountains down to the back of the villages and thus crowd them into the sea. One day the people noticed that the distant hills and mountains, all in a straight row, now seemed to be drawing closer. When they moved, the ground would shake, and the villagers became frightened. The only one not concerned was the young sleeper, who paid no heed to the excitement about him, even after some of the household came in for the last time, and said, "The large village, our neighbour, has been pushed out into the water, and the people have perished. Only a few have escaped in their canoes. We have made ready to escape before it overtakes us here. There is nothing more we can do now."

In spite of the fear among the people, the young man remained unconcerned, apparently asleep, and unaware of the danger to the village. The people were terrified when the hills and mountains began pushing the houses, and the ground trembled as in an earthquake. The chiefs and medicine-men had done everything they could but were powerless.

Next morning very early, the young man arose and went out into the woods as usual. There he chewed up a large amount of devil's club, and he bathed in the little creek. Then his aid, the Loon, came to where he was and said, "You come with me to my grandfather and tell him about what is happening. As for myself, I must help to save the people. Tell my grandfather that he must help me. Today, I want his power to push the

mountains and hills far back. They must be broken up, and many rivers must divide, so that they may have no more power. When he is ready to act, I shall return, for I must show the people what great powers I have."

At once the Loon flew away and the young man went back home before the household was up, and when the inmates awakened, he was apparently asleep.

As soon as the people went out, they felt the ground shaking a great deal harder than the day before. They were seized with fear, and the great chief said, "It is now high time for us to save ourselves. Everybody must embark into the canoes, taking food and belongings. After that we shall look for a safe place."

All of the villagers made ready for flight. It was then that the young man seemed to be awake. Seeing all the excitement and haste, he asked, "Why are you all that way? What has happened that you should be leaving?"

"If you would only awaken at the right time, you would not have to ask. Something dreadful is about to happen to our village. The mountains and the hills are just about to push us into the sea. Unless we escape in our canoes we shall all perish."

The young man then went out, and looking about him, he heard the Loon calling him. So he knew that he now possessed the power to throw the mountains and hills back and to break them up and divide them by rivers, so that they could no longer endanger the lives of the people.

He faced the approaching hills and mountains, and said, "Go back and scatter! You must no longer be able to do any harm here." As soon as he waved his arms, the mountains and hills fell back in various directions, and many of them became divided by rivers. The young man then returned into his uncle's house and lay down to sleep. The people knew now that he was a great magician and had greater powers than any other medicine-men. And they began to fear him.

One night a strange man in a large swift canoe landed in front of the village with his aides. He said, "This is the place where our master sleeps. This is where he who sleeps in his own urine dwells. Come, we are seeking him." These strange men walked at once into the chief's house. Without speaking to anyone there or asking any questions, they went directly to where the young man was still lying. The leader spoke and said, "Master, great chief, your grandfather is ailing, and he has sent us for you. You have done everything here that can be done. Your mission is accomplished. So we have come for you. The canoe is ready."

He arose and answered, "I am ready. For a long time I have been waiting for you." Turning to where his uncle the great chief sat, he said, "I am now going to my grandfather who has grown weak with age. I must relieve him of his work of holding up the earth. He holds it up on a long pole. Remember, never ridicule anybody whom you do not know. You have done this to me. Yet you may be assured that no more harm shall befall you." As he finished speaking, he turned to the strange men and said, "We go now."

The people all regretted what they had done to the young man. They kept on gazing while he followed these strange callers down the beach. When they saw him board the large canoe, the very canoe seemed to be a live being. After it set out, suddenly a huge whirlpool opened up, and the living canoe was swallowed by the whirlpool. The young man was gone, and the wise men knew that he was on his way to replace his grandfather below. Whenever he changes his hands or moves his feet nowadays, it causes earthquakes. The Loon is his messenger.

The San-Town People of the Haida, according to Alfred Adams of Massett. Information received from him in 1939.

The Taslinggas tribe of Skidegate belonged to the town of San; they were the San-town people.¹ According to their story, there was a man among them who had a famous family. At one time they went together with their sisters and a dog into the woods for hunting. They chased a bear and killed it. In the evening, one of them caught a nighthawk (*stoo*), tortured it, and threw it into the fire. As the fire was still burning, they went to sleep in the woods.

When they woke up in the morning, they were surrounded by a mountain, within a deep valley. They could find no way to get out. As they still had the bear carcass with them, they began to cut it up and put it over the fire to roast. A big blaze flared up. Angry, they threw the dog into the fire, and it burnt down to nothing. Then they heard the dog barking at the top of the mountain. So they all jumped into the brazier and also reappeared at the top. From now on they no longer were ordinary people but supernatural beings with power, and they had names. They climbed down the other side of the mountain to the beach, where they found a canoe.

From there they went out to kill monsters around the island and up to Alaska. They destroyed the monsters—the Octopus among them—that were a terror among the tribes. The names which those supernatural people in the boat had are still preserved in the Willie Ross family, as they claim to be their descendants. One of them is Beautiful-Clouds or Woman-of-Beautiful-Clouds (*krhwiandyat*),² and these clouds are a sign of fair weather. One of their members owns a ceremonial *skil* hat with two disks. The *skil* hat can be used only if you have a title to it; it confers prestige. Its height depends upon the number of disks on the hat; some such hats had as many as half a dozen disks. The disks on the hat at times represent the number of potlatches given by the past owners. Their height, in other words, is according to potlatch. These round hats or headgear are called *sqældezing*.

¹ The informant also described them as the tribe of Willie Ross and his family.

² Rev. Peter Kelley's wife belongs to this family.

Illustration

277. An argillite dish engraved to illustrate the Qagwaai myth, by Tom Price, of Skidegate (The Axel Rasmussen Collection at Wrangell, Alaska. Bought in a Ketchikan shop. Photos furnished by the owner in 1939. This dish is now at the Alaska Historical Library and Museum in Juneau, Alaska).

SU'SAN, STRONG MAN

Strong Man Su'san, the Hercules or Samson of the northern Haida, is the replica of Konakadet, a mythical hero of the Tlingit on the mainland to the northeast. Konakadet also bears the name Black-Skin or Duk-toothl, because he was blackened with soot from sleeping close to the fire. But his name is also given in the myth as Ka-ha-si.

Edward L. Keithahn has recorded and published the Tlingit narrative of the Duk-toothl totem-pole memorial on Wrangell Island, which illustrates the story of how a weakling managed to become strong and invincible. Here are extracts from it which reveal the origin of Su'san of the northern Haida (43).

Chief Galwet's nephew was a great disappointment to the entire village. He was weak and cowardly and would lie abed when all the others were bathing for strength. They called him Duk-toothl or "Black-Skin" because he never bathed and was blackened with soot from sleeping close to the fire. One day, however, his aunt took him in hand secretly, told him how he was disgracing the clan and that they would lose caste when he became Chief. He promised her that he would make himself strong and worthy of the respect accorded a chief.

However, Duk-toothl went on feigning weakness; and though he continued to lie in bed when the others bathed, at night after all were asleep he would steal off and do the same thing himself for hours and hours. He remained in so long that he had to float to rest his feet. On coming out he would throw water on the ashes of the fire to make it steam and would lay his mat on top. That was the only bed he had. The people thought he was a low, dirty fellow, but in reality he kept himself pure and would not lie or steal. He did not say a word when they made fun of him, though he was strong enough to have done almost anything to them if he had so desired. When they sent him after big pieces of firewood, he acted as if they were very hard to lift, and they thought he was so lazy that they gave him very little to eat.

The people went on in this way, bathing every day with their chief, while Black-Skin bathed at night. After they were through, the village people would make a big fire, take breakfast, and then go after wood. As soon as the people came up, Black-Skin moved into a corner and slept there.

One night while Black-Skin was bathing, he heard a whistle that sounded to him like that of a loon. He thought, "Now that I am seen I had better let myself go." So he went toward the place where he heard it and saw a short, thick-set man standing on the beach clothed in a bear skin. This man ran down toward him, picked him up, and threw him down upon the beach. Then he said, "You can't do it yet. Don't tell anyone about me. I am Strength. I have come to help you."

The next time he went in bathing, Black-Skin felt very happy, for he knew that he had strength. Anything hard to do, when he looked at it, it appeared easy to him. That night he heard the whistle once more. He looked around and saw the same man, and the man said, "Come over this way. Come over to me." Then they seized each other, and as soon as the short man felt his grip, he said, "Don't throw me down. Now you have strength. You are not to go into the water again. Go from here right to that tree and try to pull the limb out." So he went to the tree and pulled it right out. Then he put it back again. After he had done so, the man told him to go to the other tree. "Twist it right down to the roots," he said. So Black-Skin did. Afterward he untwisted it and made it look as before.



278. Sea-Wolf with Whales. (Below) Witch and Whale trap.

The young men had been bathing for their purification before hunting sea-lions. So they said, "Tomorrow we are going after sea-lions. I wonder which part of the canoe Black-Skin will sleep in. He is such a powerful fellow." And one boy said, "Why this Black-Skin will sit in the bow of the canoe so that he can land first. He will tear the sea-lions in two."

Black-Skin listened to all this, but he paid no attention to them. The whole town was going all day long to see the place where the limb had been pulled off and the tree twisted down to the root.

Those people almost lived on sea-lion meat, but it was very scarce and only powerful people could get it. For this reason they picked out only the strongest fellows from among those who had been bathing with the chief to come with them to the sea-lion island. This island was very slippery, because the sea-lions stayed there all of the time, and very few could get up to the place where they were. That is why they went through such hardships to get at them.

The elder of the chief's two wives had had pity on Black-Skin and would do little favours for him on the sly. So Black-Skin, after he had bathed secretly, came to his uncle's wife and said, "Will you give me a clean coat; it doesn't matter much what it is, so long as it is clean, and something for my hair?"

"Are you asked to go?" she inquired.

He replied, "I am not asked, but I am going." So she prepared food for him and put it in as small a package as she could.

All prepared, they got into the canoe. Last of all came down Black-Skin; and when they saw him, they said, "Don't let him come! Don't let him come!" Seeing that he was determined to get in, they began pushing the canoe out as fast as they could. Black-Skin then seized the canoe, and they struck his fingers to make him let go. It sounded like beating upon a board. Although all of them were shoving it out, he exerted a very little of his strength, pulled the canoe back, and jumped in.

The sea-lion island had very precipitous sides against which great waves came, so Galwet waited until the canoe was lifted upon the crest of a wave and then jumped ashore. He was a powerful fellow, and seizing a small sea-lion by the tail, he smashed its head to pieces on the rocks. Then he thought he would do the same thing to a large one. These large sea-lions are called "men-of-the-islands." He went to the very largest of these and sat astride his tail, intending to tear it in two, but the sea-lion threw him up into the air, and when he came down he was smashed to pieces on the rocks.



Now, when Black-Skin saw what had happened to his uncle, he felt bad. Then he put his hand into his bundle of clothes, took out and put on his hair ornament and his clean coat while all watched him, and said, "I am the man who pulled out that limb, and I am the man that twisted that tree." He spoke as high-caste Indians did in those days, and all listened to him. He said to them, "Take the canoe closer to shore." Then he walked forward in the canoe, stepping on the seats which broke under his weight, precipitating their occupants to the bottom of the canoe. The young men that were sitting in his way he threw back as if they had been small birds. Then the people were frightened, thinking that he would revenge himself on them for their meanness, but he jumped ashore where his uncle had gone and walked straight up the cliff.

The small sea-lions in his way he killed simply by hitting them on the head and by stepping on them. He looked only at the big one that had killed his uncle, for he did not want it to get away. When he came to it, he seized it and tore it in two. A few of the sea-lions escaped, but he killed most of them and loaded the canoe down. When he was doing this however, his companions, who were very much ashamed of themselves and very much frightened, paddled away and left him.

Meanwhile the elder wife of the chief who had helped Black-Skin was mourning for her husband and nephew. Her husband's body was still on that island. The older people were also saying to the people who had left him, "Why did you do it? A powerful fellow like that is scarce. We want such a fellow among us."

Then the widow begged the young men to go back to the island and bring home her nephew and her husband's body, but the younger wife did not care. Finally some other people did go. They found the body there, but Black-Skin was gone. Then they took the body aboard, loaded the canoe with the bodies of the sea-lions, and went home.

When they heard of it, the wise people all thought that something was wrong. The shamans said that he was not dead and that they would see him again. They declared that he was off with some wild animal. This troubled the village people a great deal. They felt very bad to think that he had kept himself so very lowly before the low-caste people, and they feared that he was suffering somewhere again when he might just as well have occupied his uncle's place.

[Eventually he came back to the village. Those who had ridiculed him] thought that he would avenge himself on them, but he talked to them in a kindly manner saying, "Do not make fun of poor people as you did when my uncle



280. Witch, Eagle, and Whales.

was alive." After this, Black-Skin was known no longer by his nick-name but by his true name Ka-ha-si.

In another variant of the Tlingit myth under the name of Konakadet, also reported by Edward L. Keithahn, the mother-in-law plays a leading part in the plot. It was she who ridiculed the young man whom she could not dominate.

Although the young man had a kind and loving wife he found that he could not endure her mother's constant nagging forever. At some distance back of the village there was a lake in which the monster Konakadet was reputed to dwell. Here at the lakeside he built himself a small cedar cabin where he lived alone. But he was not idle, since it was his intention to try to trap the monster.

First he felled a tall cedar tree into the lake and carefully stripped it of its branches. Then with fire-hardened hardwood wedges and stone maul he split the log nearly to the butt. Next he inserted long crosspieces which sprung the two halves wide apart and held them there at great tension.

When summer came and the villagers left for the fishing grounds, the young man went with them and caught many salmon. These he took to his cabin and with them baited his trap. By letting the bright red salmon down into the water on a line, the Konakadet was finally lured into the space between the sprung tree-halves, whereupon the monster knocked out the trigger and was trapped. For hours it thrashed out, at times dragging the tree completely under water, but eventually it gave up the struggle and died.

Now the young man removed the Konakadet from the trap, skinned it, and carefully dried the skin. When it was cured, he got into the hide and went into the water. As he had hoped, dressed in the skin he had all the powers of the Konakadet itself. He explored the lake bottom, finding there a beautiful house which had been the home of Konakadet. The secret of his good fortune he kept from everybody but his wife. She was charged to reveal it to no one.

It is under this form that the northern Haida of Kayang, Kyusta, and Gwaiskun have adopted the myth of Strong Man. They gave to their hero the name of Su'san, and to his mother-in-law, that of Staie,¹ and



281. Witch, Sea-Wolf, and Whales.

¹ *Totem Poles*. I: 307-312.



282. Strong-Man tearing Whale.

illustrated this tale on some of their large totem poles. This theme proved so popular that its use spread also to the southeastern Haida, where it decorated a number of poles at Skidegate, Tanu, and possibly at other villages.

In a totem pole from Kayang, now at the British Museum,¹ the son-in-law appears in human form; he has been humiliated by his mother-in-law, the witch. But he is also represented on the same pole in the guise of a Whale or a giant Frog. His strength becomes so great when he wears his Whale garment that he can capture whales. He hauls ashore the whales he has caught in his trap to the house-front of his mother-in-law.

Niblack, Swanton, and "Mr. Keen" (quoted by Joyce) have recorded abbreviated versions of the Su'san and Staie narrative.² Two of these will give an idea of the whole. Niblack's (44):

Long ago, at Sin there lived in a large town a young man who was always gambling. He soon lost all his property and thought to improve his position by marrying the daughter of a wealthy chief. In this project he was successful, but as he continued to gamble he soon became as poor as before.

One night, coming home very hungry, he took up a piece of dried halibut and commenced tearing pieces off with his teeth. This made a peculiar ripping sound, and his wife's mother, who was not fond of him, put him to shame before the whole house by saying that he was splitting himself by his greediness, just as men split a piece of wood with a wedge when making canoe thwarts. The man choked with vexation, stopped eating, and nearly wept.

Early next morning he went off into the forest alone and ate "devil's club" stems, just as the Haida eat fireweed. After a prolonged course of this diet, he developed supernatural powers like a Shaman or S'kaga.

One night he went down to the beach and began to wish that a whale might come ashore, and soon this happened at the very place where he was sitting. He then rose up, cut a hole in the whale and got inside. The whale swam away and stranded opposite the centre of the town.

In the meantime, while this was happening, his wife's mother, who was herself a powerful Shaman, had a dream in which she saw a fine whale come ashore right opposite the village. In the morning she put on her Shaman's attire and took her magic rattles (*klinugn*). She then called all her neighbours together, told them of her dream, and they all drank warm sea-water. They then went to the beach and found the whale; but when they were about to divide it amongst them, the woman said, "Do not cut it up yet, we must first dance upon it." This they did, the woman using her rattles, the others drumming with sticks, and all singing.

¹ *Loc. cit.*, I: 307.

² *Loc. cit.*, I: 308-310.

When the dance was over they cut the whale, just, as it happened, over the part where the man lay hidden. He stood up so that all saw him, and his wife's mother was so ashamed that she cried. The others were glad and kept the story, which has been handed down to this day.

In the variant reported by Dr. Swanton (45), we find that the mother-in-law was so humiliated that she died:

There was once a youth at Gwais-kun, a town belonging to the Stastas, who lay in bed so many days instead of going to work, that his mother-in-law made a remark which caused him to feel ashamed. Then he got up and went into the woods.

In a lake back in the forest lived a lake-monster (*Su'san*) similar to the Wasko, which used to go after black whales every night and bring them ashore. Assisted by Bird-in-the-Air, the hero split a cedar-tree in halves, fastened the two together at their ends, spread them apart at the centre by means of a crosspiece, and laid them in the water just over where the *Su'san* lived. For bait he fastened two children to a rope attached to the end of a pole and dropped them between.

When the *Su'san* came up, the hero knocked out the crosspiece and caught it. After that he put on the *Su'san* skin and hunted fish of various sorts, which he left in front of his mother-in-law's house. Finding these things left there every morning, the woman persuaded herself that she was a shaman. When her son-in-law finally showed himself, she was so overcome by shame that she died.

At the bottom of the pole is a black whale representing the whales which the *Su'san*, next figure, used to catch. Above the *Su'san* comes the mother-in-law; and above her, Bird-in-the-Air. Next is shown where the *Su'san*, or the man wearing its skin, caught a whale; and finally come the children that were used as bait.

In a Haida drawing reproduced by Dr. Franz Boas (46), we find (Boas' Figure 134) "the sea-monster in the form of a wolf carrying two whales," and the man is inside the mouth; also (Boas' Figure 135) "the story of a young man who caught a sea monster." In this last, the mother-in-law acts as a witch, wearing a crown of feathers, a necklace of grizzly-bear claws, an *ambelan* or dancing apron with the Raven painted on it and with a fringe of unborn deer hoofs. She is chanting an incantation while shaking in her hands a pair of round rattles to which are attached many puffins' bills. The A-like device is the huge trap strung up, the two children fixed on to it as bait, and the Wasco monster falling headlong for the lure (Plate 278).

The finest illustrations of the story of Strong Man and his mother-in-law, Staie, are from the hands of William Dixon, master carver and portraitist of Skidegate, in two totem poles of argillite at the National Museum of Canada. In both, the mother-in-law, Staie, stands at the top, shaking her rattles as she chants a witch's incantation and holds a fan of feathers. She wears a head-dress of different style in each, one of them pointed; and her skirt is an *ambelan*. One of the two *ambelans* is fringed with rattling deer hoofs; and the head of the Eagle, her spirit helper, is upside down under her feet. In the other pole, the Thunderbird, in the middle, is carrying the Whale; and another whale at the base completes the pole (Plate 280). The first of the two poles, in its lower half, shows *Su'san* holding in his hands the perforated dorsal fins of two Killer-Whales which dangle below like a string of fish (Plate 279).



283. Strong-Man tearing Sea-Lion.

The mother-in-law Staie, with a labret in her lower lip, wears her high pointed head-dress and holds to her sides the two magic rattles (*klinugn*), while chanting. Under her feet is the Wasco, head down, in the form of a Sea Wolf whose tail is turned up, and two whales rest crosswise on his back (Plate 281).

Two of the sea monsters fought by Strong-Man Su'san—the Whale and the Octopus—occupy most of a short argillite pole at the National Museum of Canada. As often happens in the illustrations of the Su'san story in actual totem poles or in miniature, the hero holds with both arms the tail of the Whale, which is head down. Here the Halibut is partly in the mouth of the Whale, and the Octopus rides on his back (Plate 282).

Su'san, wearing the head-dress of the Eagle, has actually torn the Sea-Lion almost in half and holds it head down in his hands, while he seems to be chanting an incantation. This is embodied, together with the Beaver

and its young one at the base, in a fine totem-pole carving of the Cunningham Collection in the municipal museum of Prince Rupert (Plate 283). In a simpler form of the same illustration, the hero holds the sea mammal head down between his hands, and appears alone on a short totem pole fairly recently carved.

In two Tlingit statuettes, made out of wood, which represent Konakadet, the sea mammal being torn to pieces is much reduced in size. In the older piece, it seems to be a sea serpent slung, head down, over the hero's right shoulder and in front of him (Plate 284). In the other, one in a series carved at the Wrangell technical school for Tlingit boys then under the inspired direction of Edward Keithahn and Axel Rasmussen, the Sea-Lion is torn in half, and hangs head down in front of Strong Man. Their eyes are made of shell inlays (Plate 284).

The Massett carver Isaac Chapman was fond of using this theme of Strong Man tearing the Sea-Lion in half in his small argillite poles, as may be seen in the Cunningham Collection at the Prince Rupert museum. This theme was also used by his contemporaries, since 1910, whose work was predominant in the Deasy Collection of Massett (broken up since). At least six examples, not reproduced here, are in evidence in a group photograph, and the captured sea animals there vary in kind. In two of them it seems to be a whale with a human face at the base of the dorsal fin (a reminiscence of the Orpheus theme); in another, it is a sea otter held by its long tail.

NARRATIVE

The Mother-in-Law Who Died of Shame, told by Alfred Adams of Massett and recorded in 1939. This is a [Haida] legend of North Island, Queen Charlotte Islands.

A young man was soon to marry one of the principal young women of Kwaiskun village, and he had to work for his mother-in-law before marrying. While in bed, he would eat dried halibut. The old woman, hearing him make a cracking noise with his mouth, became annoyed and said, "The coming husband of my daughter must go out and split a cedar log." He took this as an insult and got up and retired behind the town.

As he was walking up to the centre of the island, he found a lake where a tall cedar stood at the edge of the water. He went back to the village to get bait for the trap which he intended to build. There he caught a small child to serve his purpose and returned to the lake. He cut the cedar and made it fall into the water. Then he split the log into halves, by means of wedges, and inserted crosspieces to keep the halves apart. Next he took cedar limbs, twisted them into ropes, and spliced the pieces of the log together after having adjusted them. When the snare was ready, he put the child bait at the right place, tied it on at the end of the line, and dropped the contrivance into the lake.

After a while, he felt that something alive was pulling at the end of the rope. He pulled up the snare slowly and found out that a large monster was caught between the halves of the split cedar log. Still alive, it held the bait in its mouth, the child's hands hanging on both sides.

As the sea monster, a *kegen* (huge mouse), was emerging, its back to its captor, it did not see him. Then the young fisherman knocked off the crosspieces, and the trap squeezed the animal to death. The hunter then skinned the *kegen*, keeping the skin complete in one piece. He took it down to the edge of the village and hid it.

When his plan was ready, he got into the skin, large though it was, and pushed himself into the sea. He had changed himself into a *kegen*.

Each night he would capture a whale and haul it on to the beach in front of Kwaiskun village. The future mother-in-law, who preten-



284. Strong-Man tearing Sea-Lion.

ded to be a great sorceress, claimed that it was she who had, by her witchcraft, caught the whale. It was exactly what her daughter's suitor expected her to do.

One morning, in front of the villagers, the witch made a wonderful demonstration of her power as a large whale was emerging from the waters. But this time the young fisherman, after having hauled the whale up the beach, came out of the *kegen* skin to shame the old woman and show her up. As a taunt, he cried out, "My mother-in-law's magic must be wonderful!" This was more than she could stand in her wounded pride. The ridicule killed her on the spot.

This tale is well known at Skidegate, where the carvers Tom Price and John Cross often have illustrated it.

Illustrations

278. Two drawings, the top one representing the Wasco carrying two Whales on his back and Strong Man in his mouth; the lower, the witch chanting an incantation and shaking her rattles, and the trap baited with two children to catch the Wasco (in F. Boas's *Primitive Art*, p. 159).
- 279, 280. The first, a tall totem pole of argillite, illustrating the tale of the witch and the son-in-law Strong Man carrying two Whales. Carved by William Dixon, of Skidegate (N.M.C., Aaronson Collection. VII-B-791. 20½ inches, hollow back. Photog. Div., 88944). In the second, the witch is at the top, in the middle the Thunderbird and the Whale, and a larger Whale at the base. Variously attributed to David Shakespeare of Skidegate and to John Cross. The first opinion is presumably right (Same collection, VII-B-803. 17 inches. Solid back. Photog. Div., 77031).
281. The witch, the Wasco with two Whales, and the Beaver, on a totem pole of argillite. Alfred Adams attributed it to Tom Price, and Henry Young said he knew it was by John Robison of Skidegate (The private collection of the Rev. G. H. Raley, now at the museum of the University of British Columbia, Vancouver. N.M.C., 87266).
282. Su'san tearing up the Sea-Lion; the Halibut and the Octopus. Attributed by Henry Young to Thomas Moody or Louis Collison (N.M.C., VII-B-795. 11" x 2¾" x 2". Photog. Div., 89424).
283. Su'san tearing the Sea-Lion asunder; the Beaver and the young Beaver. By Isaac Chapman of Massett (In the Cunningham Collection at the municipal museum of Prince Rupert. N.M.C. Photo by Arthur Price, 1947, 123-1, 123-2).
284. Two wooden statuettes carved by Tlingit craftsmen; the first, such as was made by Indian boys at the technical school of Wrangell; the second, fairly old. (The first, recently produced at the school. In the Axel Rasmussen Collection. N.M.C. 87604; the second, also in the Rasmussen Collection, at Wrangell, in 1939. 11 inches. N.M.C., 87616).

SWALLOWED, LIKE JONAH, BY THE FISH

Jonah and the Whale, a theme familiar to mythologists, consists of simple elements: a man, being guilty of a sin, is thrown into the sea for his punishment and swallowed by the Whale. In the stomach of the monster he remains alive; eventually he is cast ashore to resume normal life.

This ageless story is known under three different forms to the North Pacific Coast tribes, the Haida and the Tsimshyan in particular. First, the supernatural Raven of the Haida, for a well-deserved punishment, is beaten and set adrift on the salt waters, where he is swallowed by the Whale. But he contrives to drive the monster to shore by tormenting it, and he is freed by unsuspecting fisherfolk who cut the belly open to get the fat of their quarry.

Second, it is known among the Tsimshyan, who have attached so much importance to a Salmon myth that they made of it a totem. The story there, is that a young prince, for a reproach which he undeservedly received, went off to the river to brood, and there, at night, was taken aboard a mysterious canoe. His captors, belonging to the Salmon tribe engaged in their annual migration, kept him with them abroad and, the next year, brought him back as one of their own. Passing by his former village, the large supernatural Salmon carrying him in his belly was caught and cut up. At the hands of a matron, he is delivered as a small child, adopted and nursed, soon to grow up and become his former self.

And third, the widely prevalent motif of wearing the skin of an animal spirit to acquire its mystic powers has assumed, among the Haida and Tlingit, the features developed in the Qagwaai and Konakadet tales quoted previously: the hero dons the skin of the Whale or of the Halibut and goes around the island to destroy other sea monsters or to capture whales and sea-lions with which to feed the people. These topics have drawn the attention of the totem carvers and become the object of carvings and paintings, especially in argillite work.

In the episode of Yehl, the Raven, fooling Rhausrhana,¹ the great Halibut Fisherman is taken by the Raven to the woods to hunt robins for their bright feathers. But the Raven hastens back to the Fisherman's house to steal his wife. As soon as he is caught, the interloper is pounded to a pulp and thrown into the sea. Apparently dead and drifting about, yet able to raise his head and shout, "Tsikeo!" to people paddling a canoe, he is, the next moment, swallowed by the Whale. Once inside, he tortures the monster until, in a frenzy, it strands itself near a number of Haida on the shore. Pleased with their catch, they cut it up and tear a hole into its side. The Raven bursts out of it and flies away, shouting a profanity: "Qaqaqaqæ!" (Plates 150, 152) (The Raven inside the Halibut: Plates 153, 154, 155, 156).

In the Salmon myth of the Tsimshyan,² a young man went to his mother's salmon box and stole a piece of dried spring salmon to satisfy his hunger.

¹ *Totem Poles*, I: 344.

² *Loc. cit.*, I: 165-178.

Angry, his mother rebuked him. He went away up the river and sat beside the running waters. While there, downhearted, he saw many people pushing their way upstream in a canoe. The canoemen hit the shore below the spot where he was sitting, and called to him, "Come, my son, come on down with us!" He stepped into the canoe, a large dug-out, and travelled with them, first down to the Dog-Salmon village, then to those of the Steelhead-Salmon and the Spring-Salmon.

He stepped ashore with them and for nearly a year was treated like one of their own. When the leaves were beginning to open the next spring, the Salmon tribe moved up the river for the annual run. They took him with them in a canoe and gave him a garment of salmon. He dived into the water and followed the Salmon folk upstream.

The early fishing season was now on, and chief Kakaotsken was fishing at the canyon. While the chief stood there with his gaff, he caught a monster spring salmon and was barely able to land it with his dipnet. Then he realized that this was an unusual salmon, a huge *Qanis*. The women took it to the house, and when they cut it open, a child (a little boy) burst out of the belly of the salmon. They took care of him and raised him. He grew fast and became a chief, a great fisherman. Because of what had happened, they adopted the Salmon as a totem and carved it on to their totem poles.

NARRATIVES

The Arrow-Maker and the Salmon. Informant, George Derrick (Lurhawn of the Raven-Frog phratry, Gitwinlkul tribe, Gitksan), in 1924, stated that this tale was known to many people. It is to this narrative that belong two Salmon songs, recorded on the phonograph and in text under the Nos. 127 and 129 (1924).

This is the story of a young man who travelled away from his village perhaps on the Nass or the Skeena. He was a prince. His father and uncle were great chiefs, and he lived with his uncle [as usually happened among these matrilinear tribes]. His calling was to make arrows, and his price per arrow was one [smoked] salmon and some *windaw* [a wild tobacco or plant to be chewed or burned like tobacco, formerly obtained from the Haida].

After he had finished taking his *windaw*, he would pick up small stones and keep them in his mouth; these appeased his hunger. The size of the arrows as they were used in the old days was an arm's length. They were tipped with bone points well sharpened and named *win'awil* and feathered with eagle feathers. The arrow-maker made so very many arrows that his uncle's house was filled with them.

One day a famine came upon the village, as no salmon were caught that year and all the other kinds of foods had failed. The people began to starve and to die. But the house of the young prince and his uncle was filled with smoked salmon and other provisions, which had been stocked up as a price for the arrows in the days of plenty and had not been consumed. The chief then sent his slaves to announce that the people must go out to collect the *ksiyu*, the inner bark of the hemlock tree [which is used as nourishment].

They gathered and moved to the hills for it. The young prince was the only one that would not join them. He stayed at home with his aunt's four young children and continued making more arrows. Before she left for the hills his aunt gave him a piece of dried [and smoked] salmon, saying, "This is for the children."

The people had not been very long in the hills when the children began to cry for food; they were hungry. Their keeper took the salmon and divided it among them, saying, "Don't cry! This is all the food you are to get today."

On the morrow the children again cried for food. He gave them the same quantity and told them to be quiet. The bark-pickers had not yet returned from the hills before the salmon, left for the children, was finished. The prince offered the children some *windaw*, but they would not take it, as it was too bitter for them. The children began crying as they had been long without food, and he went to his aunt's food baskets. There he found out that they were all empty. A food box was filled with cedar-bark ropes. So he called the children, and said, "Come and see what your mother has in her food box!" They came and pulled out of the box all the ropes. Then, at the bottom, they found a piece of dried salmon. This the arrow-maker took out, and he gave a part of it to the children, saving some for the next day. After that, he went to the back of the house and sat there making more arrows. The parents arrived home, and the arrow-maker did not stop working. His garments still were filled with *windaw*, which was his only sustenance.

The woman built up a fire and prepared something to eat for the chief, her husband. She went down to the river for water, then looked into the food box where she had stored the salmon, and cut off a piece of it for her husband. When doing this, she noticed that some had been removed in her absence, and very much angered she told her husband about it. Muttering to herself, she said, "That is why he never goes out to catch salmon for himself, although he likes salmon. He prefers stealing it."

The young prince spoke up, saying, "Yes, it was I who took the salmon but only to feed your children. What you had given me for them was not enough."

Without getting angry, he got up, put away his knives and his arrows, and donning his head-dress and the garments (*gwus-hallait*) of a chieftain, he went out and walked through the village. Now it was late in the day and getting dark. At the edge of the river, on the bank, he began to run along the sandy shore and came to a large cottonwood tree leaning over the river. He crawled underneath and hid there, amid the branches.

After he had been under the tree for a while, he saw lights in the dark going in both directions along the shore, up and down. The people were looking for him, thinking that he was lost. After they had found his footprints, they came towards him, but they missed them at the moment when they stood very close to him. He was nearly asleep in the branches of the cottonwood.

Unable to find him, they went back to their houses. Very soon he saw smoke rising from his uncle's lodge and heard the noise of a canoe coming

up the river from the village with two young people aboard; they were of his uncle's family. He thought that they must have seen him in hiding, for the canoemen landed right below the tree. [But they were strangers.] They found him and took him down to the canoe and drifted with the current until they had reached the village [different from his own]. There they brought him in and announced, "We have found him."

The chief, whom he mistook for his uncle, placed a box for him to sit on, which he recognized as his own. Then the chief brought one of his daughters and sat her alongside for him to marry her. The father said to his household, "Let us have the salmon, the spring salmon!"

The young woman, who had been given to the arrow-maker as his wife, whispered in his ear, "Don't pay any attention to the salmon they will place before you. It will be of four different kinds. Only the fourth kind will be fit for you to eat." So it happened. They put before him salmon of three different kinds, heaps of salmon, but he did not eat any of it. Only his wife partook of the fish, and the servants consumed the rest.

The chief spoke up and said, "Let us now have the fish—the halibut—for our guest. When the halibut was laid before him, he would not touch it. Only his wife had some of it, and the servants took the rest away. The chief spoke a second time, saying, "Let us have the fish for our guest!" They went out and this time placed in front of him dried *oolachen* (candle-fish), heaps of it. As he would not partake of it, the servants took it away and ate it themselves. The chief called out for salmon to be placed before his guest—this time, coho salmon. He did not partake of any, so the servants took it away, and ate it. Then his wife whispered in his ear, "When they give you salmon this time, you may eat some of it."

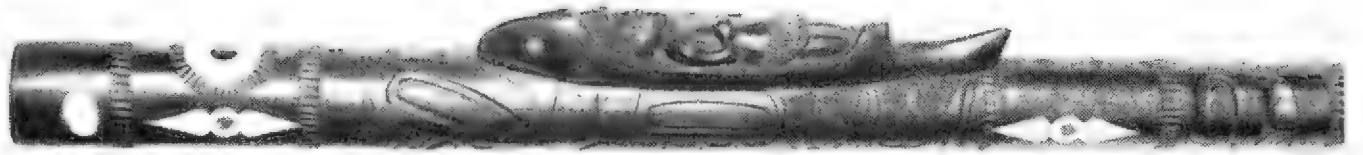
After they had sat there together for a long time, the chief called out, "Now let's have the fish—the trout—for our guest." After the trout was put down in front of him, he was advised by his wife to eat some of it. He did. Then his wife whispered to him, "Do not drink any water." She called out to the chief, "My husband does not want any water." None was offered him.

The chief next called for the servants to prepare [dried] berries for his guest. Meanwhile a spoon was given to him. As he was toying with the spoon in his hands, it broke into two pieces. So he could not eat of the berries. The chief called out once more, "Now it's time for the [dried] wild crabapples." They put the crabapples before him, but he did not partake of this dish. So the servants withdrew it and used it. Then the old host asked his own wife, "Now let us have the high-bush cranberry (*hlæyerh*)!" This was produced and placed before the young man. But he did not eat any of it, and the servants did as for the previous dishes.

For some time the chief remained silent. Then again he called out, "Give my guest some high-bush cranberry (*hlæyerh*)!"

The arrow-maker's wife whispered to him, "You may eat of this now"; and when the cranberries were placed in front of him, he did eat some.

They had been sitting in this house for a long time, and it seemed as if it were four days and four nights. [Actually it was years.] And this was not his uncle's home, but that of a spirit or a monster. He began to



285. Plate with medicine-man inside Salmon.

long for his father and uncle; and his wife, noticing that his spirits were sinking very low, came to him and asked, "Are you lonesome? Are you longing for your father's and your uncle's home?"

He answered, "Yes!"

So the young woman said, "It is not far from here. We will go there together, and in two days we will arrive."

After two days the young man heard much noise below the village. Canoes were being taken down to the river for a long voyage. He heard the children of the family saying among themselves, "We are going to go there too. It is a difficult journey, but we will not suffer any harm, for we know how to get through, among the water lilies."

Once they had left on their voyage in the moon of the Spring Salmon (*larhsiyæ*-March), the young man saw that in the dangerous places along the river the children would take different directions. Along the way they called at many villages, and everywhere the villagers came down to the shore and greeted them with gifts. His wife told him that they would soon arrive at the Ksan (Skeena River), and she added, "There we will come to your father's village."

When they reached this village, the arrow-maker was surprised to find that his father was now a grey-haired old man, and he heard that he had been constantly weeping for the loss of his son, while sitting on a rock at the edge of the canyon.

As the young chief did not want to go out of the canoe, his wife told him, "Come, let us go and see your father!" He still had on the garments of a chieftain which he had donned at the time of going away. So he stood up very reluctantly and stepped out of the canoe. As soon as he put his feet into the water, he changed into a salmon and his wife jumped back into the canoe.

The villagers caught him as they would have caught a large salmon. His father, who had been sitting on the rock, picked up his club and clubbed him. Then the big spring salmon made a noise as if to speak, "Hm—, Hm—!" The old man took the spring salmon on his back and carried it to his home.

The young chief, who had become a spring salmon, looked round the house and found that everything, also the inmates, had all grown old. Everything was different. His mother now was very glad to see that such a large salmon had been caught, and she began to sharpen the knife of shellfish (*hagwen*—mussel knife).

As this was the first salmon caught in the year, eagle-down was taken out and put all over the head of the big fish. And they asked of the salmon that he be plentiful and good for them. Meanwhile they were now preparing it and making it ready for eating. They cut the fish up, heated the stones for steaming it, and filled a box with water. When the mother cut the fish open to clean it, she found in the stomach a little child. As she was the only one to see it, she took it out and hid it in her bosom. The people did not eat the salmon at once but decided to hang it and let it dry. The mother, for one, knew that this must be her very son for whom she had mourned, thinking that he was lost.

When the news spread about the little child in the spring salmon, the people came from far and near to see for themselves, and they offered presents to the infant. His aunt took charge of him, bathed him every day, and he grew very rapidly. From this time on in the season, the people caught many salmon and filled their smoke houses with fish.

After the salmon run, they went back to their homes in the permanent village. There they selected four young princes to be special friends and companions of the young boy. As he was already able to speak a little, he kept crying, "*Hadaihle, hadaihle,*" but the people could not grasp what he wanted. So they went to the seer (*narhnorh*) and asked her what the child meant. The old woman said, "He is asking for his arrows and the knives with which to make arrows." When they understood, they went for the tools, placed them in front of him, and he stopped crying.

Everyday he and his four companions played outside, until they were fully grown. Then he invited his companions to follow him to the cottonwood tree where once he had disappeared. There he said to them that he wanted to capture eagles, for he needed their feathers for his arrows. Many eagles at that moment were wheeling about in the air. His friends asked him how he planned to capture the eagles, and he answered that traps had to be made. As it was still early in the morning, he said, "Let us dig a hole into the sand." They did. He gathered sticks which he arranged in the form of a mound [like a beaver hut] and fixed a narrow entrance to one side.

He had now resumed his old habit of eating *window* and putting stones inside his mouth. He said to his companions, "Let every one of you follow me?" But none of them dared.

After a while, one of them asked, "What do you intend to do? Why do you want us to follow you?"

He answered, "I'll pretend to fall into the water. But take hold of me quick, and throw me into the trap, as if I were a salmon. When the eagles see me there, they will dive down upon the trap. Then you must kill them for their feathers."

His companions had not the courage to undertake this; they were frightened. So he took the *window* and the stones out of his mouth, placed them into one of his companion's mouths, and said, "Lift me up first. Then throw me down hard." But they were afraid to hurt him. He insisted. They picked him up and threw him on to the beach in front of the trap. There he changed into a little salmon, a beautiful salmon, and the boys

were so astonished that they forgot about the eagles flying overhead. An eagle swooped down and caught the salmon by the throat in its talons and killed it outright. As they realized that the salmon now was dead, they were at a loss what to do. Three of them took to flight, and only one stayed behind near the body.

The news spread in the village that the prince had died after being caught by an eagle. His remains had fallen upon the sand and now had the form of a small person. The villagers took the corpse and wrapped it up in a chief's garment (*gwus-hallait*).

The chief told his slaves to go out, for they must all move away from this place. They took the box in which they had placed the dead body and raised it on poles in front of the house. The others went away, but the companion who had thrown him down upon the sand and still had the stones in his mouth would not leave him. He stayed beside the burial box and was the only one left in the village. The people had dispersed to their various camps.

After the young companion had stayed a long time beside the corpse, he heard a voice in a dirge song. It was coming towards the village from below and kept coming for a long time, until after dark. Then he saw a canoe land on the shore below the village. Some of the canoemen stepped off the canoe and came towards the house. From there they went straight to the coffin on the posts and looked inside.

The corpse sat up; it had come back to life. They spoke to the revived arrow-maker, and he stepped down. As he was walking away with them, his faithful companion took hold of him and asked, "What shall I do now?" But he who had died did not answer and took no notice of him. Once more, his former companion took hold of him and cried out, "What am I going to do, what I am going to do?" The young prince kept on moving away as if to leave him behind, as he proceeded with the others to the edge of the river, and stepped into the canoe. But the companion, who had followed him, also embarked and sat in front of him, although he could not draw his attention. The canoemen pushed off the canoe and travelled down the river with them...

[Text unfinished because of lack of time.]

The Prince Taken Away by the Salmon (Version of the Salmon myth recorded by William Beynon, in 1948-49). Informant David Swanson—Neeshl-Kudzaw'ilk, member of an Eagle clan of the Gitsees tribe, Port Simpson, 70 years of age. His father belongs to the house of Asaral'yæn (Wolf Clan). He was assisted in giving this narrative by Elijah Pollard, 'Wælsk (Wolf clan), also of the Gitsees tribe, aged 67 (in 1949). A dispute has been prolonged as to whom this myth belongs to, but the Wolf house of Asaral'yæn of the Gitsees tribe claims this variant as its own.

During the season of the salmon berries (*hæli'ma-gorhs*), when the early salmon came to the tributaries of the Skeena and the village of Rhætseks of the Gitsees [the Kayeks River, about 30 miles from Prince Rupert on the C.N.R.], the Gitsees people arrived from Metlakatla near the sea-coast, to stay there as long as the berry and the salmon lasted. At the time when the "drama" [festival] season approached, they moved back in a body.

Every day during the berry season, the young people would go out in small bands to gather berries, as if they had been out on picnics (*sestsorhs*), leaving early in the morning and returning at dusk. A group of young folk set out from their Gitsees village of Rhætseks. Among them was the only son of the chief who, like his wife, was old, and the son would be his successor ('Aaral'yæn's). They were very gay as they started off. But when they were crossing the river in their canoe, the canoe upset and they fell into the water. They escaped, all except the young man, the only son of the chief. The whole tribe searched for him every day, yet could not find him or his body. There was great sorrow in the village. The aged chief and his wife would sit on a point and mourn for their only son. They wept. This they did every day, and although the people tried to console them, they could not. The chief took off his garments and, in his sorrow, covered himself with ashes and mud.

When the time had arrived to move to Metlakatla, his headman came to him, "Come, chief! You will find relief as soon as you move to your winter quarters. Come, great chief, have pity on us, your people. Come with us!" After much pleading, the chief and his people moved to Metlakatla for the winter.

Another summer arrived, and the people again gathered at Rhætseks to catch salmon. When the chief and his aged wife came along and the memories of their drowned son revived, every day they would go to the point. There they mourned.

One day, their large slave went down to try and catch fish. As he was standing there he speared, close to the shore, a huge spring salmon which had a big belly. Although the fish now was dead, there seemed to be something alive inside. The chief and his wife, who were near, saw the salmon and called out to the slave, "Be careful, do not spear it! I am coming to cut the belly open. We shall see what it is." The chief's wife took her mussel-shell knife, split open the salmon, and behold! A beautiful baby boy was in the belly.

The old woman took it and said, "This is my son. He has come back to us. He has heard our cries of grief and now has taken pity on us. Come, my son; come, my dear boy!"

She and her aged husband were now very happy, for they were certain that this child was their own. The chief at once chose the sons of his three headmen and made them responsible for the child's welfare. They would be his companions. Everything was done to make sure that the boy would be properly trained as he grew up. Wherever the young prince went, he would always be attended by these young men. And so it happened.

Then came the time when both his mother and his father died, and although he remained in their house, he was now taken care of by his paternal uncle, who grew to like the young boy very much, just as if he had been his father. But his wife was very bitter. She was always scolding the child who, for this reason, kept to himself and his companions. Then came the winter, and the people were near starvation; the food was very scarce.

The young prince and his young companions one day came in after a very fruitless hunting trip, and they were very tired. The prince knew

that his aunt had only one dried spring salmon left, and she had put it away as a last thing that would save them from starvation. She thought that no one else knew of it, for she had hidden it away. When he and his companions arrived home this time, he was very hungry. Like his companions, he was weak from hunger and exhaustion. He got up and said, "She will be angry, but it can't be helped. We are really starving." So he went to the food box, took the salmon out, roasted it, and then they ate it to appease their hunger.

Meanwhile, in another country, a great chief was slowly dying, and nothing could be done to comfort him. His tribesmen had searched all over, but they came to the conclusion that someone had put his possessions in a box, and they were getting mouldy. He was getting weaker and weaker, and the *halxits* (chiefs) could do nothing for him. Yet, all of a sudden he felt better, and he was able to get up. The people were surprised. He said, "I have been saved by the young prince, who lives a long distance from here. Now get ready to go and bring him here, that he may stay with me for a while." Several canoes were made ready for the voyage, to fetch this young prince who had saved the great chief.

A great many people were near starvation in the country of the young man who had eaten of the salmon that had been hidden away. His uncle, returning from a *halxit* ceremony, was very hungry. He asked his wife, "Have you no more salmon to eat?" So she went to the salmon box for the last piece that she had hidden there. It was gone.

She grew very angry and cried out, "Who has taken my last salmon? Only a person of unknown origin would do this." She went on scolding until the young prince realized that the blame was directed to him.

In the end he could stand it no longer. He went out and felt deeply hurt. His companions followed him, but he told them, "Go back, for I want to be alone." He then went down to the water's edge. Very grieved, he was now planning to wander away, but he did not know where to go. He was very tired and almost asleep when he heard canoes coming to the shore close to him. He heard a voice saying, "Is this the place?"

"Yes," replied another voice. "He is sitting just above you. Go and call him."

Then a man came to him and said, "Come, prince, our master wants you to visit him. He has sent us to fetch you. Let us go at once!"

Without any hesitation he stood up and followed these strange callers. They all wore bright and shiny garments, and their canoe was a strange dug-out. These visitors took the prince and sat him in the middle, and the steersman said, "Come, let us now go to my master's village! Prince, take this pebble and when you meet with any difficulty, place it in your mouth, and you will become invisible." Then the canoes set off.

Soon they were travelling very swiftly, and the young man began to see that they were travelling to an unknown country. How many days they were on their way he did not know. Only, one day, he heard the steersman say, "We are coming near. Soon we will arrive at my master's village."

There was a village ahead and many people. Some of the villagers came running down to the shore as the canoes passed, and they shouted, "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes," replied the steersman. "He is sitting in the canoe with us."

The young man saw that many of the people running about were hunch-backed. The house fronts were painted in beautiful colours, but the canoe folk did not stop there. They proceeded to another village, and the people there were dressed in even more brilliant colours as they looked on and called out, "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes," replied the steersman of the canoe. "He is sitting with us now." They were all shouting, and among them there were many children.

Soon they came to another village, and still another village. The people there also inquired, "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes, he is now with us."

Each new village was even more beautiful than the one just passed, and the people even more brilliantly attired. Everywhere there was a great number of small children. There were so many that the noise they made in playing could be heard a long distance. Soon the canoe approached the next village, and here the canoes landed. The steersman said, "We have landed."

Just as the canoe was about to beach, many men in very beautiful garments came down shouting, "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes," replied the steersman; "he is here with us now."

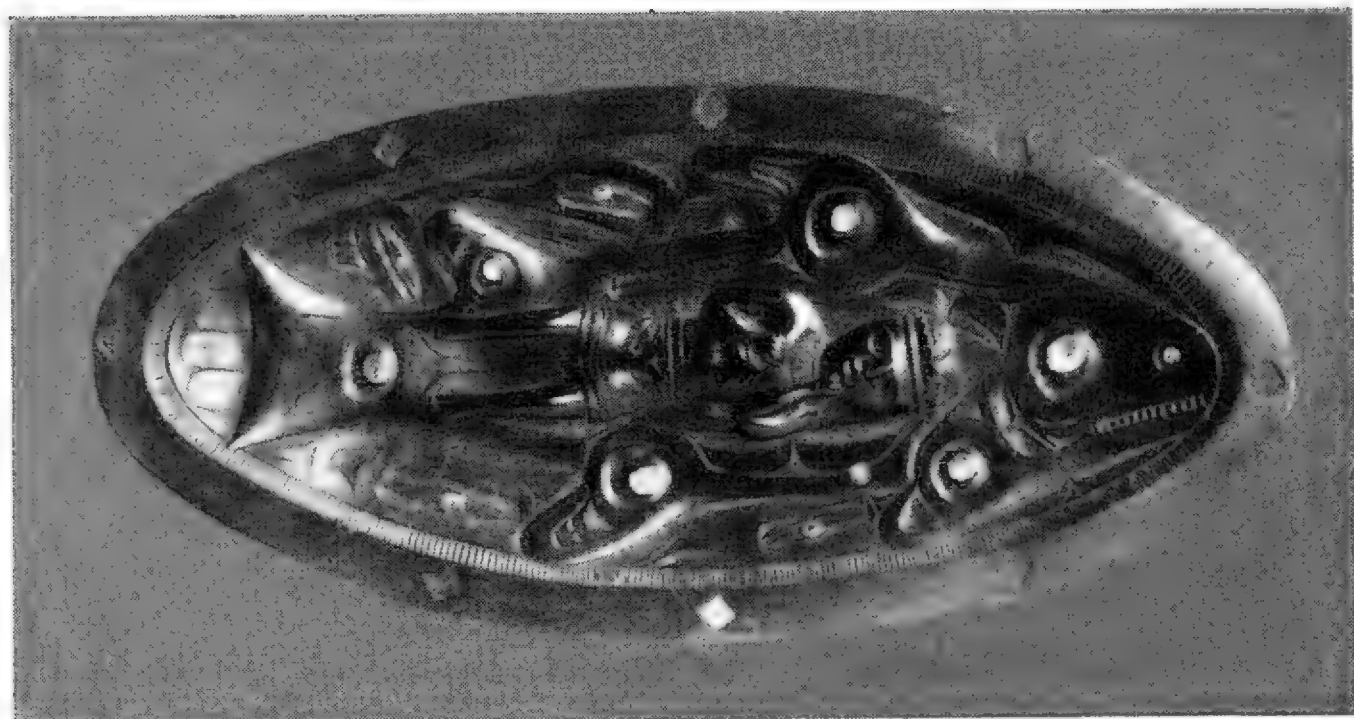
"We have come for him. Our master wants to see him at once."

"Prince, you must follow them to the chief's house, for he has been waiting for you a long while"; this the steersman said to him. So he now stepped off the canoe and escorted these men to a great house standing in the middle of the village. Its front painting was the most beautiful of any house front he had ever seen. He followed these men who were in bright shining robes.

As they went in, a messenger called out, "Master, your nephew is here. We bring him in to you."

"Come in, my nephew; I have long waited for you. Had you not taken me from that box where your greedy aunt had put me, I would have long been dead. But she was so covetous that I very nearly choked and died. But it was you that saved me. So come, sit by me! I will satisfy my own feelings by having you with me. Come, prepare a place for my nephew, near me!"

The young man saw many slaves in many shapes and garbs. They were busy preparing a place for him to sit by their huge chief. They led the prince and seated him by the chief, who wore a bright robe. Beside him sat his wife, who kept her eyes closed. The young man sat upon a bear robe. As he did, he felt something prodding him in the back. He looked and saw a very old woman who said, "I am Mouse Woman. Have you brought for me any mountain-goat fat?"



286. Man inside Salmon.

"Yes," replied the prince. It was the custom of the young people always to carry mountain-goat fat, which was used as a cosmetic for their faces. And so the young man gave some to Mouse Woman, who was quite satisfied.

She told him, "You have come to the house of the chief of the Spring Salmon (*hawn kaw'iyim*). The reason why he brings you here is that it was you who cured him when he was dying. You will not be harmed. But those old people you see there are slaves. They have at different times abused the salmon after catching it. They had no respect for the remains of the salmon, like your aunt who had kept the remains of the chief hidden in a food box. The salmon there was becoming mouldy. That is why he was very ill and would have died had you not taken him out and eaten him. This made him strong again. That is why he is happy. Now you must not eat of their food. When you feel hungry, take your club and catch any one of the children playing. Club him and roast him. When you have finished eating the flesh, burn the remnants, and the child will be whole again. But make sure you burn all of the remnants of the salmon. From time to time, I will give you advice. For you will be here a long while."

Mouse Woman went away. Soon the young man saw her going to the place where the great chief was sitting, and she said, "My Master, great chief, your nephew has brought you a great gift. He presents it for you to share with your people." Then the slaves brought out an immense pile of mountain-goat fat, which the Mouse Woman had prepared [making what was small into a great quantity]. The great chief looked, and his wife opened her eyes. When she did, the distant roar of water could be heard, as if a great storm were approaching. She rolled her eyes, and a great noise as of thunder broke out.

The great chief was very happy. "This is good, good! I will invite my fellow chiefs and present to them my nephew who has come to see me."

So the chief now made preparations for a great feast, and his people would gather all the different foods needed.

The young prince now began wandering about the large village. Soon he grew hungry and he remembered what Mouse Woman had told him. So he raised the club he always carried with him, and catching a child running about, he clubbed it. Behold, at his feet, was a spring salmon! He took it and roasted it by the fire. When he had finished eating, he took all the scraps that were left and threw them into the fire. When this was done, the child whom he had clubbed ran away. But he was crying in great agony. He had a pain in his back.

Mouse Woman came running and said to the young man, "You are the cause of this child's agony. Go and search where you were eating, and you will find there some crumbs. Throw these into the fire." He went to where he had eaten the salmon, and he found bone scraps. He threw these into the fire, and at once the child was out of pain and playing as if nothing had happened.

The prince went about and saw that there was to be a big feast. All the village was getting ready for it. One day, the great Spring Salmon chief called his headmen and said, "We are all set. Let our messengers go to all the great spirits (*spenarhnorhs*). I want them to know my nephew who is visiting me. They must never harm him. Call in all my fellow chiefs! I want them to taste of the fruits of my nephew's generosity."

The chief's wife's eyes opened once more, and then came the roar of a storm. Rolling her eyes from side to side caused a noise as a thunder. Then the messengers departed, and Mouse Woman said to the young man, "You have the magic stone. When the guests come in, put it in your mouth, so you shall not perish. Each one of the monsters shall come in, in keeping with his own location. The worst one will be Woman-out-to-Sea (*Ksem-giyæks*). She will try to have you sleep with her; and if you do, be very careful! She is very beautiful and has great powers (theme of *vagina dentata* developed here). Be sure and keep the magic pebble in your mouth, otherwise she will overcome you."

The guests began to arrive, and as each one stepped in, the house became flooded. Some came in with a roar as a storm and great winds. Others stepped in very gently and calmly. Others, very angry, were ready to quarrel and fight.

The last to come in was a very beautiful woman. When she stepped in, there was a great rushing out of all the water that had filled the house. This guest sat by the young man, and he at once became very much infatuated with her. She looked at him and spoke, saying, "I want to marry you," and she sat in front of him. The young prince really wanted her, yet he pretended that he was unconcerned.

By that time the guests were all in, and the great Spring Salmon Chief spoke to them, "My brothers, I want you to know my nephew who is visiting me. I am going to give you some of the things he has brought for me. When you happen to see him in your vicinity, care for him and do no harm to him as you would to others. Should you see him sea hunting, help him fill his canoe, that he may always be successful. I am going to

give him one of my powers. This he will use in his wars and hunting, and he shall be always successful. Come, my people, serve my guests with what my nephew has brought to me."

The slaves then placed before each guest a very large ball of fat. While the prince had only given Mouse Woman a very little of it, she had taken it and with her magic had multiplied it into an immense quantity. The fat was now being distributed by the Great Spring Salmon chief. When all the monsters saw this, they were all pleased, and they showed their approval by mumbling all at one time.

As soon as they had finished eating, they went out as they had come in. Only the beautiful woman, Woman-out-to-Sea, was left, and as she was still sitting by him, the prince saw that she was indeed very beautiful. He wanted to marry her; so he said to her, "I want you to be my wife."

The woman answered, "That will be for your good." But he did not forget the advice Mouse Woman had given him (the *vagina dentata* theme, further developed)...

Woman-out-to-Sea no longer had her destructive power but had become a slave to him. When the young man had defeated her deadly powers, he said, "Now I shall marry you."

And she answered, "You will come with me to my abode away out at sea."

Now that the feast was over, the young man whose name had become Asaralyæn went to the great Spring Salmon Chief and said, "I am going to visit Woman-out-to-Sea at her home."

The next day the woman said to her attendants, "Tonight, we shall return to my home, and you will make room in my canoe for my husband." There was happiness in the chief's house that night, for it was known that his nephew had overcome the Woman-out-to-Sea.

Now that all was over, they set out together, and soon the strange canoe of Woman-out-to-Sea arrived. It was a huge whale. They went into it and set out. They travelled for a long time and came to an island away out at sea. No other land was to be seen. So now the sea woman had her husband all to herself. Only her servants were there, and they brought her food and all that she wanted. They were happy living together as husband and wife.

One day the young man began to grow lonesome for his own people. He remained very quiet and would not frolic or play any more. His beautiful wife asked, "What is the matter; what ails you? You no longer want me?" Still her husband would not answer, so that she became very much alarmed.

Finally, the young man said, "I am lonesome to see my own people. I cannot live without seeing them."

Woman-out-to-Sea answered that this could easily be done. "Your home is not far from here. Soon we will go there together." The young man became happy again, and they played together as they used to do when happy.

One day the woman said to her slaves, "Go and get my large canoe ready. We are going to the land of my husband. Fill the canoe with many things."

The young man had always kept in his possession the pebble that the Salmon people had given him to put in his mouth. Besides, he had now the Larah-wæse (double headed-monster), a powerful weapon. Whenever he wanted to get seals, he would throw this weapon at them, and it would swim to the animal and seize it by the throat, thus capturing and killing it. It would also catch anything else that the young man wanted. Many things were packed into the canoe. All through the night, the slaves loaded the things that were to be carried with them. And the canoe was a large whale. When all was ready, they set off and travelled over what seemed a very short distance. Yet it was really a long time and distance. They landed at the Gitsees village of Larh-welgiyæps at Metlakatla.

When they landed, the young man went to his uncle's house and found that the people were now aged. He knew he had been gone for many years. The people were starving for lack of food. They were all weak and down-hearted. When the young man saw this, he was very sad, and he said to his uncle, "It is I, Asaralyæn. I have brought you much food." The people, who had thought the young man dead, at first were afraid, but he said, "Go down to the canoe, and take all that is in it. Take it here to my uncle." A long while was needed to unload the canoe. When this was done, the canoe came to life and swam away.

The young prince now was very happy. Every day he would go out hunting, and with his double-headed club he filled his canoe with sea-lions and seals, and sometimes he captured a whale. So that now there was plenty for everybody. He would go up into the hills and always came back with plenty of game. His fame and wealth spread over all the country. He loved his wife very much, and he took good care of her. Every day he went and drew water at the water hole, which was some distance from his house. This was known to many of the young women who were jealous of his beautiful wife. Every time her husband came in with the water, she would take a fine plume from her head and immerse it in the water bucket before drinking, and she was very happy.

But one day the young man forgot to carry the magic pebble with him, and it was this pebble that gave him power to resist the advances of the many young women who were trying to attract him. As he was about to get to the water hole, a beautiful young woman stood in his path and said, "I have been trying to meet you for a long time. Come to me, nobody will see us. Come, just as you used to do before you went away." He resisted her advances for a while, but finally he gave in.

After that, he drew water from the spring and returned home, putting down the bucket in front of his wife. She took her plume, immersed it, and looked. She saw that the water was slimy and mucky. At once she began to weep, and she said, "Why do you try to fool me? Why did you take me here when there were others that you wanted to gratify your feelings. You no longer need me, and I will go back to my own country."

The prince was very sorry. He tried to coax her, but she went out of the house to the edge of the sea and walked off on top of the water. He followed

her, but she said, "Go back, go to your own desires. You no longer want me." He kept following her, but again she cried, "Go back to those whom you wish for. If you don't, I will look back, and you will sink into the water." As he had neither his magic pebble nor his double-headed club with him, he now realized how helpless he was. Yet he went on following her. So she said, "Go back, go back; if I look at you, you will go down into the water and drown."

He called at her and said, "Come back, come back; I want you!"

She answered only, "I will look back, and you are bound to perish." She did, and he disappeared in the water. This was the last of him. That is why Woman-out-to-Sea is a spirit (*narhnorh*) of the house of Asaralyæn and also a crest of the Wolves.

The Man Taken Away By the Salmon, by informant Elijah Pollard (Wælsk, Wolf clan, Gitsees tribe of Tsimshyan), 67 years old in 1949; he had learned this narrative from his mother and an uncle—'Asaral'yæn. Recorded by William Beynon in 1949-50.

The tribes of the Tsimshyan Proper in former years used to live side by side at Metlakatla [on various small islands along the Narrows] during the winter months. Asaralyæn stayed there too, at Larh-welgyiyæps (On-high-place),¹ the Wolf village. The Metlakatla district was in the Gitsees tribal area. From here the Gitsees in other seasons went to their village at Rhædzeks (Kayaks River) on the Skeena River.

One day a group of young people set out in their canoes to pick salmon-berries which were now ripe. Among them was the only son of the Gitsees chief. These young men were all happy as they proceeded to the other side of the Skeena River where the berries were plentiful. As they were crossing in the swift water, the canoe that the prince was in capsized. All those in the canoe except him were saved. He was drowned, and his body was not recovered. The chief and his wife were broken-hearted, and every day they came to the point opposite where the canoe had capsized, and here they wept. This they did every day until the salmon season was ended and it was time for the tribe to leave for Metlakatla.

Early the next year when again it was time in the early spring for the people to gather the salmon at their village of Rhædzeks, they moved, and the aged chief and his wife resumed mourning the loss of their only son. They mourned for him every day.

Among those who were fishing for the spring salmon was the male slave of the aged chief. One day the slave caught a huge spring salmon, brought it to his master and his wife, and placed it before them. The belly of the salmon was very large, and something seemed to be moving inside. The slave took his knife and opened up the belly. A living child was there, and as soon as the chief's wife saw it, she took it, saying, "My child, my son, you have come back to me! You have pitied your poor father and my humble crying. You have returned to us." The chief and his wife were very happy, and they took the child to their house, saying, "My son has now returned, and now my sadness is all gone."

¹ On the Admiralty chart this name is Wilaigapsee.

They cared for the child, which now grew rapidly. When he had grown and was able to speak as well as play, the parents chose four children [of the leading tribesmen] to be his companions and to protect him. The young prince became very much attached to his companions, and they always went together. The prince was now grown and was accompanied by his companions when shooting birds and small game with their bows and arrows.

One day they decided to hunt eagles for their down and feathers. Eagle's down was very much in demand, as it was used in all the dances and *hallaits* as a symbol for peace. So now the prince and his companions planned on getting many eagles and trading the down and feathers. The prince made a snare, and they caught many eagles and gathered a great supply of eagle-down. The prince's father sold it and now was becoming wealthy in trading eagle's down.

The eagle snare was a very secret device which the prince allowed no one to see, even his companions. This snare was a hut on the sandy beach, without a roof. It consisted of only three walls. The prince would go in and hide there in the brush. Soon after he had gone in, an eagle would swoop down and then be killed by the young prince himself. In this way he killed many eagles and threw them out to his companions. They took them to his father's house. The down was plucked and cleaned by the slaves, and then it was stored away for future trading during the *hallait* season.

Now the prince's four companions were very curious to find out how he killed the eagles, but they feared his anger, for he had said, "You must not look in the hut while I am snaring eagles. It would mean my death. Then you would not be able to get any more eagles." So day after day the companions remained in hiding just outside the little hut but were not able to discover anything.

One of the companions, bolder than the others, made up his mind to look and see how his master had killed so many eagles. He planned to look into the hut just as soon as an eagle swooped down. So one day, the companions of the prince followed him down to the hut on the beach and hid just outside. The prince went in, and they waited. Soon an eagle perched itself above where they were, and soon it swooped into the hut. As it did, the inquisitive companion peeked into the hut and saw a live salmon lying on the ground. The eagle caught it by the throat. But as the companions looked in at that moment, the salmon turned into the young prince and was dead. He had been choked by the eagle, which now flew away after killing the young man.

The companions of the now dead prince were very sad. They carried his body to the home of his father, and there was great sadness in the village. Again the aged chief and his wife were seized by a great sorrow, now that their son was lost. They took his remains to Metlakatla and placed them on a burial post. The companions, now in deep mourning, elected to guard the burial spot to prevent evil ones getting near the dead body of their master. They realized that their master had been a supernatural being, and through carelessness and disobedience, one of themselves had brought about his death. They feared that an evil being might take the body.



287. Man inside Salmon.

After guarding the burial place a long while, the companions became weary, and soon one after another departed. Finally, there was only one left on guard. He had been the bosom companion of the dead prince. As a protection against evil influence, a shaman gave him a small quartz crystal, saying, "Whenever danger threatens you, put this crystal in your mouth. You will become invisible to all, yet will be able to see plainly everything around you."

The young man had been watching for a long time, when one night he heard the sound of a canoe approaching. There was much talking. Someone in the canoe spoke, as it landed below the burial pole of the young prince. The steersman said, "This is the place where our master lies. It is here that our chief said he would meet us."

As the canoe had come close to shore and as these canoemen were strangers to the young man watching the burial place of the prince, he put the magic crystal in his mouth and became invisible while he was able to see everything.

The canoe landed, and the steersman went towards the burial pole. Then he called out, "It is us, master! We have come for you."

As soon as he had spoken, the prince who had been dead climbed down and said, "Here I am! I have been waiting a long while for you."

"We hurried. As soon as the great chief knew that you were ready to return to your own country again, he sent us."

As they were still talking, the prince's watching companion, who was invisible, stood up and walked by the side of the young Prince now revived. Soon they came to the canoes, and the young man followed the prince into the canoe and sat by him. After they had embarked, the chief's companion took the crystal from his mouth, and the prince saw him and said: "So you have come with me. Do not be afraid. These are my people,

and they will do you no harm. When you want to know anything, come to me. But now make yourself invisible once more."

The canoe and the others in the same company travelled at great speed, and they seemed to be alive. After they had been many days on their way, they came to the mouth of a large river. The companion of the prince then saw a village with many homes and a great many people. Numerous children were playing at the edge of the river.

When the canoe approached the village, a man came running down and called out, "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes," replied the steersman, "he is here with us."

They did not stop there, but kept on paddling up the river. After many more days of travelling, they came to another village, and the prince's companion saw that it was even more beautiful than the first. The house fronts were painted in varied colours, and the people seemed more numerous. Again a man came running down and shouted out, "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes, he is here in the canoe with us," the steersman replied.

They travelled on for many more days, and again came upon another village, which was as pure as silver. It was very bright, and the garments worn by the people were shiny and bright. The villagers were also numerous, and they had very large hooked noses. The spokesman of this village ran down and shouted out, "Have you got what you went for?"

"Yes, he is here in the canoe with us."

They kept on travelling and soon came to another village. It was even larger than the last, and the people in it seemed taller and they were also very bright. Many of them wore vari-coloured garments. They ran down to the shore and shouted out to those in the canoe, "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes, he is here with us in the canoe."

The canoes kept on travelling, as the river was becoming swifter. But it made no difference to the speed of the canoe, which was now travelling even faster than usual. They came upon another village, larger, with more people. The house-front paintings there were very beautiful. The spokesman also came down shouting to the canoe, "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes, he is with us in the canoe," replied the steersman.

The river was becoming narrower and swifter. They arrived at a huge village where there were many large houses. Its people were very tall and large, and they wore very ample and beautiful garments. Here at last the canoe landed. A brightly-dressed man came running down and shouted. "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes, he is here with us."

Then the prince's companion took the crystal out of his mouth and became visible. The prince saw him and said, "You are now in the Salmon country. This is the village of the Spring Salmon, who is the head-chief of all Salmon. The first village you saw was that of the Humpback Salmon.

The next was that of the Dog Salmon; the third, of the Cohoe; the fourth, of the Sockeye. The fifth and last salmon village was that of the Steelhead. You have now come to the Salmon country, and whenever you want me, put your magic crystal in your mouth. No one will disturb you; and when you wish to speak to my father, who is the head chief of all, you will walk to where he sits, and choke him. When he seems nearly exhausted, then release him, and he will give you whatever you want. Whenever you get hungry, just walk up to one of the children you see playing in front of the houses, and with your club hit the child on the head. Then cook the body. When you have eaten all you want, take what is left and burn it in the fire. Do not lose a single particle or bone. When this is burned, the child whom you knocked down shall become alive again. If you leave anything lying about, the child will become crippled. Now come with me to my father's house."

They stepped out of the canoe, the young man following the prince who was being led by the group who were in the canoe. As they entered, the chief at the rear of the house called out to them, "Did you bring what you went for?"

"Yes, chief, he is with us now; your son is with us. With him has come his bosom friend."

The leader of the party said, "Come here, my son, and fetch your friend. Take your place at the rear of the house with me and bring your friend to sit by you."

The chief was a huge man who seemed to be always asleep. Whenever he opened his eyes, flashes of light darted from them. Hanging from his neck was the necklace of which the young prince had spoken. The young companion was to squeeze it when he wanted anything. The slaves in the house looked aged. They were strange people.

The prince told his friend, "You see all the slaves in my father's house? Those are people who have broken the taboos of the salmon. They have treated the salmon they caught with disrespect, such as taking more than they needed and leaving the bones to lie and rot, or to be devoured by eagles and other birds and beasts. These salmon are permanently lost. But when the remains of the fish are burnt after the flesh is eaten, they return to life. Some of these also abused the live salmon, clubbing them and maiming them. Then the chief grows angry and takes captives, enslaving them." As the prince pointed them out, he added, "When you return to your people you must tell them that the salmon is to be respected."

The young man then went about by himself. Soon he became hungry, and remembering what the prince had told him, he went to where he saw a group of young folk playing. He raised his club and struck a boy, who fell at his feet, instantly changing into a salmon. He took it, went to the fire, and roasted it. When cooked, he ate it, and gathered the remnants together with all the bones. He threw these into the fire, and right away the young boy whom he had clubbed was running about. But the boy was in great agony and could not straighten up. He was crying loudly. The prince, who came at the sound, spoke to his companion and said, "You are the cause of that poor boy's agony. Go to the spot where you were eating and look for any bones you have not gathered up."

The young man returned to where he had been eating, and he found other bones and part of a backbone. These he gathered up and threw into the fire. As these burned, the suffering of the boy was relieved, and he straightened up. He began to play with the others as if nothing had happened.

The young prince's companion grew lonesome for his own people. One day, he failed to get up from his sleeping place, and this he did for many days until the great chief began to worry, so he asked, "What is the matter with my nephew? He does not rise from his couch."

"He is lonesome for his own people," the prince replied.

"Is that all that ails my nephew? Tell him I shall grant his wish. But first I must show him to all my fellow chiefs. I will give a feast."

So the chief sent out his messengers to all the abodes of the monsters of the sea. One by one they arrived, dressed in many strange garments. The prince came to his companion and said, "Among the guests who arrive will be Woman-out-to-Sea, Ksamppguiyæps. She is a very beautiful woman, but she destroys all men who will court her and will sleep with her (*Vagina dentata* theme, omitted here).

When the prince's companion went into the chief's house, he saw this beautiful woman. Seeing her smiling at him, he went to her, and he said, "I want to marry you."

"If you are a brave man, I will marry you," she answered. "But all the men who have wanted to marry me have died."

The young man then took the young woman to wife (*Vagina dentata* theme developed.) The woman then lost her powers of destruction, for he had completely overcome her. She was now eager to live with him.

The feast of the great Salmon Chief took place. The Chief said to all the powerful Chiefs who were his guests, "I have called you all here to see my nephew. He is visiting me and has now taken as his wife Woman-out-to-Sea. I want you to know him. Should he at any time pass by your abodes, safeguard him and do no harm to him.

These monsters all approved, and altogether they muttered "hm hm!"¹ After they had partaken of the chief's hospitality, they all went away, except Woman-out-to-Sea, who stayed with her husband.

When the feasting was over, she went to her husband and said, "Before we go to your country we must first pay a visit to my father. It is not far from here. Then we will take our many canoes and proceed to your tribe."

They now went to the canoe of Woman-out-to-Sea, and the young man saw that it was a blackfish. They entered inside, and the huge blackfish swam down the river towards the sea. As they passed by the Salmon villages, a great shout came from each. "Woman-out-to-Sea, do not harm our relative! You have destroyed many others." All this the young man heard, and he took heed. He knew besides that when he arrived at the home of his father-in-law, he would have to be on his guard because of further treachery.

¹ *Hm hm!* is for approval; *dzæ'z*, for refusal.

They had now passed by all of the Salmon villages and were in the open sea. After a few days of travelling, they came to an island. His wife said, "This is the home of my father. We will go up to his house."

The great chief there had not come down to meet them. He never went to any feast but always sent his daughter to get victims whom he would kill later. So when his daughter arrived with her husband, he was very pleased and showed much kindness to the young man. "Come my son-in-law, come sit beside me, that I may better see my new son."

When the young man went outside for a while to comfort himself, the young woman said to her father, "This time I do not want my husband harmed. For a long while I have wanted a husband, but when I bring them here, you destroy them. This one I want to keep."

The father, who had already planned his destruction, knew that he must be careful how he would achieve his purpose, for this young man must be powerful. He had already overcome his daughter. So he said to her, "Why should I destroy anyone whom I have now taken in as my son."

The young man came back, and the chief called upon his slaves. "Go and get fresh halibut. Feed my son. He has come a long way." The young man saw the slave take a huge dipnet and then go to the corner of the big house. He lifted up one corner and thrust the dipnet down into the hole. In a very short while he brought up a large halibut. This the slaves cleaned and cooked and placed before the chief's son-in-law, who partook of it.

These two were very happy together, and every night as they lay together, the young woman would caution her husband, saying: "Be careful of anything my father asks you to do. He wants to destroy you. I shall warn you."

One night, the old chief spoke to his son-in-law, saying "I crave some *iyæns* (sea-urchins). Can you go and get me some?"

"Yes, I will get you some early in the morning, as soon as the tide is low."

Now the young woman knew this was going to be an attempt by her father to destroy her husband, so she said to him, "Do not go, he wants to destroy you; I don't know how, but he is bound to do away with you." And she added, "I do not fear him."

Next morning very early, while all were asleep, the young man arose, and he put the crystal into his mouth. At once he became invisible and went from the house to where the sea-urchins were. He gathered many, and just as he was about to enter, he took the crystal out of his mouth. Again he became visible to all, and he put the sea-urchins in front of his father-in-law, saying, "There were not a great many of these, but I gathered all I could." The great chief was very much surprised, as he had not seen his son-in-law go out. So was unable to do him any harm.

Some days later, he craved seal-meat, saying, "My son, I would like some seal-meat. Many seals are now coming to the rocks below where we live."

This wish he made at night, so the young man answered, "My father-in-law, I shall have a seal for you tomorrow."

Next morning, the young man again put the crystal into his mouth and became invisible. Again he was able to leave the house without being seen. All were very startled to see the young man come in and say to his father-in-law, "Send your slaves to the beach; I have loaded your canoe with seals." Again the young man had overcome the great Chief, who was quite humiliated to realize that his son-in-law had outwitted him so completely. But he pretended to be very pleased.

When the young man went back to where his wife was sitting, she was happy. She said to him, "My father has been defeated in his efforts to kill you again. The next time may be more difficult. So if he asks you to do anything, just refuse."

A few days went by, and the young man was constantly on guard for any treachery. The great Chief said, "I would like some octopus, and I see, from here, one on the water. Go, my son, and get it!"

Now this Octopus was an aide of the supernatural powers of the chief, and he, the chief, was determined to destroy his son-in-law, who had so far escaped all his traps, first when he had gone for sea-urchins. The chief had planned that the young man should go down to the water's edge, and then a great wave would drown him; but the young man had made himself invisible so the great chief had not seen him until he had returned with the sea-urchins, thus escaping. And the same thing had happened when the young man had brought in the seals.

Now this last test to the young husband was the hardest, and his wife said, "Do not go, my father intends to destroy you." But the young man thought he could overcome the great chief. He at once went to where he saw the Giant Octopus playing on the surface of the water. Taking the small canoe he paddled out to it. Just before he got close, he put the crystal into his mouth. Then he became invisible and went to the playing monster and hooked it by its beak and paddled to shore. He struggled with the Octopus for a long while and then overcame it. Then he went up into his father-in-law's house, saying, "Send down your slaves, I have caught for you the very large Octopus which you crave." The chief was now defeated, and his daughter was very happy.

The young man became very lonesome for his own people, so he kept to his sleeping place and would not eat. The great chief asked his daughter, "What ails my son-in-law, that he will not eat?"

"He is lonesome to see his own people," his daughter replied.

"This can easily be done. Tell him he will see his people in a few days. I shall gather enough food to provide for your wants for a long while. His village is near by. Go and comfort him!"

The young woman was glad, and going to where her husband was lying, she said, "Come, make preparations, for my father is to return you to your people, and I shall go with you." The young man was happy.

At once the great chief began making preparations. He opened the hole in the corner of his house and dipped his huge dip-net in through the hole. He caught a huge quantity of spring salmon and halibut and dried

them. Then he caught seals and sea-lions in the same way, and his slaves took these and dried them. When everything was ready, he said to his daughter, "Tell my son that to-morrow he shall return to his people, and you will go with him. You will take all of this food which I have prepared, and it shall be your provisions. It will last you a long time." There were only small bundles, but a great many of them.

Next morning, when it was scarcely daylight, the young man was awakened by his wife, "Come, we are ready to go to your village. Why do you sleep? The canoes are loaded, and we wait for you."

The young man went down. As soon as he stepped into the canoe, it began to move as if it were alive. Soon it was travelling very fast. The island where they had lived was lost sight of, and they saw mountain tops appearing in the distance. The young man began to recognize the mountains, and he knew he was nearing his home.

Just as the day was ending, the canoe landed below the village. But he hardly recognized his own people. Although he thought he had been away only a few days, he had been gone for many years. As each day was a year, his old parents had long been dead, and his uncles were very aged. So he made himself known, when he came into his uncle's house, saying, "It is I, Asaralyæn, who went with the young prince who was taken by the salmon. Now I have returned with my wife to my own people. Send slaves down to unload my canoe and bring up the food."

Slaves went and took the bundles of food from the canoe, and as soon as the bundles were placed on the beach, they became immense, each bundle filling a house. Thus there was now much food at a time when the people were starving and facing a famine.

As his absence had been prolonged, his companions were now aged. He then took his place as a chief among his people, and he told them, "One of the reasons that you are always having famines among you is that you do not respect the game and fish that you kill. Often you mistreat them after killing them. When you have finished eating the flesh of game or fish, you must burn all the bones." The chief then went on, "It was the Salmon who took away the prince who was my friend and whom I accompanied when he was taken away by them. It was while I was at the country of the salmon that I was told what to do and was cautioned not to mistreat the remains of fish or game." The young man taught his people all that he had learned in the Salmon country. He was a great hunter, using the crystal to make himself invisible. Thus he was able to approach the game and kill it easily.

The people now were very wealthy, as the young man, who was always hunting, was able to supply all the food for his tribe. He was a very handsome man, and all of the women were set upon making love to him, but he paid no attention to them.

Every day he would go to the water hole of the village and draw water for his wife to drink. As he returned with her drinking bucket, she would take a plume she always wore on her head and immerse it in the water.

Upon seeing that it was pure, she would drink of it. Every day she did this without her husband knowing why it was done.

One day, he met a very beautiful woman at the water hole and said, "I want to have you."

The woman said, "Maybe your wife will be angry."

"No one will let her know," he answered.

After he had taken her, he drew a drinking bucketful of water for his wife. When he entered the house, he put the water before her, and she took the plume she wore in her hair and put it into the water. It became slimy and mucky. She cried out, "You have been unfaithful! Why do you pretend to love me and then meet another woman? Because of this I must go back to my own country on the sea." So saying, she gathered her garments about her and, weeping, left the house.

The young man, realizing that his wife was now leaving him in earnest, followed her, saying, "Come back, I am sorry for what I did. Come back, my wife!"

But the Woman-out-to-Sea, who was still weeping, cried out, "Go back, go back to the one you are in love with. If you do not go back, I will look back, and you shall perish." The woman came to the water's edge, and she went on walking on the water. The young man followed after her until they were now some distance from shore. The woman kept warning her husband, "Go back, go back to the one you love. If you don't, I shall look back and you shall perish."

The young man would not listen. He said, "Come, my dear wife, come back to me!"

Again she gave warning to him, "Go back, go back to the one you love. If you don't, then I will look back, and you shall perish." To these warnings the young man paid no heed; so in the end she turned about and said, "You will never learn to obey me." As she looked back, the young man sank into the water and disappeared.

The young Woman-out-to-Sea entered her father's house and, still crying, went to her sleeping place. She wept all night, and the chief, her father, became annoyed at his daughter's weeping. He asked, "Why do you weep? Have you become ill?" So saying, he grew angry.

His daughter replied, "I have caused my husband to perish, and now I regret it, as I love him and want him."

"Well, we shall see what can be done." So he took his huge dip-net and went to the corner of his house. Putting this dip-net down into the hole, he began to fish about with it. After a long while, he brought up his dip-net. In it were human bones. He laid them on the floor. Then he kept on searching until he had gathered all of the bones he could find. These he now arranged on the floor, joining them together in their proper place. Then he covered up the skeleton and jumped over it three times. When he finished, the bones began to move as if coming to life. The great chief uncovered them and behold, the young man was awakening as if from a

sleep. When the young woman saw that her husband had come back to life, she stopped crying and took him to her sleeping place. She had forgiven him. This is the end.

The Steelhead Salmon and the Child, by Edmund Patalas, Tsimtsyan, of Hartley Bay. Recorded by William Beynon in 1949.¹

The Gidestsu tribe [of the southern Tsimtsyan], who were living in the vicinity of Laredo Channel, were then gathering salmon in the midst of the salmon season. Among the fish which the Gispewudwade chief Rhæng caught was a very large Steelhead salmon (*Melit*). He put it in his canoe and then headed for his camp. As he landed, his wife came down with her mussel-shell knife (large mussels were hardened by heating and were ground until they were sharp and hard). With this shell knife she opened the salmon, and a child struggled out of its belly. The woman quickly placed it between her legs, called out that she was with child, and was then taken to the chief's house. The chief was very happy, because his wife had given birth to a child, as they were aged and had no children.

The child, who was a boy, grew up very rapidly, and the chief chose eight boys of his age who were to be his companions. They were held responsible for his welfare. The young prince, one day, said to his companions, "Let us make a hut on the sand bar at the mouth of the stream, and try to snare eagles to gather eagle feathers and down." There was always a big demand for these, as they were used in all the social events as symbols of peace.

When they had made the snare, the young prince took his companions with him and said, "I will go outside the hut while you sit inside, and will try and catch the eagles. Do not look out while I am there. Should you look, it may be dangerous for me."

Every day they did this and captured a large number of eagles. The prince's companions wanted to know how he managed to catch the birds. So that, one day, when he went out and the others sat inside, one of them, more curious than the others, peeked out of the entrance and saw a big spring salmon wiggling on the sand bar. At the same time, an eagle swooped down and grasped the salmon by the throat and killed it. The spring salmon then changed into the young prince again, but he was dead.

The companions went up to the village and informed the people of what happened. The people were saddened, and the old chief and his wife were deeply aggrieved. They chose a hidden spot to place the body in a death box at the top of a pole. Then each one of his eight companions took turns in guarding the box. This went on for some time. Then one after another gave up the watch, until only one of them was left on the watch. Even this last one was becoming weary; but, as he had been the bosom companion of the dead prince while the prince was alive, he had said to him, "Should anything ever happen to me, take this pebble and put it in your mouth. Then I shall be with you at once." So his favourite companion carried this pebble with him at all times.

¹ An extract of this narrative was quoted in *Totem Poles*, I: 176.

One night, the watching companion had been asleep when he suddenly awoke at the distant sound of canoe folk paddling and speaking. He sat up and saw a canoe in the dusk approaching towards the burial pole of the prince, where he was sitting. Then he heard the steersman say, "This is the place where they put our brother. We will land, and you in the bow run up and hurry him down as we must not tarry here." This messenger paid no attention to the young guardian at the foot of the burial post. The prince now came out of the burial box and slid down and went by his bosom companion as if he were not there.

This greatly mystified the young guardian, who said to the prince, "My master, I am here! Why don't you speak to me?" But the prince went on as if he did not hear him. He followed, and they all went into the canoe. The guardian followed the prince wherever he went, as he was determined to know what happened to him. Even when he stepped into the canoe, nobody paid any attention to him. There he saw that all in the canoe, even the prince, wore red collars around their necks.

In the canoe the steersman said, "Let us start off at once." So the canoe began to travel fast, while the prince sat in the middle with his bosom companion beside him.

After they had travelled many days and nights without a stop, they came to a beautiful village. The house-front paintings were as if alive. When the canoe was going past this village, the villagers there shouted out to the passing canoe, "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes, he is with us," was the reply. This was the village of the Steel-head Salmon (*Melit*).

They went on, and later another village appeared. Many people lived in it. It was the village of the Sockeye (*Mesaw*); and, as they were passing by, those standing on the shore called out to the canoe, "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes, he is here with us."

The canoemen, keeping on travelling, came to another village, that of the Cohoe (*Werh*), and the same question was asked, "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes, he is here with us," was the reply.

Not far from the village, they came upon another. Here the young man saw that all those on the shore were humpbacks, for this was the Humpback Salmon village (*Stemawm*). Farther on, they came upon the most beautiful village of all. It was the Dog-Salmon village (*Ganees*), and all of the people there wore beautiful coloured garments. At each of the villages, the house-front paintings were very bright and as if alive. At the *Ganees* village, the same thing was asked, "Did you get what you went for?"

"Yes, he is with us in the canoe."

They travelled on farther, until they came to what seemed to be the head of this river, and a great village stood here. In the middle of many

houses was a larger one. All had house-front paintings, and many small children were playing at the water's edge. Then the canoe put in to this village. When they landed, brightly dressed men ran down and greeted the young prince, saying, "Here prince, here master, your father the chief has been waiting a long while for you." Now this really was why they had sent for him on the Skeena. Nobody paid any attention to his companion.

The great chief, who had been sick, was very nearly dead. The reason was that at the village where the woman had found the salmon with the big belly and with the boy inside, she had hoarded a portion of spring salmon in the bottom of her salmon box. She was a miser and would not give it away, although this was a time of want. She only ate a small part of it at a time. Then the salmon season had come, and she had forgotten about the half of a salmon left over from last season. The great Salmon chief himself, who had been caught and only half eaten, had fallen ill and would so remain until the other half was eaten. For this reason, the Spring Salmon *hallait* had sent on the young prince to the village, and there he had eaten, together with his companions, the remains of the spring salmon in the salmon box. Immediately, the Spring Salmon chief had recovered his health. So when the prince's work was finished, the chief had sent the canoers for his nephew's return.

Of this the young companion heard them speak when he was in the chief's house, but still nobody paid any attention to him. He roamed about and could not talk to anybody. He tried to speak to various ones, but no one heeded him. He was getting very hungry and had no food. He had been away two years, and he was now starving. Suddenly, remembering the pebble which the prince had given him, he took it out and put it in his mouth. As soon as he did this, the prince recognized him and said, "What are you doing here? Where did you come from?"

The companion answered, "You know that I had promised your father that I would follow you wherever you would go. So when your people came for you I followed, but no one heeded me. I am now very hungry, for I have not eaten since I arrived."

"It is very easy to get food here. See those children playing. Take your club and hit one on the head, and then roast its flesh over the fire. When you have finished eating, gather all the crumbs and remnants, and burn them in the fire."

The young man took his club, went to the beach where many children were playing, and he knocked one on the head. The boy then turned into a small spring salmon, which he cleaned, burning the insides, and then he roasted the flesh. After eating, he threw the remnants into the fire, and the boy became alive again. But he went into the chief's house crying, "I have lost my eye; I have lost my eye!"

The prince then came to his companion and said, "You are the cause of that boy's torment. Go back to the spot where you have eaten and see if you can find an eye. If so, burn it." His friend did so, and as soon as he found the eye; he burned it, and the boy's grief was cured.

For many days the companion remained here. Then he began to feel lonely for his own people. He was very sad and would sometimes lie abed

and have nothing to do with anybody. Finally, the prince asked him, "What is the matter, my friend? You look so sad."

"I am thinking of the people of my own village. I am longing for them."

"I wonder how I can get you back home but will find a way. I will do all I can to help you."

One day the prince came to the young man in great haste and said, "I have found a way to send you home. My uncle has a great *narhnorh*, who is called Woman-of-the-Sea (*Ksem-giyæks*). She has great powers and has killed everyone who married her. I will tell you how to get her. You walk to the place where my uncle sits. Then catch him by the red collar around his neck and tell him that you want to marry Woman-of-the-Sea. He will promise you much wealth if you will let him go, but do not pay any attention to this promise. Squeeze harder by the collar. Next, he will promise other things, but keep on squeezing, and insist upon marrying Woman-of-the-Sea. As this *narhnorh* is his best supernatural aide, he does not want to let her go. But in the end, when he consents, you release your hold of his throat. Then he will sit you next to Woman-of-the-Sea. Now that you own her, you must also overcome her, because she also has great power." The prince explained to his companion what this power was, and left him [the *vagina dentata* theme].

The young man made his preparations and was happy at the thought that he would be able soon to go back to his own people. When he was ready, he went into the house of the great chief, sitting at the rear, and then said: "Chief, great chief, I want to marry Woman-of-the-Sea, the one you most treasure, but I want her."

The chief did not speak for a long while. Finally he said, "No, I cannot let you have her, as I treasure her greatly."

The young man then reached out and held the chief by the throat, gradually increasing the pressure of his hand. The great chief, gasping for breath, called out, "Release me, and I will make you wealthy." The young man would not heed this, but he squeezed harder. The chief then called out, "Release me, and I will make of you a powerful *hallait*." The young man paid no attention but squeezed the throat harder. When the chief felt that he was getting weak, he called out, "So be it, you can marry Woman-of-the-Sea, but release me!" The young man then let go, and the chief recovered his strength. He called out, "Spread a mat here and bring out Woman-of-the-Sea, so that she may sit with her husband."

The attendants led out *Ksem-giyæks*, who was a very beautiful woman. She sat on the mat beside the young companion of the prince. They were now married in the midst of a great feast. That night she and the young man retired to their sleeping place [the *vagina dentata* is developed here].

Next day the great chief found out that she had been completely overcome. So he said to Woman-of-the-Sea, "You will now go to your own country with your husband."

They set off to the island home of *Ksem-giyæks*. This was far out to sea where only one house stood on an island. At the end of the house

was a trap door, which the woman opened. Taking her dip-net, she reached down and captured halibut, seals, or any other sea food she wanted. There were also plenty of fur animals there. Woman-of-the-Sea caught all she wanted of these.

Soon again the young man grew lonesome for his own country, and one day he was thinking to himself, "I wonder how my people are. I would like to see them."

As he did, his wife turned about and said, "Do not be so sad, you will see your people again, we will go there soon. Then you will be happy."

A few days later, a canoe was beached below the house, and there were many paddlers within. The canoemen came up and brought down the food in large quantities. As each of the crew carried the food down, Woman-of-the-Sea would rub it on the bottom of the canoe until it disappeared so that the men went on loading the canoe all day. Finally, when all the food was down, the young man could hardly see any food in the canoe, and he was astonished. His wife placed robes on the bottom of the canoe and said to her husband, "When you hear strange noises, do not look out. It would bring on a storm if you did."

The young man was covered up by his wife, and she kept him hidden. He felt the canoe pulling off the beach, and then he heard the calling of young brants or young geese. After he had heard this, they landed on the shore. Then the woman said to her husband, "We have now come to your home. Go up and meet your people!"

The young man, whom everyone had thought dead, came to the house of his uncle, who was at first afraid, thinking he was a ghost; but when he realized that he was alive, he said, "Where have you come from? We have mourned you as lost."

"My wife stands outside," the young man answered.

The chief said to his slaves, "Go and bring in my daughter-in-law."

She was brought in and seated at the rear of the house. Then the servants began packing the food, and soon the chief's house was full to the ceiling. Then they began to fill all the other houses as well with food. Soon all of the houses in the village were full. They were very happy, and the young man would not let his wife do any of the work other women do. His wife, on her side, would not drink any water except that which her husband himself drew at the water hole. When he carried her bucket to her, she took a feather she always kept on her head, and dipped it in the water, which would stay very clear. And, quite pleased, she would drink of it.

There were other women in this village who had been intimate with the young man before he had gone away with the young prince. They still longed to meet him, but at first the young man disregarded their advances.

One day, there came to the watering place a young woman who had been his former sweetheart. Meeting him, she said, "You do not care for me any more, now that you brought in that woman who comes from where no one knows. Come, embrace me as you used to do."

The young man, who had been holding against these advances, finally gave in and embraced her. After this, he filled the bucket at the waterhole and took it back to his wife. As usual, she dipped the feather from her head into the water. The water became slimy, and the feather was covered with muck. Woman-of-the-Sea at once began to weep, and she said, "You are lying to me when you say you love me. There are other women whom you prefer to me. So I must go back to my own home, where none will shame me."

The young man, who had grown to love his wife, followed her out, begging her to remain. But all she would say was, "Go back to the one you love!" So saying, she went out onto the sea and walked on its surface. She went away out, and the young man followed after her. She, without looking back, called to him, "Go back, or I will look at you, and then you will drown." But he would not listen. When they were both away out to sea—walking on its surface—the young woman turned about and looked at her husband. As she did, he disappeared into the water.

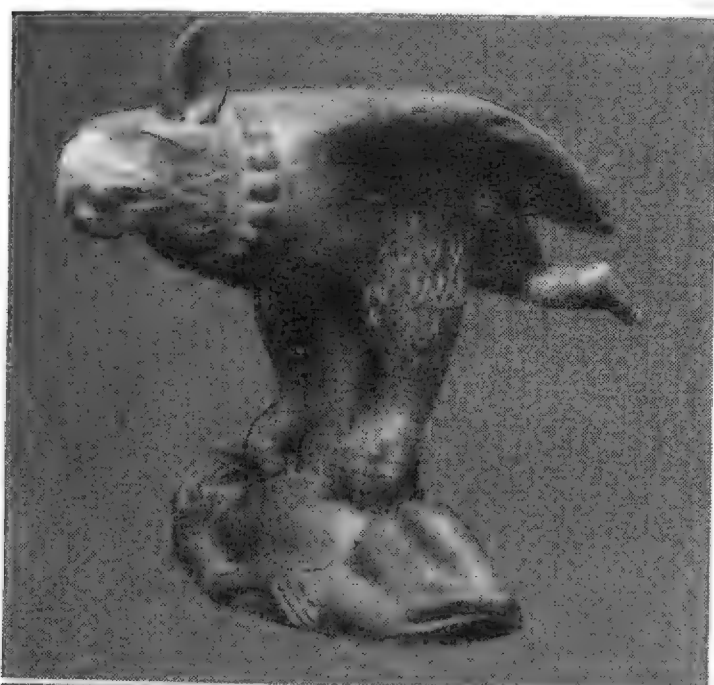
Ksem-giyæks then went back to her island home, and she felt very sad and sorry that she had lost her husband. So she opened the trap door of her house, and looking about into the water, she took her dip-net and retrieved the bones, one by one, of her husband and laid them on the floor of the house. Placing them all together, she saw that only a shin bone was missing. She tried for a long while to recover the shin bone but was unable to find it. So she took the leg bone of the large eagle and put this in place of the regular bone. That is why today the people have slender shin bones. When she had finished putting the bones into the right place, she jumped over the body, and soon her husband came to life. Here they lived, remaining by themselves.

Illustrations

285. Argillite flute with bone inlays, showing the Salmon with a medicine-man inside. He holds a round rattle in his right hand and wears an *ambelan* (apron) and a pointed head-dress. Picked up in 1905 by Captain Berry at Los Angeles or elsewhere in California; then acquired by Axel Rasmussen for his private collection. Now belongs in the Alaska Historical Library and Museum, at Juneau, Alaska. May be attributed to George Gunya, carver and player of flutes, at Skidegate (20½ inches long. N.M.C., 102079).
286. The young man inside the Salmon, in a high relief carving in an oval argillite dish. His paraphernalia—apron (*ambelan*) and crown—show that he was a medicine man. His eyes are closed, and he is chanting an incantation. Inlays the abalone shell and whale bone decorate the carvings. This is from the hands of one of the best Haida carvers, perhaps George Gunya. An informant (Mrs. Tulip, of Skidegate) thought it was the work of her uncle Charley Edensaw (In the Rev. W. E. Collison's private collection, Prince Rupert. N.M.C., 1939: 87474, 87475).
287. In an oval plate of argillite, the young man is inside the Salmon, but here only his face is showing. Two whales are engraved in the background. Shell insets in the rim of the dish. Quite possibly by Charley Edensaw. Henry Young recognized this as an illustration of the "Qagwaai story of Cape St. James". (Museum of the University of British Columbia. N.M.C., 87357).

CARRIED AWAY, LIKE GANYMEDE, BY THE EAGLE

A mythical bird of Arabia was so powerful that it bore off elephants to feed its young (47). This fabulous dweller of the air, of whom we first learn in the Arabian Nights and the folk tales of the European nations, is known under various names. He is the Roc or Rock, Ruc, Rukh that plays a prominent part in Persian legends (48) and in the mythology of the East. In ancient Greece his name was Ganymede, the son of Tros and most beautiful of mortals, who was carried off by the gods—by Zeus himself in the form of an Eagle. He was the subject of a bronze group by the Athenian sculptor Leochares (49).



288. Man carried by Eagle.

Like other such themes of great antiquity, the Ganymede or Roc story spread from Asia to prehistoric America¹. We find it among the Tsimshyan and Haida of the North Pacific Coast, and at least two Haida carvers, like Leochares, have illustrated it in argillite carvings. As an example of this myth among the Tsimshyan, here is the story of the Woman of the Fugitive clan of Gitrhahla—elsewhere a man or a few children are carried away by the Eagle.²

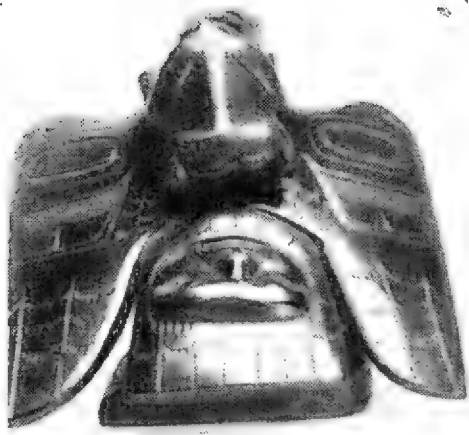
A woman of this clan belonging to the Gitrhahla tribe married a Haida and lived many years with him. She became lonesome for her own people, whom she wanted to visit. When her father-in-law saw her weeping, he asked her, "What are you crying for?"

She replied, "I am longing for my father and mother."

As he was a supernatural being (*narhnorh*), he could tell her, "Your village is not very far off. This Hawk will take you back there. But you must not look out when he is carrying you on his back, while flying." The

¹ It also spread from France to French Canada, where it occurs in folk tales.

² *Totem Poles*, I: 92.



289. Frog carried by Eagle.

out and with the ear of a quadruped, carrying in his talons a man lying down and crying, his mouth wide open. The bird is wearing a necklace and holding an unknown object in his beak. A strange feature is the human leg jutting out of the rear of the Eagle as if to imply that the bird is part human (as are all supernatural beings). It may be attributed to Louis Collison or Thomas Collison, carvers of Skidegate (Plate 288).

Hawk then placed her under one of his wings and travelled through the air over the waters.

Close to their destination, the Hawk told her, "Hide your face; you must not look as we land at your home." But the woman was in doubt as to whether the bird could carry her all the way. She pried the feathers of the wing open and looked out. That is why the bird lost its power and glided down in spite of itself to the surface of the sea, a little before reaching the seashore, and all it could do was to keep the head of the woman above the water until it reached an island called Larhah near Gitrahla.

Later the people discovered her there, and she remained for good among her own people. The Hawk was taken for the crest of Lutkudzamti but never used on totem poles, only in the myth of the household.

In a remarkable carving of reddish argillite at the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, we see the Eagle, with wings spread



290. Garment with split Eagle.

Another argillite carving, of a later date, shows the Eagle with wings outspread, carrying the Frog on his back; the Frog being the symbol of the ancestress Dzelarhons. A human face appears on the back, but it may be purely decorative (Plate 289). At least two other argillite pieces, one an early panel and the other a Chapman carving, use the same theme.

Illustrations

288. Group of reddish argillite carved to represent the Eagle or mythical bird with wings spread out, carrying a man in his talons; a human leg juts out of his body (Peabody Museum, Harvard University. $7\frac{1}{2}''$ x $10''$ x $7''$. R/184, Rindje Collection, received in 1894-96).
289. The Frog being carried on the Eagle's back, in an argillite carving (The Rev. W. E. Collison's Collection, Prince Rupert. *Ca.* 10 inches high. N.M.C., 1939, 87268, 87269).
290. Chasuble of a Tlingit chief of an Eagle clan in Alaska, representing the Eagle in red-flannel appliquéd on a cotton background (The Portland Art Museum. Possibly from the Axel Rasmussen Collection, of Wrangell, Alaska. N.M.C., 1951, 7-2)

ARGILLITE POLES WITH CRESTS AND MYTHIC ANIMALS

The growth of heraldry on the North Pacific Coast coincides with that of the art which served it as a medium, and it cannot be said to be ancient or prehistoric. Archæologists have failed so far to unearth anything like the present totems under any form. The stone and bone carvings and the rock engravings found in some places, when they are old, are on the whole of a different type—formless or resembling those discovered elsewhere on our continent. The only exceptions are the non-totemic "sasaw" carvings of the Haida and Niskæ (Tsimshian), and they are few and late—apparently all after 1820. They belong to the fur-trade period and were produced as curios for the white traders.

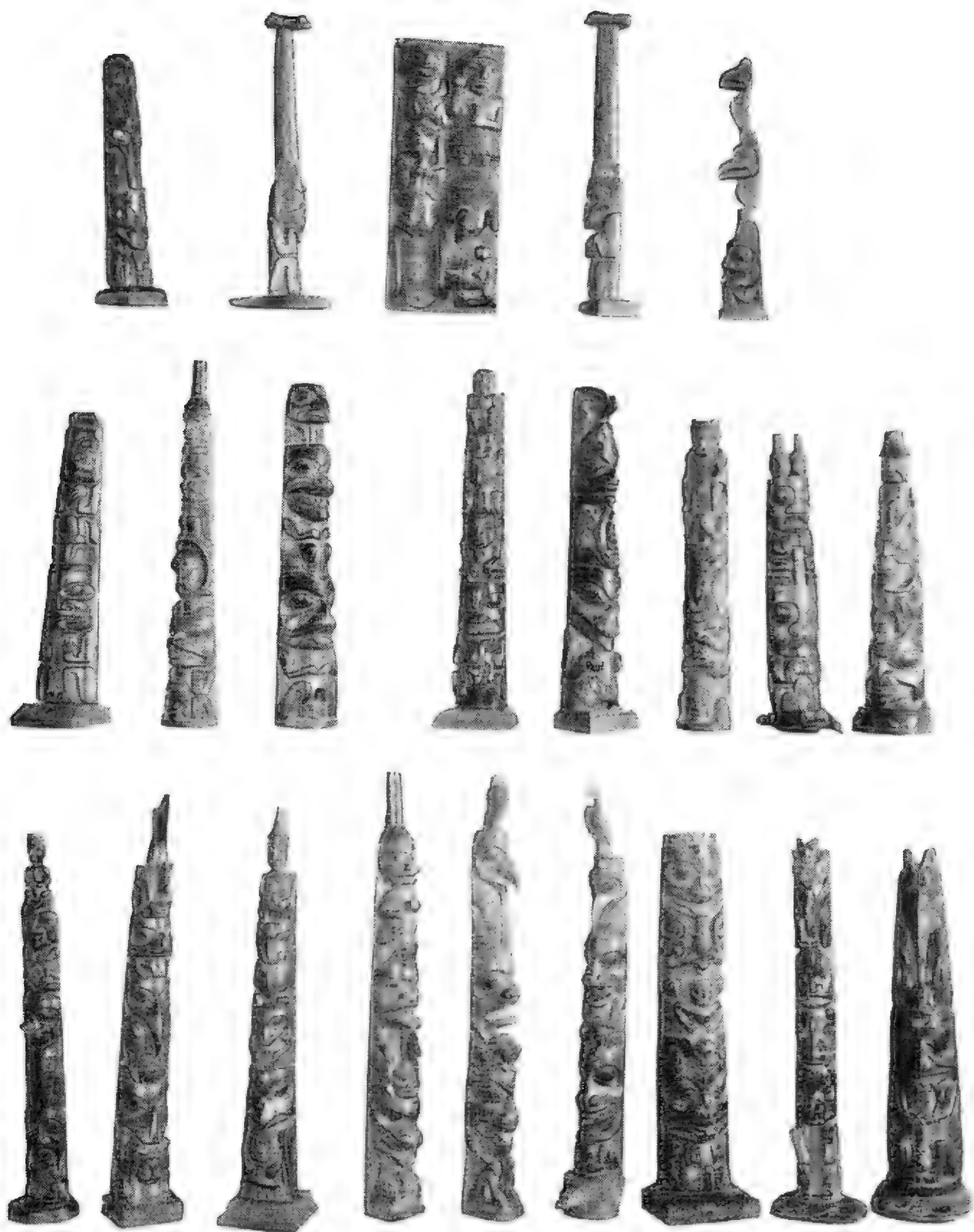
The generation of woodcarvers working from 1860 to 1890 is acknowledged by the natives to have been the best, and the evidence fully supports their opinion. The names of most of the craftsmen were recently compiled, details on their lives were recorded, and much of their work has been identified. They nearly all belonged to the Niskæ, the Tsimshian proper, the Haida, and the southern Tlingit tribes. (The argillite carvers will individually be the object of the illustrated monograph following this one.)

Some of the older tribes of the Tsimshian still remember a time when their ancestors were not totemistic. They had few, if any, emblems or crests representing totems and did not observe the rule of exogamic marriage; that is, they were not obliged to marry outside the group of totemic clans which we call a phratry. Yet the Tsimshian are now one of only three totemistic nations of the coast(50). Similar trends among the Haida in modern times were noted by Dr. J. R. Swanton when he wrote that their Eagle clans had originated on the mainland and that the Ravens must have been "the primitive Haida" who became exogamic only after the coming of the Eagles. His observations led him to suggest the theory of "a comparatively recent origin for the crest system." He concludes "that the use of the crest was introduced among the people not very long ago."(51)

THE ADOPTION OF THE TOTEM POLE BY THE SKIDEGATE ARGILLITE CARVERS

Most of the argillite totems in our museums are virtually dated; the year of their collection usually is on record. The carvers used to sell to white people in the summer whatever they had made in the previous winter months. This type of mineral carving goes back solely to the Skidegate Haida, as the only quarry of black or grey argillite used in sculpture is situated about eight or nine miles west of Skidegate village near the channel cutting the Queen Charlotte Islands into halves from east to west. The specimens of carved argillite which Poole and Swan collected in the 1870's were labelled "Skidegate."(52)

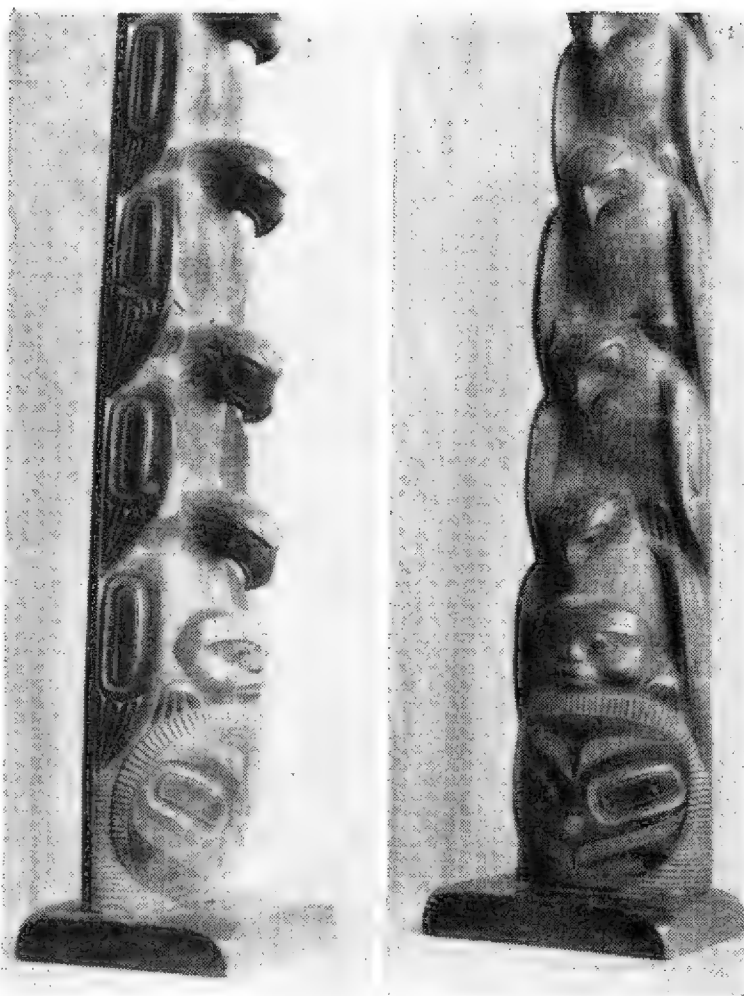
If miniature totems were trade imitations of large-size models, we should not forget that their carving and stylization, with a freer handling of figures in greater numbers, provided practice to the carvers. They could not fail to exert a marked influence on the more rigid art of heraldry in plastic form for social purposes, particularly in the heyday of the "totemic atmosphere," from 1860 to 1890.



291. Argillite poles.



292. Pole of whale bone.



293. Eagles lifting giant Clam.

The earliest argillite poles in the keeping of museums date back to the decade of 1869-79. None is contained in the large Wilkes Collection of 1836-38 at the United States National Museum, or in the oldest collections at the British Museum in London and at the Musée de l'Homme in Paris. The first thirteen poles we have seen at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, are listed for 1869 or thereabouts, under the name of 'heraldic columns,' as having been collected by J. W. Powell, a British Columbia resident. Another Powell Collection—acquired ten years later, in 1879, by the National Museum of Canada—contains a small set of similar poles. During the same period, the specimens that predominate are statuettes, pipes, flutes, plates, and cups of the same materials.

The most archaic specimens at the National Museum of Canada were collected apparently at Skidegate after 1870 for S. H. Harris, an official of the Hudson's Bay Company in London, and about 1874 by James Richardson of the Geological Survey of Canada. Richardson's set of eleven pieces includes only two totems. In the early 1870's, the argillite poles were not only exceptional but non-totemic and obviously derivative in content. It was only after 1880 that this type of carving reached its fullness and maturity with a few master carvers of Skidegate, and with Charley Edensaw of Massett, who had his training with his uncles at Skidegate. For instance, miniature poles are not heavily represented in the collections



294. Man trying to escape giant Clam.

of the Museum of the American Indian in New York, in the three Peabody museums at Yale, Harvard, and Salem, and at the Sheldon Jackson Museum, of Sitka, Alaska. Compared with other models, the totems remained in the minority until after 1900. Only at the turn of the century did they rapidly gain ground in the trade, finally to absorb the whole field. The cripple Chapman of Massett, a leading contributor in the first part of this century, carved small totem poles and little else, as the few surviving craftsmen of the present day have done (Plate 291).

An exceptional example is a small totem pole carved out of a bone of a whale and preserved at the Marine Museum at Mystic, Connecticut. It represents the Raven and two Grizzly Bears and must have been carved for a New England captain by a Haida or a Tlingit on board a whaling ship. And its right berth is where it is, in a scrimshaw collection (Plate 292).

THE EARLY NON-TOTEMIC "SASAW" POLES

Three of the oldest argillite poles at the National Museum of Canada, dated 1870-74, are non-totemic and purely derivative. They reproduce the elaborate figures then familiar on wooden *hasærh* or rattles, which the Nass River craftsmen carved for their own chiefs and for the heads of foreign tribes up and down the coast. Among the exquisite specialties of Niskæ art for ceremonial purposes, these *hasærh* rattles consist of an ovoid provided with a handle carved out of hard and resonant maple, hollow inside and containing round shot. When shaken they produce a crisp noise, which marked the rhythm of the songs of chieftainship and accompanied stately dances. For this reason they formed part of the regalia of every high chief.

The bird decorating these rattles was named Sasaw. In spite of a certain likeness, it is not identified as the Raven, and the other bird face with a hooked beak on the breast of the Sasaw is not the Thunderbird, nor does the mask resting on the tail of the "Sasaw" represent either the Mosquito or the Woodpecker, as one might believe. And no one knows the meaning of the slender tongue protruding from the mouth of the Frog (or a bird) and extending to that of the human being resting on the back of the "Sasaw." No one consulted as yet has been able to explain these intriguing figures; yet everyone agrees that they are not meant for crests. They are merely decorative and can be used by any chief on the mainland and the islands, whether of the Raven or the Eagle phratry. The tongue-protruding motif originally may have come from the Melanesian world and the South Seas, as it is found there in wood carvings.

The Sasaw and some accessories were almost bodily transferred as patterns to the three oldest argillite poles at the National Museum of Canada; these were collected in the early 1870's by Harris and Richardson.

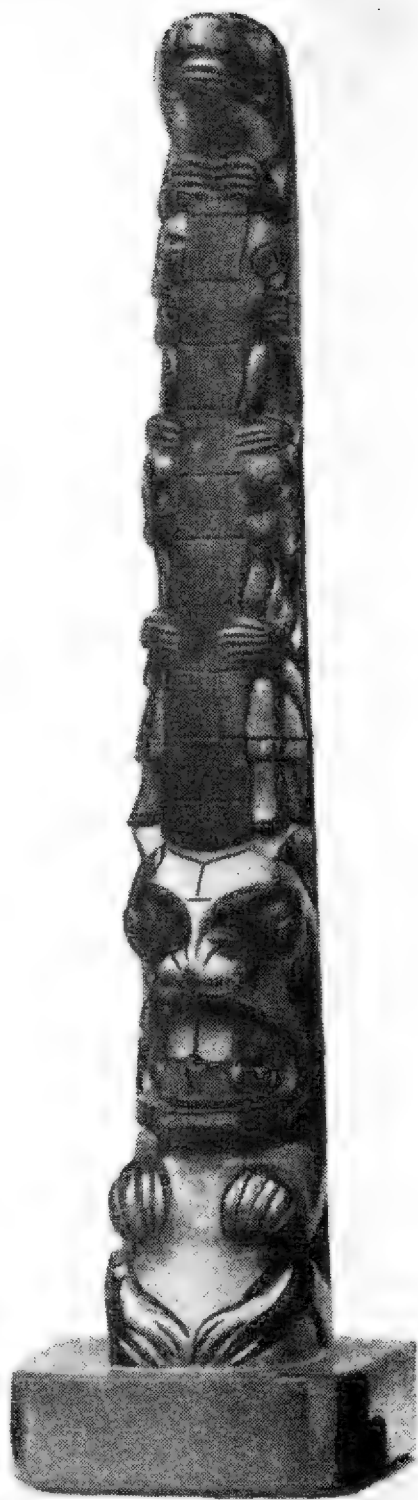
On two of these poles, the protruding tongue is repeated twice with different figures. Once, the tongue, running like an arched bridge from the mouth of the small Bear, is received by the larger Sasaw bird; lower on the same pole, the tongue passes from the mouth of the big Grizzly Bear to the puny Frog. At the top of the second pole, the tongue connects the impressive Sasaw with a receptive human figure leaning backwards; and, in the lower half, the tongue reaches from a small animal head to the hands of a large man out of whose mouth a frog issues, head first. In the third pole, collected perhaps ten years later by Powell, the tongue motif is utilized only once, in the centre of the shaft. A human-like face with a short protruding tongue is at the bottom, and at the top a Haida chief sits, wearing a tall hat with four disks resembling an old-fashioned stovepipe.

In all three carvings, the undercutting is as deep and penetrating as in the wooden rattles, although the work in argillite must have been far more difficult because of the brittle material. Infinite patience was required to complete the task without severing the delicate limbs from their points of attachment. In the two older poles, the shaft is an imitation of the house portals, with a hollow back and an oval entrance into the feast house. It is cleverly mortised and glued into a separate base. The bevelled sides of the semi-oval base, in a few instances, are engraved with a row of petals or semi-circles, or with dents or godroons and a border line. In some specimens, the shaft is only glued upon the base, which is decorated less elaborately with parallel zigzag lines (Plates 298, 301, 302, 303, 304, 306, and others).

MYTHICAL BEINGS AND CRESTS

Most of the totems which the Haida used on their poles, house posts, and ceremonial equipment found their way into the trade of argillite carving. Many illustrate myths and tales (as we have seen in the preceding chapters), and one theme in a single specimen occupies the field to the exclusion of others, but by no means always. The carvers were not held strictly to the rule of using only the crests of their own clan, yet public opinion on the whole curbed them in the infringement of the rights of other clans. Permission was assumed that a craftsman, who inherited his patrimony from the mother, could also draw from his father's stock in trade.

In a period of hand-to-hand trading and casual relations with souvenir hunters at trading posts and the white-man's coastal towns, the tendency of



295. Tree of the Flood.



296. Beaver, Bear, *skils*, and Frog.

the carvers was to drift away from custom and taboo. So the crests were appropriated more or less at random, the more so since the makers usually hid their production from their contemporaries and competitors. The proof of this is found in the carvings illustrated and, more so still, in those shown in the plates from 291 to 328.

Further examples of the myths previously explained can be seen in the following illustrations (most of them mixed with other themes on the same totem poles):

Dzelarhons or Frog Woman (Plate 301);
 Bear Mother (Plates 314, 316, 325, 326);
 Bear and Frog (Plate 311);
 Raven and Sun, Raven and Whale, Raven and his Son (Plate 314);
 Raven and Frog (Plates 313, 318, 320);
 Raven and Shark Woman (Plate 322);
 Raven and Halibut (Plate 325);
 Thunderbird and Whale (Plate 314);
 Orpheus and Whale theme (Plate 321);
 Beaver and Man (Plate 314).

MIXED TOTEMS

Mixed totems and figures are found in the following plates:
 Frog (Plates 301, 311);
 Long tongue protruding (Plates 298, 301, 303, 316);
 Bear, and Bear with long protruding tongue (Plates 303, 312 to 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 328);
 Raven (Plates 302, 305, 306, 315, 319, 327);
 Eagle (Plates 312, 314, 325 to 327);

Beaver (Plates 302, 306 to 310, 312 to 315, 318 to 321, 323, 326); Shark and Shark-Woman (Plates 302, 308, 310, 322, 323, 326); Killer-Whale (Plates 306, 308, 314, 319, 321, 325, 326, 328); Bird unidentified (Plates 298, 304, 313); *Skils* or disks on hat (Plates 307 to 309)

TOTEMS OR CRESTS
EXPLAINED

The Eagle

In the past century, the Eagle as a clan emblem on the North Pacific Coast has enjoyed greater prestige than any other totem. It often figures on the totem poles of the three leading nations in the north — the Tlingit, the Tsimshyan, and the Haida — and it made its appearance, mostly after 1870, in the argillite carvings.

The Eagle was the heraldic symbol common to all the clan members of the Fugitive or Hagenoot Eagles, who were migrating in large dug-out canoes down the coast, apparently since the arrival in Alaska in 1741 of the earliest Russians. In six or seven generations, the native

297. Beaver and men.

Eagles overran the older clans of the three coastal nations and eventually spread to the Kwakiutl farther south.

Of a bold and aggressive stock, these migrating Eagles once had fought for their lives against their former partners, the Wolves,



298. Sasaw pole.





299. Portal poles of argillite.



← 300. Portal pole.

301. Tongue-
protruding motif. →





302. Shark, Raven, Beaver.

who also came from the north—traveling down the Stikine River to the coast and then on southward. When on their trek the Eagles were confronted with earlier occupants, a more primitive people. They made friends with them or quickly subdued them. Incessant feuds, in the early days of the sea-coast trade with the Russians, the British, and the Americans, after 1780, were the result of their ambitions and their conflicts with the Wolf and Raven clans. These people were proceeding south, like them, and fighting their way into coveted hunting grounds and fishing stations. Many thrilling episodes of tribal migrations and warfare are still preserved in traditional narratives and illustrated in carvings, some of them totemic-like and others merely pictorial.

Good examples of this tendency to incorporate migration and war stories in native art are provided by the Niskæ tribes and the villagers of the neighbouring islands. Not a few of the finest totem poles of the lower Nass, from 50 to 80 feet high, belong to the Eagles, and the argillite carvings of Skidegate and Massett reflect the same familiar concepts.

The best illustration of this type is Charley Edensaw's chain of flying Eagles pulling a man off a trap at the edge of the sea in front of Skedans. This is a local variant of the widely diffused theme known to folklorists under the caption of "Tar Baby": several rescuers stick to one another in a magical chain and are being dragged down or up to their doom

until they meet with an unexpected good turn. The Haida variant of this story was known to Edensaw, who gave a version of it to Dr. Franz Boas and carved it in the form of an exquisite argillite pole.

At the bottom of this carved column, the mythic Clam, whose name is Stan, is closing its valves upon the nephew of the town chief, who was caught when looking for salmon. All but swallowed by the monster, the young man was barely able to keep his head outside the powerful valves. On the shell is engraved a human-like face, with eyes, eyebrows, nostrils, and mouth, and the edge is decorated with godroons which would suffice to identify Edensaw's personal touch. Several Eagles flying, heads bent down and

wings half-spread, hold on to each other and to the man, whom they are trying to raise from the sea. This tale, as recorded among the Haida, was published by Dr. J. R. Swanton, in his "Haida Texts" (53).

A carving of the same type illustrates the tradition of the northern Eagle clan migrating down the sea-coast. One day long ago, as the chief's nephew was wading in the water at low tide, his feet unexpectedly were caught by Stan, the monster Clam, who began to swallow him. An Eagle flew down to the young man, and grasping his shoulders, he tried to pull him out of the monster's clutch. But the rescuer too was dragged down. While the tide was swiftly rising, the Eagle kinsmen stood helpless and aggrieved on the shore. Another Eagle rushed to the assistance of the bird and the man, and was also pulled down into the sea. More Eagles from aloft scurried in vain to the rescue, holding each other up in a chain, until the old mother of all the Eagles used her magic powers and at last managed to save her brood and their human protégé (Plate 293).

As the Haida version is an adaptation of an episode in the myth of southward migrations, and the main crests of the Eagle clan are explained in this myth, reference must be made here to the long narrative recorded in 1927 from the old chief Mountain at Kincolith at the mouth of the Nass, and given elsewhere.¹ The supernatural experiences in this traditional account explain from a native point of view the main crests of the Eagle clans in the three northern nations of the sea-coast. These crests are as follows: the Eagle, the Shark, the Eagle-Halibut, the Dragon-Fly, the Bull-Head, the Cormorant, the Octopus, Man-under-the-Water, and a few

¹ *Totem Poles*, I: 16-35.



of the clan ancestors, among them Aitl and Gunas, who are still remembered.

The memory of Gunas is preserved in dirge songs and on at least one totem pole of the lower Nass. Edensaw featured it in the argillite pole showing the Clam, its human victim, and the chain of rescuing Eagles. The Haida episode which he had in mind is not included in the original narrative of the mainland. But these figures are, nevertheless, illustrations of mythical events. And although the Clam or Stan is nowhere considered a totem, it could have been made into a totem in a feast as such, by any member of the Hagwenoot or Fugitive clan of the Eagles.

Another admirable illustration of the Clam episode is given in a small Tlingit wood carving at the Washington State Museum at Seattle. Here the hand of Aitl, the chief's nephew, who was hunting octopuses at the edge of the sea, was caught between the two valves of a huge shellfish (*kal'un*) clinging to the crevices of a rocky shore. Here is an extract of the narrative:¹

When this happens to a man he knows that he is lost, for the *kal'un* is large and deadly; it never gives up its prey. The tide was already rising. His brothers, noticing his plight, came down to his rescue but were at a loss to know what to do. The arm was caught fast. In haste they soaked a seal-stomach pouch and inflated it. They attached it to him as a float. In despair he spoke to them in Tlingit, as this was the language of our ancestors, "Cry for me!" These words he kept on repeating in the face of the on-coming tide. They have become a dirge for us, in the Tlingit: *'Hijawhæ... Cry for me!'*

While Aitl and his brothers sang this dirge, the tide rose past Aitl, and in spite of the float which was meant to make him buoyant, he was drowned. His body fell back, and it was removed by force, burnt, and his ashes were buried on the shore. This calamity made the people re-embark and paddle with more determination than ever on their way. (Plate 294)

The Eagle-Halibut as a crest appeared on some of the totem poles and the carvings of the Tsimshyan,² and Haida craftsmen also availed themselves of it in their own right. The Eagle-Halibut theme was used by the

¹ *Loc. cit.*, I: 25.

² *Loc. cit.*, I: 49. Fig. 10.



Eagle-clan carvers of Skidegate, who have lived to old age into our century, among them Tom Price and John Cross. Several wood and argillite poles of John Cross contain the Halibut dangling from the beak of the Eagle.

Another representation of the Eagle-Halibut, dated 1901, imparts to us something like a belated pipe dream. It was embodied on two corner posts of the wooden model of a feast house, carved by Charley Edensaw for Dr. J. R. Swanton (54). The model was of a large building which his uncle Albert Edward Edensaw is said to have planned for him at Kyusta but which never actually was built because of the downfall of native customs. According to the model, the three frontal poles were to be a tall portal showing Charley Edensaw's crests on his father's and mother's side: The Eagle or Bird-of-the-Air, the Grizzly Bear, Su'san or Strong Man, and the Black Whale; and two corner posts also showing mixed crests: the Eagle-Halibut, the Bullhead, and the Grizzly.

Perched at the top of two early argillite totems presumably from Skidegate, in the Powell Collection (1879) at the National Museum of Canada, is a small semi-detached figure of the Eagle with an ivory head pegged on it (which in one of the two has been lost). In these two totems, the Eagle is casually associated with the Grizzly Bear, the Raven, the Beaver, the Snag, and perhaps Man-under-the-Water. These poles were made by the same craftsman, in the earliest decade of argillite totems (Plates 303, 304).



306. Beaver, Raven, Whale.



307. Human faces.



308. Shark, Sea monster.



309. Beaver, and men.

Two other poles of the Powell Collection are different in type. Of superior quality and from the same Skidegate artist, they are like house frontals, quite wide, concave at the back, with a round hole near the base as a ceremonial entrance into the house. The Eagle's head at the top of one has a strong curved bill, partly open and hollowed inside. The two large unidentified figures under the Eagle are semi-human. They may represent Man-under-the-Water and the ancestor Gunas who drowned long ago at the Tongas Narrows (Plate 300). In the two other frontal-like poles, there are two Eagles in one (Plate 299) and possibly the ancestor Gunas in both (Plate 300).

An odd argillite column in the Powell Collection, at the National Museum of Canada (1879), differs from the other poles. Its three figures are not carved out of a single block but are made up of separate pieces pegged and glued on top of each other. Its style is reminiscent of the early panels or elaborate pipes. The two Eagles above and the human-like figure (partly bear) with projecting tongue at the bottom illustrate once more the story of the flying Eagles in a chain trying to rescue the chief's nephew from the clutch of the giant Clam (Plate 298).

The occurrences of the Eagle in totem poles and other carvings in museums are too numerous for a more comprehensive description here. In some instances, the Eagle is associated with the Bear in the Sun or in the Moon; in others, with the Raven and the Grizzly Bear; elsewhere, with the Salmon and the Killer-Whale, and other crests (Plates 312, 324 to 327).

The Eagle's talons rest upon the upper rim of the Sun or the Moon, which is filled by the head of the Bear. Or perhaps what seems to be the Sun is merely a halo surrounding the Bear's head in the manner of haloes in the Russian icons of Alaska. This occurs in two of the finest poles by Charley Edensaw, at the National Museum of Canada. The bird and the Bear, at the top of one pole, are represented realistically (Plate 146A). In the older pole, forming part of the Powell Collection (1879), it is at the centre of the composition and of larger dimensions. Quite stylistic, the body of the Eagle is clothed with feathers in neat rows of curved lines; the Eagle's face, human-like, is without a bill, and the wide mouth shows two rows of teeth in curves similar to the feathers. The curled nostrils over the band-like lips complete a fine pattern. A chief at the top wears a conical hat surmounted by the three Stistas cylinders, and the Beaver, with wide incisors, checkered tail and curled nostrils similar to the Eagle's, sits at the bottom.



310. Shark,
Beaver.

The Octopus

311. (Left) Strong-Man tale (Bear(?) and Frog).

The Octopus appears only once that we know of in an argillite pole, which is at the National Museum of Canada. Yet it is often used elsewhere, in actual totem poles of the Tsimshyan and the Tlingit, and in Haida pipes of argillite. This pole also contains the Whale with the Salmon, and the man holding onto the tail of the Whale. The face of the man at the top of the column is held between the two-pronged ends of the tail of the Whale, and his arms embrace the tapering end of the body towards the tail. The Octopus, his small pointed head down and his tentacles bunched into halves on either side, is on the back of the Whale. The Whale, whose large head almost reaches the base of the pole, holds the humpback Salmon crosswise in his mouth. A tiny blowhole is incised on the Whale's forehead. Although of good quality and of the Massett variety, this composition belongs to the 1900 phase of the craft (Plate 282).

The story of the Giant Octopus, as recorded by Dr. Boas, recounts how the monster at Living-Depths-Horror at the foot of a great cliff used to attack and kill Killer-Whales as they tried to pass by him. One day the whole Killer-Whale tribe and their allies gathered in council and decided with their united might to stamp out this constant menace to their existence. One of them, a warrior, dived into the sea for the monster, but he was killed; and so were many others after him, until Bird-Garment succeeded in the struggle. Victorious, the Killer-Whales finally obtained security and peace. The illustration of this mythical tribal adventure was good material for a crest. Although it may not have been fully used among the Haida, it appeared under the form of Su'san among the Eagles of the Northwest. Among the Niskæ of the mainland, the Octopus was one of the crests acquired by the Fugitive Eagles during their migrations down the sea-coast.¹

¹ *Totem Poles*, I: 24, 25.

The Shark and the Beaver

Although juxtaposed in a few poles of the Hagwenoot or Fugitive band of Eagles, the Shark and the Beaver really belong to two successive phases of the clan migrations from the north. The Shark is the older crest, and the Beaver is so new that for the lack of a sufficient time perspective he is not included in the myth of the Fugitives. No mention either is made of the Beaver in the narrative of the late Chief Mountain about the supernatural Eagle-Halibut, the Clam, the Octopus, and other crests now belonging in common to all the Fugitive Eagles.

The Eagles originated in Alaska, apparently some time after the coming of the early Russian fur traders in 1741 or 1760. And the Beaver as a crest is an innovation of the pioneer days of the fur trade on the Canadian side of the frontier, after 1830. Just as the Eagle at first was a replica of the badge of the Russian-American Company, going back to 1796 or thereabouts, the Beaver may be traced to the Beaver emblem of the North West Company and its successor, the Hudson's Bay Company, on the North Pacific Coast. The North West Company made its first appearance as early as 1793 on the coast, with Alexander Mackenzie, and the Hudson's Bay Company established its first post in 1831 among the Niskæ at the mouth of the Nass. Soon after, the Beaver became the favourite totem of Legyarh and his kinsmen on the Nass, the Skeena, and the Queen Charlotte Islands.

The Shark figure among the crests of the Hagwenoot or Fugitive Eagles was either brought down from Alaska or adopted in the course of their trek southwards. But it is nowhere explained in a myth; it was simply taken for granted. Three curved slits on the forehead or the cheeks or the neck, one beside or above the other, are symbolic of this fish, as are the double rows of sharp saw-teeth in a greedy mouth, and a short body with a dorsal fin and a tail jutting out on the upper side.

An early occurrence of the Shark is found on an argillite column collected by J. G. Swan in 1884 for the U.S. National Museum at Washington (Plate 302). Twenty-five inches high, this pole is one of the tallest and most impressive, though not of the very best from the point of view of sculpture, because its figures are not contained within the block. It is typical of the Skidegate style in the early 1880's. Its three figures—the Shark, the



312. Eagle, Bear, Beaver.



313. (Left) Raven, Beaver. (Centre) Beaver, Raven and Frog, Bear. (Right) Thunderbird, Raven, Bear.

Eagle, and the Beaver—were leading crests of the Stistas clan in its northern and southern Haida branches. The Eagle is placed in the centre of the column. His head is firmly chiselled, and his long semi-open beak is hollowed out inside. The beak hooks on to the top cylinders on the head of the Beaver below. The closed wings, much reduced in size, fill in the space between his head and the lower figure. The Beaver sits at the base, with curled nostrils, slanting round eyes, large incisors closed on a short cross stick, and the wide checkered tail upturned in front of his body. His aquiline nose, protruding beyond the front line of composition, gives him an



314. (Left) Eagle or Thunderbird and Whale, Raven and Sun. (Centre) Bear, Raven and Whale, Beaver. (Right) Raven and his Son, Beaver and Man.



315. Bear, Raven.
Beaver.

unusual profile, which is Skidegate's own contribution to the physiognomy of this rodent in heraldry.

The fantastic shape of the Shark does not lend itself to realistic interpretation in sculpture. His flag-like tail, high and sharp dorsal fin, and his threatening mouth cannot easily be compressed into a rigid column. To overcome this difficulty, the carver was forced to add, with the help of pegs and glue, a blade-like fin and a projecting tail. Running out of alignment with the rest, these additions produce a dramatic effect; but this is forcing brittle materials into unnatural forms.

Three of the tallest argillite poles at the National Museum of Canada, forming part of the Powell Collection (1879), also include the Shark among their main totems. Two of them are obviously from the same hand; and one is signed "TOM (VII-B-835)"—that is, Tom Price, the Skidegate carver. Price, who was an old man when he died about 1928, was one of three Skidegate carvers whose work was almost interchangeable, the others being John Cross and George Smith. The Shark, in the pole signed "TOM," is at the centre, between the Eagle at the top and the Grizzly Bear at the bottom. It is represented with a woman's face, with a labret in her lower lip. On her cheeks and forehead are the three thumb-nail marks or gills distinctive of this fish. There are also two circles on her forehead which often accompany the gills in the carvings. The body, the fins, and the tail are left out, and the teeth are human-like. The inflated oval nostrils are recognizable as a characteristic of Tom Price, as may be also the dome of the forehead. Under the Shark appears a peculiar face, small and human except for a fin-like nose extending up to the chin of the main figure above; perhaps this was meant for an extension of the Shark woman's labret, as it is in another crest from the former village of Kyusta.¹

Two smaller poles of good quality, carved by John Cross or Tom Price, form part of the collections of the Museum of the American Indian in New York. The Shark in both is at the top with the head below and the body and tail above. The face is as usual a woman's, with the labret of distinction in the lower lip. In one instance, only two gill marks occur, on the forehead; in the other, the two circles appear on the forehead and three tiny gills on the cheeks. The other totems on these two poles are, in the taller, the Black Whale with a fierce mouth; the saw-teeth are in relief; and a bulging fan tail rises to meet the face. The Beaver shows his incisors, and his checkered tail has a face on it. The incisors in this Skide-

¹ Cf. Price, Tom. *In* Haida Carvers and Their Art (forthcoming).

gate Beaver are longer and more prominent than in the Beaver by Charley Edensaw of Massett. In the smaller pole, the Grizzly Bear is the only other figure besides the Shark. His protruding tongue is cut almost square, and he holds the Frog, head down, in his front paws.

One of the finest of the Shark totems, from the hand of Tom Price or John Cross of Skidegate, was collected by G. M. Dawson in 1885 for the collections of the National Museum of Canada. As in the previous examples, the Shark, with body and tail erect, is at the top of the pole. The small dome on the forehead contains three gill marks and two side holes. The face is not, as elsewhere, that of a woman chief with labret, but of a man-like creature with a protruding tongue, cut square near the tip. The Bear sitting at the foot of the pole is not a mere crest, but one of many illustrations of the Bear-Mother myth. The Woman is being kidnapped by the animal, her head hanging down; her arms are held in the fore-paws of the captor, and her eyes are half-closed in agony. The head of the Bear, like that of the Eagle immediately above, is carved exquisitely in a strong pattern combining fine delineation and engraving with expressive plasticity. Here is one of the outstanding totem poles in argillite of the Haida in its best period, from 1880 to 1900.

Other carvings with the heraldic Shark have been collected in the past forty years, all of them by Skidegate carvers. One of these carvings, at the National Museum of Canada, consists of two figures of fair quality: the Beaver with incisors, checkered tail and face, and cross stick under his chin, at the foot of the pole; and above, the Shark with protruding tongue, gills, fins, and tail.

Another small pole, secured by Clyde Patch, of Ottawa, from Deasy, the Indian agent at Massett in 1919, contains the Shark woman with her familiar three gills on the cheeks, her labret in the lower lip, and the dome over her forehead. Here she is both human and bird-like. She sits holding her knees between her hands, and she is clothed with fine bird wings on either side, perhaps to show that as a crest she belongs to the Eagle phratry. Above her is the Eagle, and on top of him, the Grizzly, holding on to a column of cylinders on the bird's head. Only thirty years old, this carving has lost much of the quality of the earlier work of its type. Haida art at that time was clearly declining (Plate 322).

The Shark with a human face, saw-teeth carved in relief, a dotted dome over her head, fins and tail above, and associated with the Beaver whose long incisors are closed on a stick, is found on a small totem pole of argillite in the Lipsett-Ryan collection at Vancouver. Collected in the past forty years or so, it may be ascribed to Tom Price or John Cross. A small wooden pole containing the Shark with tail above, found in 1939 in the possession of John Cross's family at Skidegate, enables us to compare



316. Bear Mother.

the older Shark carvings above with one which he carved in his later years (Plate 323). Many other Shark stylizations are represented in the work of George Smith and other carvers of Skidegate, for instance in Plates 308 and 310.

The Beaver

Possibly the earliest Beaver carving in argillite is on a pole which is part of the Richardson Collection at the National Museum of Canada (about 1874); here the stylization is quite different from the others. Flat-faced, the Beaver sits erect, on the Frog, at the base of a hollow-backed house frontal post, displaying his incisors, holding the round end of a broken stick in either paw, and turning up his checkered tail on his belly. His face is broader than in later Beavers; it is almost in low relief, with large convex eyes, nostrils carved like volutes, a mouth almost triangular, with incisors tapering in width towards the tip. The human figure above, whose head supports two small heads of chiefs, shares the unfamiliar style of the whole post. It is from the hand of an unidentified carver in the Eagle clan, presumably of Skedans or Tanu in the southeast (Plate 297).

Less than a hundred years ago, the Tsimshyan Gitrhawn—Salmon-Eater—engaged in a quarrel with his kinsman Legyarh over toll rights at the canyon of the Skeena River. Both Gitrhawn and Legyarh at that time were foremost among the Eagle clan leaders on the North Pacific Coast. In the course of their family feud, they invested the Beaver crest, which they had recently assumed, with a myth patterned after older myths. This myth is one of the few explanations we know of the Beaver's fictitious origin.

Strange visitors, according to this tale, caused the mysterious death of some people at Gitsalas. They were pursued up the hillside to a lake, at Kwit'awren (Gravel-heart or Cracked-stones). There, changing into beavers, they disappeared under the water. The people drained the lake with the help of some of their Gitsemralem relatives and discovered the huge Beaver at the bottom. His body was covered with human faces. Gipranaa'o (Frog) and Larh'ayæorh, ancestors of the Kitwanga Eagles, came over and assisted the Gitsalas tribe in overcoming and slaying the monster. After they had drawn his body to the shore, they cut it in two parts, one half for Gitsemralem and the other for Gitsalas. The Beaver thereafter became the crest of his captors. Sometimes he is



317. Grizzly, Raven,
Sea-Wolf.



318. Man, Grizzly, Raven and Frog, and Beaver.



shown complete, in a sitting posture; at other times, he is split in two. At Gitsalas, he is usually shown with his head down and human faces all over his body. This Tsimshian myth together with the crest was transmitted to the leading Haida clan of Tanu, which thereafter considered it as its own property and assumed the Beaver as its leading emblem. For this reason they acknowledged their kinship, real or fictitious, with Gitrhawn of the Tsimshian.

Most of the Beaver carvings on argillite poles collected by J. W. Powell, about 1879, for the National Museum of Canada and the American Museum of Natural History in New York, were also illustrations of an episode in the creation myth. The Beaver is shown with the Raven creator, or in his round hut made of sticks and mud (Plate 133). He is described as "Beaver in the water, and Raven carrying a stone bucket containing water," in the catalogue of the American Museum, with a reference to the "Masset artist" (Edensaw) who was responsible for it. In another label at the same museum, he is associated with the Sea-Bear and the "Raven stealing Halibut from the fisherman's hook."

At the base of a pole collected as one of a pair by J. W. Powell for the National Museum of Canada, the Beaver sits erect on the Halibut. On his head a column of eight cylinders of distinction, pegged on horizontally at the top, upholds the Frog. The rodent here is without his gnawing stick, and his upraised tail between his lower legs is checkered and dotted. His curled nostrils and large, protruding incisors reach down to his chin, characteristics which reappear several times in an interesting Beaver repertory and which show that this pole was carved by a



320. Bear, Raven, Frog, Beaver.



321. Gunarh, Whale, Beaver.

craftsman whose identity has been lost. The flat, irregular Halibut base is the only one of its kind (Plate 296, left).

The Beaver also figures in two "heraldic columns," one in the J. G. Swan Collection at the U. S. National Museum, where he is linked with the Bear and the Raven (Plate 305), and the other in the Powell Collection at the National Museum of Canada. In this last (a pole of the house frontal type with hollow back and a square bevelled base), he is deprived of his gnawing stick and is associated with the Grizzly Bear. The three Stistas cylinders rest upon his head.

Two outstanding specimens were collected by J. G. Swan at Skidegate in 1884 for the U. S. National Museum at Washington. In the first the Beaver sits at the top of the pole, displaying inlaid bone teeth and incisors of much reduced size. A short stick is held in his lowered front paws near the middle of his body, and the widely checkered tail, upraised between his lower legs, is surrounded by a rim. The Thunderbird, with a long bill bent down and with a hook-like tip, sits in the centre of the pole, his head larger than his whole body. The Black Whale, upright and compressed at the base, holds his fan-tail in his human-like hands, and grins wickedly with his inlaid bone teeth. Small abalone insertions decorate the iris in the eyes and the inner ears on the three totems, and also the wings of the Thunderbird. The carving in this and the other pole of the pair is of

exceptional plastic quality, and the stylization is bold. It is characteristic of Skidegate work at its best (Plate 306).

The other Skidegate pole by the same carver is of the same type, yet with differences. The Beaver at the top upholds four cylinders on his head, but he has once more lost his gnawing stick. His incisors are enlarged to an unusual degree to compensate for this loss. They are long, and wider at the centre than at the root, and they cover the chin. The checkered tail in the middle is less than its usual size because of the space given to the decorative claws and limbs turned inwards. The Thunderbird in the centre of the pole is much like the bird totem in the previous specimen, and the Whale is here replaced by the Grizzly Bear, whose head is

similar to the Whale's, but for his tongue, which protrudes down to his forepaws. The eyes in these two Skidegate carvings are more oval than circular; they are rather convex and some of them glance downward. In these particulars they differ from the type familiar at Massett, to the north.

A few of the best Beaver carvings on argillite totems belong to the 1890-1900 period. The first of them, at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, may be ascribed to Charley Edensaw. The Beaver, wearing the three Stistas disks on his head and gnawing a short stick, sits in the upper half of the column, and his upper and lower incisors are square and massive. The checkered lines engraved on the upturned tail above the human face on it are smooth and even; the eyes are oval. The Raven below the Beaver bites the Frog, whose head is down. The Grizzly, as often happens in the illustrations of the Bear myth, is shown biting the kidnapped Woman, while he holds her legs upwards and her body down, between his paws. A small human being at the top of the pole clings to the three Stistas cylinders with hands and knees. His face is unusually wide, and his lips are pinched, his eyes, round and compass-made; his hair is represented by lines and dots in typical Edensaw style. The style and finish of the whole and its glossy polish make it a choice specimen of argillite carving in its most mature period (Plate 313, centre).

Another column is from George Dixon of Skidegate, who excelled in carving statuettes of medicine-men. It is owned by the Museum of the University of British Columbia. Drawn from the normal set of Eagle crests, its figures are, at the base, the Beaver with wide square incisors, gnawing a stick; and the Frog is shown, head down, on his body. The Eagle, above the Beaver, spreads his wings on either side of a medicine man who sits forward, wearing a collar of bear claws on his shoulders and a curved bone through the septum of his nose. This is an exquisite bit of native portraiture. The Shark occupying the top is unlike any of the



322. Bear, Raven, Shark-Woman.



323. Shark-Woman,
Beaver.

Skidegate forms so far reproduced here. The three curved gills are inserted on the dome-like band on the forehead, and instead of the usual holes beside them we find tiny rosettes. The saw-teeth in the wide mouth close upon a small bulging tongue, characteristic of this totem at Massett. Its fins and tail, for once, are skilfully compressed at the top of the head, doing away with the fragile upward projections encountered elsewhere.

Two more Beaver totems of good quality, but of later date and from the hand of an imitator, are embodied, one in a column at the American Museum of Natural History and the other in the collection of the Rev. G. H. Raley, at Vancouver. The rodent in the first is shown with long upper incisors, holding the stick crosswise under his chin. The Beaver's body is dotted all over with fur, and his flat tail is in the form of a human face. The Eagle in the centre, whose wings are elaborately decorated, holds the Frog, head down. The Bear-like animal at the top rests his hands upon the three cylinders of the Stistas Eagle. This completes a specimen which, in spite of its sound quality, already belongs to the repetitious second period of the art. The Raley totem, attributed to John Cross by Alfred Adams, is of good quality, though not so original as the earlier compositions. The formalism already creeping in is not without distinction, yet it lacks the spontaneity of earlier work. The Beaver is his well-known self, sitting at the base. His tail is a flattened human face, his stick is reduced in size, and his incisors are no longer prominent. The fine

head, wings, and tail of the Eagle, in the middle, are stencil-like. The monster above may be the Shark, here deprived of his gills and his sharp teeth. The animal on his head may be the Grizzly reduced to his simplest expression.

Although rather crude, an odd column at the museum of the University of California is of greater significance because of its individuality. From an unknown carver, it may go back to one of the last two decades of the past century. The Beaver's face near the base has more prognathism than usual, his nose projecting forward; he grips the stick between his paws and his teeth. On his



324. Man, Eagle,
Bear.



325. Eagle, Raven, Raven on Halibut, Bear, Whale.

head stands a pile of four or five cylinders, different from the three of the Stistas in the north. Because of this difference, we infer a southern Haida origin for the piece. The uncouth animal sitting on the Beaver's head seems to be the Bear, and the head of the Eagle, perched at the top, which projected out of line, has been knocked off (Plate 312).

One more Beaver in a thick-set argillite pole belongs to the National Museum of Canada. The unusual feature of this pole is the engraving, on its flat back, of a decoration consisting of his familiar linear eye, claws, and feathers with cross-hatching and godroons (Plate 135).

Many more Beavers figure in other argillite poles and wood carvings. Together with the Bear, the Raven, the Eagle, and the Whale, the Beaver gained in favour with the craftsmen, whether or not they were entitled to it as their own crest. Among the instances not already listed are those appearing on Plates 309, 313, 314, 318, 319, 320, 321, 323 and not a few others, particularly in Isaac Chapman's repertory (to be given in Volume II).

The Killer-Whale

The totems of the Koala or the Raven phratry of the Haida are not so clearly defined as those of the opposite phratry of Gytins or the Eagle. These two phratries embraced everyone in the nation from the highest to the lowest, except the slaves who were war captives of foreign extraction. The social function of these phratries—Koala or Raven, and Gytins or Eagle—was exogamous, and they practised a fairly rigid system of dowry and inheritance. Everybody was obliged to marry outside his own phratry: a Koala for a choice must turn to a Gytins, and vice versa. The dowry of the bride and inheritance for the offspring in the mother-line rested upon the framework of exogamy. The ostracism that punished all taboo violations was based as much upon practical or economic as upon mystic considerations. Violators, if there were any, became outcasts and were virtually rejected by the prevailing social order. Even nowadays, many years after the collapse of ancient customs, not many are insensitive enough to disregard propriety in the selection of a bride, according to remembered standards.

One of the two phratries upon which exogamy rested among the Haida, the Eagle or Gytins, was originally foreign; its origin among the Haida does not date back very far. Before its arrival from the mainland, the local tribes were not exogamic; that is, they were under no obligation to marry outside their own tribe or kinship or out of a small family group, and inheritance followed no definite dual pattern. After the introduction of exogamy among the natives and the invaders, the older customs of the Tsimshyan and northern Kwakiutl survived at several places among local groups of islanders and their coast neighbours. It was only after an interval that all these, except a few—like the Heiltsuk—were shamed out of their



326. Bear, Eagle, Shark, Whale, Thunderbird, Beaver, Bear Mother.

archaic isolation and their old mode of marriage which was now branded as incestuous.

The absence in former times of phratry and exogamy on the North Pacific Coast should bring a revision in our current notions about totems and native heraldry. The Eagle crest, single-headed as in the trade badge of the Russian Trading Company, or double-headed as in the Russian Imperial coat-of-arms, is only a reflex of the coming of the Slavs to Alaska after 1741. The Raven, the Killer-Whale, and the Grizzly Bear as crests, gathered together under the name of Koala, could not have existed alone. Their growth was the result of their enforced relation with the activities of the new-comers, the Gytins or Eagles, with whom they could not fail to collaborate.

The Killer-Whale among the older elements is outstanding, but not so the Raven. Very few clans within the Koala or Raven phratry claimed the Raven as a crest. These clans had no emblem and never were entirely exogamic, according to Dr. J. R. Swanton. No myth that we know of explains the origin of the Raven as a totem to be used by a limited group of kinsmen, and the name of Koala for the Raven phratry, now meaningless, is not that of the Raven, Yæhl. More clans in the Eagle phratry than in the Raven actually used the Raven as a crest.

The large Koala or Raven group of the last century represented the real Haida or original islanders. The Gytins or Eagles were new-comers from the north and the mainland. The Raven's oldest crest was the Killer-Whale, just as the Eagle was that of the phratry bearing his name. The only Haida family in the Koala Raven phratry without the Killer-Whale crest, according to Dr. Swanton, was Charley Edensaw's own father's at Skidegate. Their name was Those-born-at-Qagials. The Grizzly Bear was the chief crest of this Raven group. It had been secured not so long ago from their Kitkatla "friends" of the Tsyebasa "royal" family among the Tsimshyan of the sea-coast (55).

The Killer-Whale, although figuring heavily on argillite poles, does not usually fly his own colours alone, as it were. He is the Whale in the talons of the Thunderbird or hanging from his bill. At other times, he is the property of the Gytins or Eagles. Elsewhere, he is the northern sea monster captured by Su'san, the young hunter possessed with the power of the Eagle whose costume he donned. Farther afield, he was the Black Whale of the Stistas Eagles, without a perforated dorsal fin. Or he was the heraldic monster of the deep claimed by a leading clan of the Eagle phratry: the Wasco, part Whale, part Wolf, or part Grizzly Bear. Or again, he was the five-finned Whale of Qagwaai, or the Hagwelawq and the Snag monster (*Tsemaus*). These last were drawn from the Tsimshyan repertory of crests.

Stories or myths explaining the origin of some of these emblems are mostly derivative; the Haida did not invent them. Being crest-poor, they had developed into avid borrowers of cultural features from their northern and eastern neighbours. In the traditions of the Tsimshyan, we find the narratives that gave rise to them or explain their origin. The Haida carved these beings admirably, but without having had much time to transform their original forms (56).



327. Eagle, Raven, Bear.

The double-finned Killer-Whale, according to Alfred Adams, was a crest of the Tien or Ravens of Massett. It also belonged to some southern Ravens, for instance his own grandmother of Skidegate, who was the wife of chief Wiyæ of Massett. Its two fins are nowhere shown, as far as we know, in argillite poles.

The three-finned Killer or Hagwelawq was coupled with the Raven in one of the finest and tallest argillite columns ever carved by a Skidegate artist. Now in the keeping of the National Gallery of Canada, it was first secured from the maker, about 1880, by an eastern Canadian engineer, and preserved by his heirs—the Misses Lindsay, of Wakefield, near Ottawa (Plate 317). This sea monster is placed erect at the base of the pole. His face, exposing a double row of teeth, is vigorously yet smoothly

carved out of a massive block. His fins shield either side of his body down to his tail, which is turned up. The body, between the chin and the tail, is decorated with eyes, ears, and feathers. The Raven, above the Killer Whale, has a head and a bill larger than his whole body, as often happens. This bird so closely resembles the Eagle or the Thunderbird, at times represented with a straight bill, that it reminds us of the Thunderbird and Whale theme, so familiar within the Koala or Raven phratry. The mythic animals usually associated with these crests, particularly at Coal Harbour and elsewhere, are the Thunderbird, the Killer-Whale, the Grizzly Bear, the Sea-Lion, the Snag, the Dogfish, the Moon, the Rainbow, the Hawk, and the Yagee Tree. Yet Dr. Swanton explains why the Raven and the five-finned Killer-Whale were also used by the Gytins or Eagles of the Ninstints tribe (57).

Quite possibly the maker of this pole (Louis Collison of Skidegate, we presume) has derived his inspiration from an earlier Thunderbird and Whale carving by an Eagle elder who had preceded him in this innovation. From the stylization of the Eagle to that of the Raven, there was but one step, just as there was from the Black Whale and the Killer-Whale to the three or five-finned Whale shown here. The Grizzly at the top, holding the Frog, head down, thrusts his squarish tongue out, according to a familiar mannerism. He forms part of a group of patterns which proved popular with the later argillite carvers as well as those of the present day.

Other figures on argillite poles and other argillite work were drawn from the repertory of crests on actual totem poles; for instance: the ances-

tress Dzelarhons; the Crab and the Raven; the Raven and the Beetle; the Raven with Butterfly or the Dragon-Fly; the Growing Pole or Yagee Tree, which is usually connected with the Flood; the Octopus; the Cannibal or Mosquito with a long proboscis; the Bullhead, Kayak or the fisherman holding two Salmon in his hands; and the Mountain-Goat. These are included on poles carved after 1900 in the former Deasy Collection of Massett, photographed for the National Museum of Canada (No. 46701) but not reproduced here because of their large numbers and small size: the Raven and the Beetle, on two poles; the Yagee Tree or Flood pole appears on a fine pole; and Kayak and his two Salmon on another.

Argillite poles from other collections may be found in various publications; for instance, in Robert Bruce Inverarity's *Art of the Northwest Coast Indians* (58). Several good specimens in this publication belong to the Frank Smith Collection in Vancouver. In one pole, the Raven is shown holding the Sun in his beak; the Grizzly Bear appears with the Frog, and another Bear sits at the top. The disk of the Sun bears marks or figures around the rim which look like the hours on a sundial (Inverarity's Plate 174). In another, from top to bottom, are reproduced the Eagle, the Whale, the Raven, and the Bear (Plate 182). In a third pole, with a hollow back, four human-like figures are superposed on the broad shaft; the smallest figure wears a hat surmounted by *skils* (Plate 183, at the Washington State Museum). At the base of a fourth pole, we see the Grizzly Bear holding the berry picker in front of him (Plate 184, also in the Frank Smith Collection). In a fifth, more recently made than the previous numbers and belonging to Mr. Inverarity, we observe the Eagle with the Frog, the Raven, and the Beaver.

NARRATIVE

The Origin of the Beaver, recorded by William Beynon from Mark Luther (Medeeks, Gispewudwade of the Ginarhangyik tribe), Port Simpson, in 1947.

A great hunter among the Kitamat people had covered all their territories and had captured the different kinds of game. He never lived among his own people but was always away hunting. The Kitamat were very proud of him, and although many among them were good hunters, none compared with him. After many years of hunting, he began to feel that the rivers and valleys in the vicinity of Kitamat were not large enough for him. There was not enough game to satisfy him, and he wished to move out to some other country where game was more plentiful. He also wanted to marry but only to a woman who could help him in hunting. So when he met one who not only was very beautiful but knew all about hunting, he married her. They were very happy with each other.

One day he said to his wife, "This is not enough. We must find larger and better hunting-grounds. At the headwaters of the Stagyin (Stikine) River, I have heard there is a territory much larger than ours here. Will you come with me to this country?"

Without any thought, his wife answered, "If you want it, I will follow you there."



328. Bear, Whale.

He began to make a canoe suitable for the long journey. Many of his people tried to discourage him and keep him from migrating to this unknown country. To their entreaties he turned a deaf ear, for he was different from those at Kitamat in that he kept to himself.

Setting off with his wife as his only companion, he left Kitamat, travelled north beyond the mouth of the Skeena towards Kwæthlk (Dundas), passed the mouth of the Nass River, and journeyed beyond Hahl-kstarhik (Cape Fox) and Na'a (Loring). They went on travelling until they arrived at the mouth of the Stikine River. Then they made ready to ascend it, but for this they had to make a smaller dugout. This occupied them for many days. When it was completed, they went as far up as they could by canoe. Unable to proceed farther, they travelled overland, packing their belongings with them. Having tramped for many days, they arrived near the headwaters of the Stikine and felt that this at last was the country for them. Satisfied, he said to his wife, "Let us live here!"

He built a house close to a small stream. It had to be strong, since his wife would be alone when he would go away hunting. [He always hunted alone, for he did not want to risk his luck (*sæ*)]. When the house was finished, he said to his wife. "Tomorrow I will look over my new grounds, but I do not intend to stay overnight. I will return before dark."

The next day he went up into the hills to set snares to catch animals that he had never caught before. Both country and game alike were strange to him.

Meanwhile the woman bathed and prepared the food. When the sun was on the point of setting, she built a great fire by which she awaited her husband. He returned just before sunset, packing many different animals. They did not at once eat the food which had been prepared, but frolicked, played about, and then ate. After they had finished, the young man said to his wife, "This is a good country. Plenty of fur animals are found here, and also food. Let us stay here!"

For two days he hunted in the neighbourhood and returned every night, to get his wife used to the loneliness of the camp. Every evening on his return they would play together, then eat. But on the third day, he said to his wife, "This time, I will go a little farther away and will stay overnight. Tomorrow I'll return before dark." So while it was still dawn, he went far into the valley where he caught many animals.

The next day he came back, as he had promised. His wife was pleased to see the valuable furs. As they played, she seemed as contented as if

she were in a large village. She was not at all homesick, busying herself in preparing the furs that her husband brought in and in drying the meat of some of the kill.

When she was alone, the young woman would go to the little stream for water. Here, during her husband's absence, she would often sit in the water, playing about and bathing. While bathing one day, she decided to build a small dam and shut in some of the water. Each day during her husband's absence she worked on the dam. Even while sleeping, she could not forget the pond that was forming. On awakening, she would go at once to it, and when it was deep, she bathed and swam about in the pool she had made.

Her husband now stayed away for longer periods, and on each return he noticed that his wife did not wish to play so long or so fervently as she used to. Her mind seemed to be elsewhere, and she did not hasten to meet him as she used to. But since she was pregnant, her husband was glad that she seemed to have something to care for while he was away. During his absences, the woman enlarged the pool by making a higher dam, and soon she had a small lake. In this she swam and dived, and no longer was she lonesome for her husband.

One morning she decided to build a small hut of leaves at the edge of her pool.¹ When it was finished, she swam about all day, diving and swimming under water. Later she emerged and went into her little hut. This is how she occupied herself every day. All her time was spent in the pool, but when she expected her husband, she would go into their house and get ready to meet him. On his return she would frolic with him, and again he would go away for many days. The territory he had found was rich in fur animals, and his take was heavy. But by now he had become aware of something strange in the behaviour of his wife. She no longer seemed so glad to meet him or to get his catch of game and furs. Where she used to be happy at his success, she now remained unconcerned. This made her husband suspicious. So he decided to find out her secret.

One day he told her, "I am going to be away two sleeps [two nights]; then I'll return. I am not going as far as I usually do." The next day, he set off, but did not go very far before he returned stealthily to watch his wife. He knew that something was happening to her at the lake which had grown from the small pond she had made. So it was here that he began to watch.

Before long he saw his wife emerge. When she came to the water's edge, she took off her clothes, dived in and swam about enjoying herself. Finally she dived and disappeared into the small house she had made and stayed there for a long while. The entrance to the house was in the centre of the small lake and under the water. Seeing this, the hunter waited for her to return, but as she remained in the little house he became very suspicious. So he took off his clothes, and diving into the water, he swam to where his wife was in the little twig house in the middle of the lake. She was very happy when he appeared, and they played and frolicked together as before. He quite enjoyed being with his wife in the little twig

¹ The informant seems to have changed his mind by the middle of next page, where the hut is described as being under the water.

house, but a change came over him too. He no longer wanted to stay in the house he had built on shore and no longer cared to hunt for animals. He was content to stay with his wife. So he enlarged the hut in the lake with twigs, branches, and leaves. And when not busy, he would swim about with her.

His wife then gave birth to two small strange animals with flat tails and very fine fur. No hunter had ever seen their kind before, for these were the first beaver ever to be born. They now made the lake even larger, and as they swam about they felt very happy. Soon the woman gave birth to another two beavers, and later to one more litter. The father and the eldest children were kept busy enlarging the lake and the house until they could not keep up with the increase. So they moved into other streams, making new dams. They were becoming very numerous. From the valleys at the headwaters, these new animals, the beavers, began to be so plentiful that they held a meeting. There they decided that all should split up into groups and migrate into the various valleys. Some went to Gitsawl (Stewart), some to Klusems (Nass), to Ksiyæn (Skeena), Kitamat, and Ligimioh (Bella Coola). But wherever they went, they had stemmed from the Stikine, originating from the hunter and his wife.

Illustrations

291. Group photograph of the old collection of argillite poles at the National Museum of Canada (Photo, Harlan I. Smith, 1919. N.M.C., 20066).
292. Miniature totem pole of whale bone, showing the Bear, the Raven, and the Beaver. Haida or Tlingit (Marine Museum, Mystic, Connecticut. *Ca.* 30 inches high. N.M.C., 1950, 36-3).
293. Argillite pole illustrating the "tar-baby" theme. Several Eagles here are being pulled down into the sea by the Giant Clam. The Clam is dragging down Aitl whom the Eagles wanted to rescue. By Charley Edensaw of Massett (Museum of the American Indian, New York. No. 1610. Collected by F. Landeberg, at Skidegate, about 1884. 20½ inches high. N.M.C., 87221, 87222).
294. A Tlingit wood carving (out of red alder?) illustrating the episode of Aitl struggling to escape from the Giant Clam (*kal'un*) who has caught his hand. The Gyaibelk or Thunderbird, his leading totem¹ (Washington State Museum, Seattle. 16" x 4". N.M.C., 102590, 102592).
295. Argillite totem pole in the Thomas Deasy Collection of Massett. This carving illustrates the myth of the tree that rose from the earth at the time of the Flood, and to which people clung for their safety. According to Alfred Adams, of Massett (in 1939), Chief Wiæ of Massett owned, among his crests, one which was called Qingk, which was represented on the totem pole in front of his house. Qingk was the father of the White Raven—for the Raven at the beginning was white. Once a chief held a big feast, and after the guests had come into the feast house, he wanted to erect a totem pole. So he caused the Flood, and the tide began to rise. The pole, as it was being erected, was made to grow. The guests and the chiefs climbed on the pole, while the White Raven sat at the top. He was the one performing the magic, and, as he was the son of Qingk, his powers were supernatural (From a photo taken by H. I. Smith, in 1919. N.M.C., J323).
296. Two argillite poles. (*Left*) The Frog, eight *skils*, the Beaver, and the Halibut at the base. (*Right*) The Frog, eight *skils*, the Bear (N. M. C., VII-B-832, VII-B-834. Powell Collection, 1879. 14½ inches high; and 15⅝ inches; rounded back. Carved at Skedans or Tanu. Photog. Div., 20066, 89425, 89426).
297. Totem pole of argillite of the older portal type, with hollow back. Two small human figures with conical and *skil* hats at the top; a large human being; the Beaver and the Frog at the base. Presumably of Tanu (N.M.C., VII-B-752. Richardson Collection, 1884. 15¼" x 3". Hollow back. Photog. Div., 88924).
298. Totem pole of the archaic *sasaw* type. The two birds looking like the Eagle, and the Grizzly Bear (N.M.C., VII-B-770. Powell Collection, 1879. 14 inches high. Photog. Div., 89425).
299. Two small argillite poles of the archaic portal type, with round door perforation near the base. A human figure twice repeated, the Raven, and the Eagle (Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass. E-25017, E-25019. N.M.C., 1950).
300. Argillite pole of the portal type, with Eagle, of the *sasaw* variety; two human-like beings with indications that they were meant for Grizzly Bears (N.M.C., Powell Collection, 1879. VII-B-834. 17½" x 3½". Photog. Div., 89424 and 88944½).
301. Archaic *sasaw* pole of argillite, hollow back, with the tongue-protruding theme repeated twice. The Raven and a human being upside down; the Bear with human features, the Frog in his mouth . . . Round base with spatula pattern (N.M.C., VII-B-833. Richardson Collection, 1872. 18¾ inches. Photog. Div., 88950 and neg. 20082).

¹ *Totem Poles*, I, 46.

302. Tall argillite pole of the early period for poles. The Shark, the Raven, and the Beaver (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington, D.C. Collected in 1884 by J. G. Swan at Skidegate, or acc. at that date. 25 inches high. Grey colour. 88990).
- 303, 304. Two argillite poles also of the early period. (303) The Eagle with ivory head pegged and glued on, the Raven, the Beaver, the Grizzly Bear with protruding tongue; on the base, the Whale (?) (N.M.C., VII-B-787. 22 inches high. Photog. Div., 20066, and 89423). (304) Eagle (his head of ivory, lost) pegged on to the pole. The *sasaw* eagle-like bird; the Beaver with the *skil* of five sections; the Bear. Presumably from Tanu. Inlays of bone of whale for the Beaver's teeth (N.M.C., Powell Collection, 1879. VII-B-789. 22½ inches high. Photog. Div., 20066, and 89423, 89423-A).
305. Tall argillite pole with Beaver, Raven, and Grizzly Bear, attributed by Henry Young to John Robison of Skidegate. (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington. 34722-D. Collected by J. G. Swan in 1884. 18½ inches high. N.M.C., Photog. Div. 88981).
306. Tall pole also of the same archaic style. The Beaver with bone-of-whale teeth inlaid or glued on, and abalone shell inlays in his eyes and ears; the Raven with abalone shell inlays; the Killer-Whale, also with whale bone teeth glued on, and inlaid abalone eyes. Attributed by H. Young to Moses McKay, "a fine carver" (U.S. Nat. Mus., Washington. Collected by J. G. Swan at Skidegate, and received in 1884, 3722-D or 34722-B. Photo No. 88987).
- 307, 308, 309. (309) Two chiefs with *skil* hats on and Beaver with five *skils* on his head on a short totem of the flat archaic type (British Museum, London: 7655/10. Photo from this institution). (308) A man or a human-like animal at the top, the Shark, the Bullhead with two horns (?) (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. 16/AJ-555. No. 41938). (307) Most of the five figures on this pole—two large and three small—illustrate the Bear-Mother myth in human or semi-human form. The tall conical hat with six cylinders (*skils*) indicate the high rank of the Bear Cub (Washington State Museum, No. 6901. 20½" high x 4" width. N.M.C., 102023. Published in Inverarity's Art of the Northwest Coast Indians: Plate 176, with the additional information that it was collected by Mrs. J. C. Haines on the Queen Charlotte Islands).
310. The Shark and the Beaver on an argillite pole; a five-cylinder *skil* on the head of the Beaver. The base is missing, and the mortice is showing. This is a carving from one of the southeastern villages of the Haida (The Peabody Museum, Yale University. Nos. 1513 and 3237. 17¾ inches. N.M.C., 1950: 33-3).
311. Two short argillite poles. (*Left*) Presumably the myth of Su'san or Konakadet is illustrated here, showing the Strong Man with his two Whales, and the dead mother-in-law across; Bear Mother with a Cub. (*Right*) An unidentified bird with human face and wing—presumably the Raven—and the Frog (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y., 16/1157, and 16/AJ-559. 11314. Photo from the same institution).
312. Argillite pole, with the Eagle (head and wings broken off), the Bear, and the Beaver with gnawing stick (Museum of the University of California. C.M.A. 2, 14268. Received in 1932 from the Annie Moller's Collection. Photo from the same institution).
313. (*Left*) The Raven and the Beaver. (*Centre*) A man, the Beaver, the Raven and the Frog, and the Bear. (*Right*) A bird unidentified—its nose has fallen off; the Raven and the Bear (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. No. 11334. AJ. 16/547-2; 16/1158-c. (*Centre*) Photo by H. S. Rice, 118403).
314. (*Right*) The Raven and his Son, and the Beaver. (*Centre*) The Bear, the Killer-Whale, and the Raven. The two small human beings in his ears are raising the Whale's eyelids with their hands; the Grizzly Bear kidnapping the young woman. (*Left*) The Thunderbird carrying the Whale in his talons; the Raven with the Sun in his bill (Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., N.Y. No. 11293. 16/1160. Photo from the same institution).

315. A tall totem pole of argillite showing the Bear holding a bird, head down and wings spread out, in his hands; another Bear, the Raven, and the Beaver (The museum of the Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg. Photo from the same institution).
316. The myth of Bear Mother predominates in this fine totem pole of argillite. The human face near the top may be that of the young woman who was kidnapped; the *skils* on her head indicate that she was of high rank. The Grizzly Bear under her holds his long projecting tongue in his hands. Bear Mother near the bottom keeps her Cubs in her arms, and the Frog, in front of her, faces her (Denver Art Museum. Collected by Mrs. A. R. MacFarland in 1877. Carved by Konawa . . . "the finest carver of the country." N.M.C., Photog. Div., J. 247).
317. A stately totem pole of argillite with the Grizzly Bear and the Frog, the Raven, and the Wasco monster with three dorsal fins, presumably carved by Louis Collison of Skidegate (National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa. Obtained from the Misses Lindsay, of Wakefield, Quebec. It had been purchased about 1880 on the Queen Charlotte Islands by their father, an engineer. *Ca.* 20 inches high).
318. Argillite totem pole of exquisite quality, with a man sitting on the head of the Grizzly Bear; the Raven with the Frog carrying a *skil* of four sections on her back, and two other small Frogs under his wings; and the Beaver. The base of the pole has been lost; concave at the back (The Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit. City purchase in 1927. 28 inches high, $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide at the base, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. N.M.C., 1950, 214-4, 214-5, 214-6, 216-1).
319. Totem pole showing the Raven, the Beaver, and the Killer-Whale; the two small Frogs in the ears of the Beaver are connected with the Raven. Hollow back. Presumably the work of Jim Mackay of Skidegate (University Museum, University of Pennsylvania. 41-24-442, 1948).
320. Argillite totem with the Grizzly Bear, the Raven and the Frog, and the Beaver; the Bear clutches the *skil* on the Raven's head (The Peabody Museum, Harvard University. On its label: "25-25-10. Locality: Haida Skittagetan. Received from H. F. Wolcott Fund, in 1925." 15 inches high. No. 98188. N.M.C., 1950: 100-).
321. Argillite pole with Nanasingat holding on with both hands to the dorsal fin of the Killer-Whale; the Killer-Whale, and the Beaver (The museum of the Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg. N.M.C., 99465).
322. Recently-carved totem pole of argillite, representing the Bear holding on to the *skil* on the Raven's head; Raven with wings folded in the guise of a woman wearing the labret in the lower lip (In Clyde Patch's private collection. *Ca.* 8 inches high. N.M.C., Photog. Div., 89378).
323. Shark Woman and the Beaver on a small argillite pole (McGill University Museums. N.M.C., 92049).
324. An argillite pole. A human being holding on to the *skil* on the Eagle's head; the Eagle; the Bear (British Museum, London: 1685-11. Photo from the same institution).
325. Three totems of argillite. (*Left*) The Eagle, the Raven, and the Halibut; the Bear holding a bird in his paws. (*Centre*) The Eagle, the Grizzly kidnapping the young woman, the Whale and Nanasingat on his back, Bear Mother and two Cubs. (*Right*) The Wasco with two Whales, the Raven with the face of a Bear, the Whale (In the Jack Horan private collection, Vancouver. Photo, N.M.C., by Arthur Price, 1947).

326. Four totem poles of argillite. (*Left*) Bear, Eagle, Shark, and Whale; (*2nd left*) Whale with tail turned up and over the head; (*2nd from right*) Eagle carrying a copper shield with the Tau design, the Frog, and the Beaver; the base of both of these is decorated with a pattern; (*Right*) Thunderbird carrying the Whale, the Grizzly Bear holding the young woman in front of him. Fine carvings all, from the hands of a southern Haida craftsman, perhaps George Smith or Louis Collison (In the F. H. Smith private collection, Vancouver. Photo by Arthur Price, N.M.C., 1947).
327. Two totem poles of argillite: (1) With the Thunderbird clutching the Whale crosswise, the Raven, the Bear. (2) The Eagle holding a salmon in his talons, the Raven, and the Whale. Both carved recently by Arthur and Rufus Moody (son of Arthur), of Skidegate, formerly of Tanu. They are of inferior quality (At the D. S. Beatty Store, Queen Charlotte City, Queen Charlotte Islands. 12 inches. N.M.C., 102066).
328. A small argillite pole obviously carved by someone trying his hand at this kind of work. The Bear and the Killer-Whale (Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass., E26471. N.M.C. 1950).

APPENDIX

The Wilkes Collection of Argillite Carvings at the U. S. National Museum, Washington—The Wilkes Collection and its catalogue are preserved at the U. S. National Museum. Title of the manuscript: "Collections of the United States South Sea Surveying and Exploring Expedition 1838, 9, 40, 41 & 42. Ethnological specimens 2487 . . . By I (?). R. Peale, U. S. Patent Office, 1846."

"The Collections made by the Exploring Expedition under Captain Wilkes were brought to Washington and unpacked at the U. S. Patent Office, where they were on exhibition for several years. About 1851 they were transferred to the Smithsonian Building. This Catalogue was presented to the Nat. Museum in Jany. 1877 by Mr. Peale in person [2516 ethnol. spec.]."

Haida Carving Described in a Lecture. In *Resources of British Columbia*, Vol. 2, No. 1. Victoria, B.C., March 1, 1884. "A lecture on Queen Charlotte Island. Delivered in Legislative Hall, B.C., Sat. eve. Jan. 26, 1884. By Jas. G. Swan of Port Townsend, Assist. to Smithsonian Institution."

"I had for many years been interested in the story of the Indians . . . particularly the Haidas . . . and in 1873 I prepared a memoir on the Indians, accompanied by sketches of their carvings and tattoo designs. This memoir was published by the Smithsonian Institution in *Contributions to Knowledge*, No. 267, July, 1874 . . . I went to Alaska in 1875, to procure articles of Indian manufacture for the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia . . . and visited Q.C.I. in 1883 . . . on the steamer *Otter*; arrived at Massett, June 25, received by Alexander McKenzie, in charge of the H. B. Co. post. Accompanied by a young Haida [interpreter] named Johnny Kit Elswa . . . [We visited] the village of Yakh and Kioosta on Graham Island . . . I remained in camp at Kioosta until Aug. 7 . . . [and saw] Old Edenso . . . Left Kioosta for Skidegate . . . At this place I saw drift logs and planks of California Red Wood . . . I travelled via Frederick Island, through Kung-wa and Chathl . . . [Visited] Laskeek . . . [and the] village of Skedana, Cumshewa, and Laskeek or Tanoo. . . . Skidegate and Massett under the influence of missionaries . . . not so Tanoo . . . Inhabitants [were] absent at the canneries on the mainland, or at the oil works of Skidegate . . . They flock to Victoria and other places to engage in questionable means for securing wealth . . . The Haida Indians have a remarkable talent for the fine arts, as is evidenced in their carvings in wood and stone and the precious metals—in the works of sculpture, their architecture, their paintings and drawings. Their imitative talent is excellent as shown in carvings in ivory and stone from designs found in pictorial papers and magazines. Some of their stone work which I sent to Washington, such as caskets, plaques, columns, and images, elaborately and elegantly carved in high relief, showed genius and talent of a high order.

Whale Hunting Among The Nootka of Kyogut, West Coast of Vancouver Island. Described by Solomon Wilson, aged 64, of Skidegate, to William Beynon, in 1950.

My uncle was a seal hunter. He hunted off the west coast of Vancouver Island, as the Haida canoes went far away for the seal hunt, even as far as the shores of what is now known as the Oregon coast. It is said that they would go away out to sea seeking the seal herds. It was then that they would encounter the Ha'wa'i (Hawaiians) and get from them new songs, which had originated with these islanders. It was an older grandfather (Wilson's) who told me of what he observed among the people of the west coast of Vancouver Island. They were preparing to go and hunt the whale. The whale hunters were chosen for their quickness and their ability in handling a canoe.

The first thing the hunters did was to purify themselves in the same way as the seal hunters among the Haida. They drank of a brew made of devil's club bark, and they bathed in this concoction as well, and kept away from their women. No women who were indisposed were allowed in the same house or in any way close to the whale hunters while they were purifying themselves. After they had completed four weeks of purification, they were ready to set out. Their fleet usually was a large one under the leadership of a chief. The harpoon was a barbed spear. To this was fastened a thonged rope made from braided strips of the hide of the sea-lion or hair seal. Each canoe usually had four paddlers, one steersman, and one harpoonist. The canoes set out to sea looking for whales. When one was sighted, a wide circle was formed around the whale, narrowing down until one of the canoes could approach very close to the whale¹. Then a harpooner speared the whale as near the spout hole as possible. This was the spot that they aimed for. As soon as struck, the whale quickly submerged and the rawhide sea-lion line was run off. To it had been fastened many bladders or balloon-like floats made from hair-seal skin, filled with air. The canoes stayed in a circle around where the whale dived, towing the canoe which had harpooned it. As soon as it emerged to breathe, the nearest canoe to it then repeated the operation, giving the whale very little time to get air. The second harpoon having hit it, the whale again dived, and again the canoes circled around the spot. This was repeated until the whale was exhausted. Then the final attack would begin. After it had died, the whale was towed to the nearest beach. There it was cut up. Many floats made of hair-seal and sea-lion skins, which had been inflated, kept the dead whale afloat. The killing of a whale was considered an event which called for great feasting. The oil from the whale was used in the same way as oolachen (candle-fish) among the northern tribes. The meat as well as the blubber was smoked for preservation as a food.

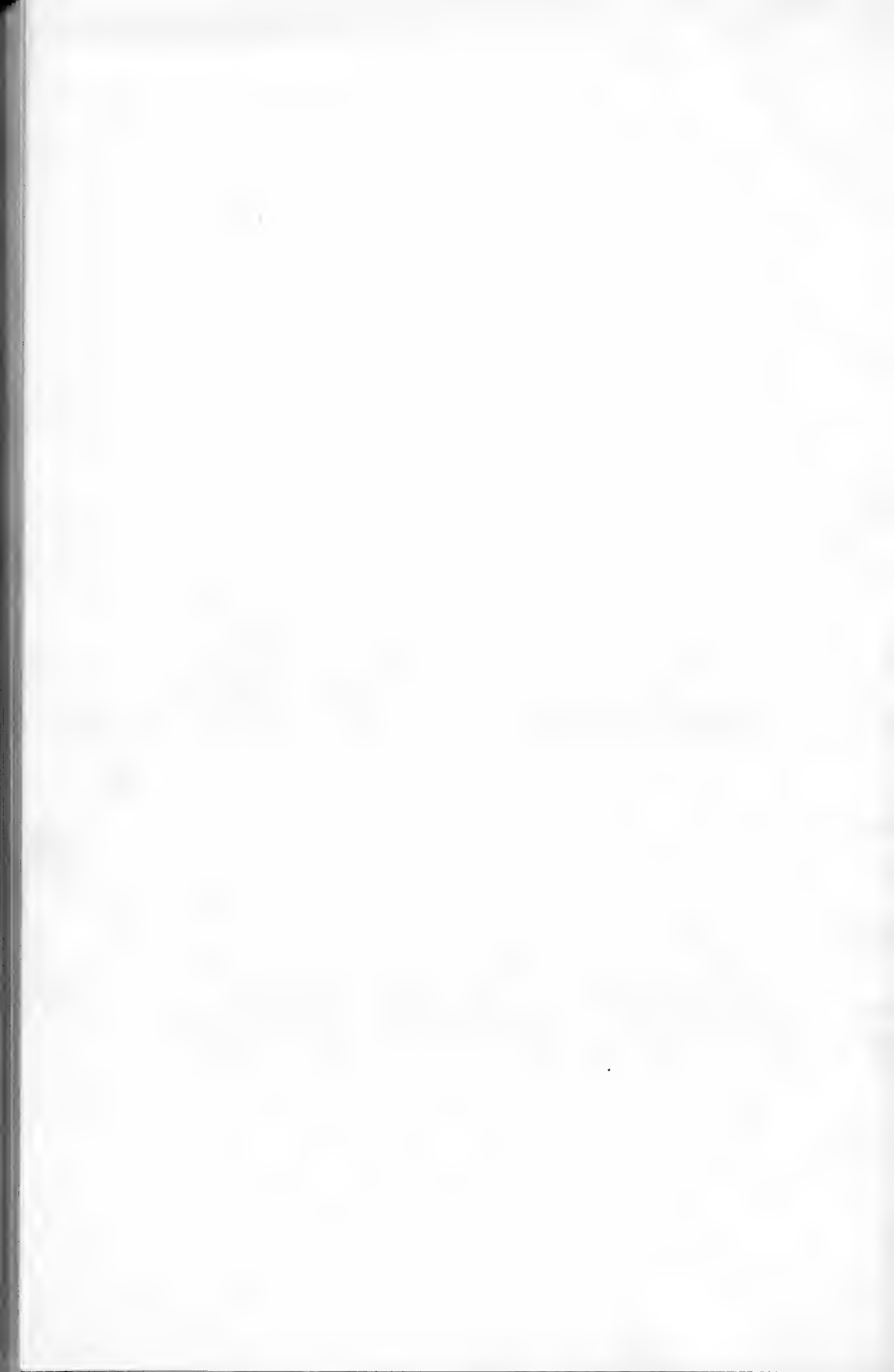
¹ It was possible to approach close to the whales when they were feeding. It was only the travelling whales that one found difficult to get close to. The writer (Beynon), while engaged in fishing off the West Coast of Queen Charlotte Islands, very often used to see whales coming among the trolling boats without fear. They could have been speared easily.

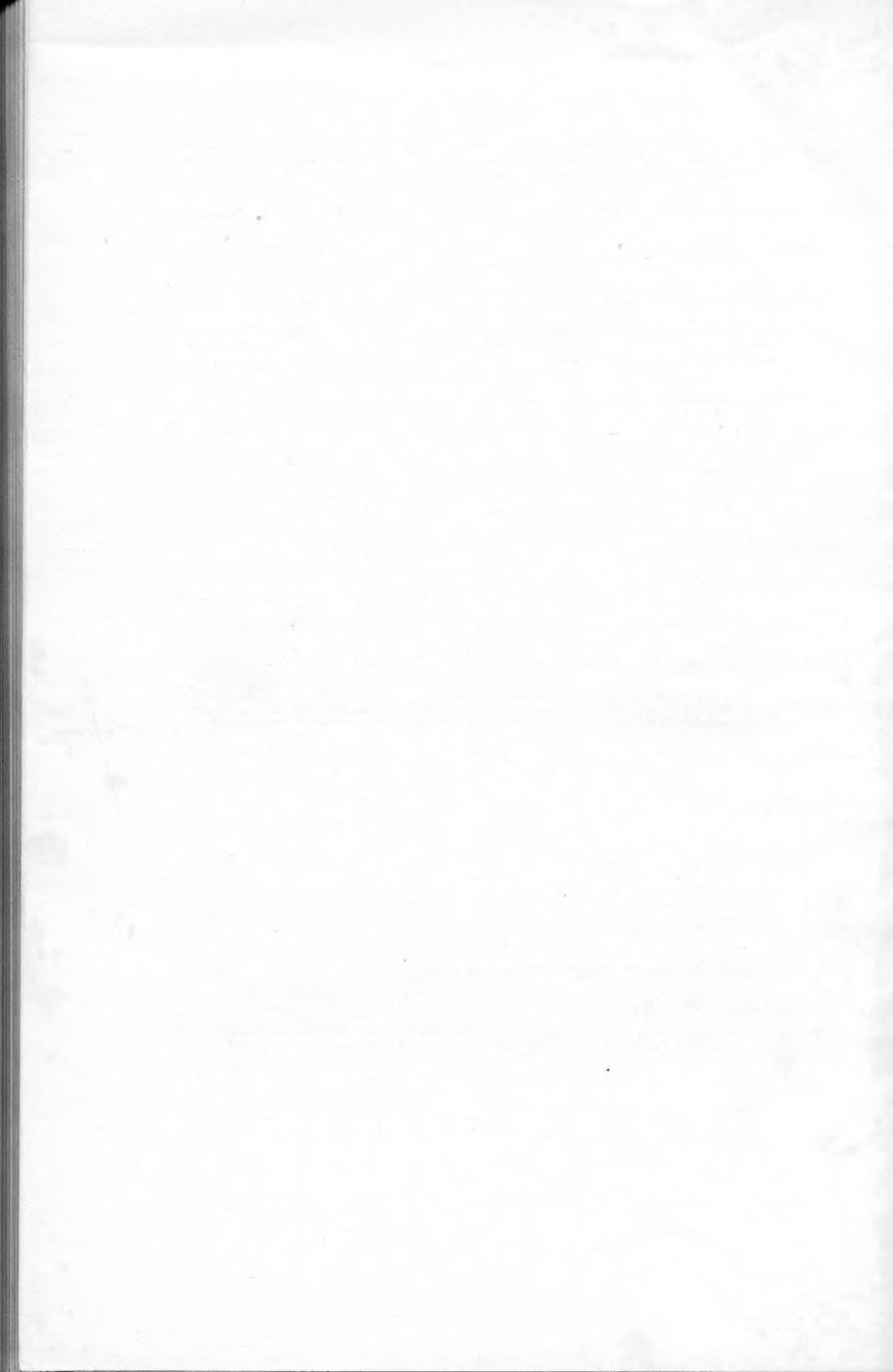
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